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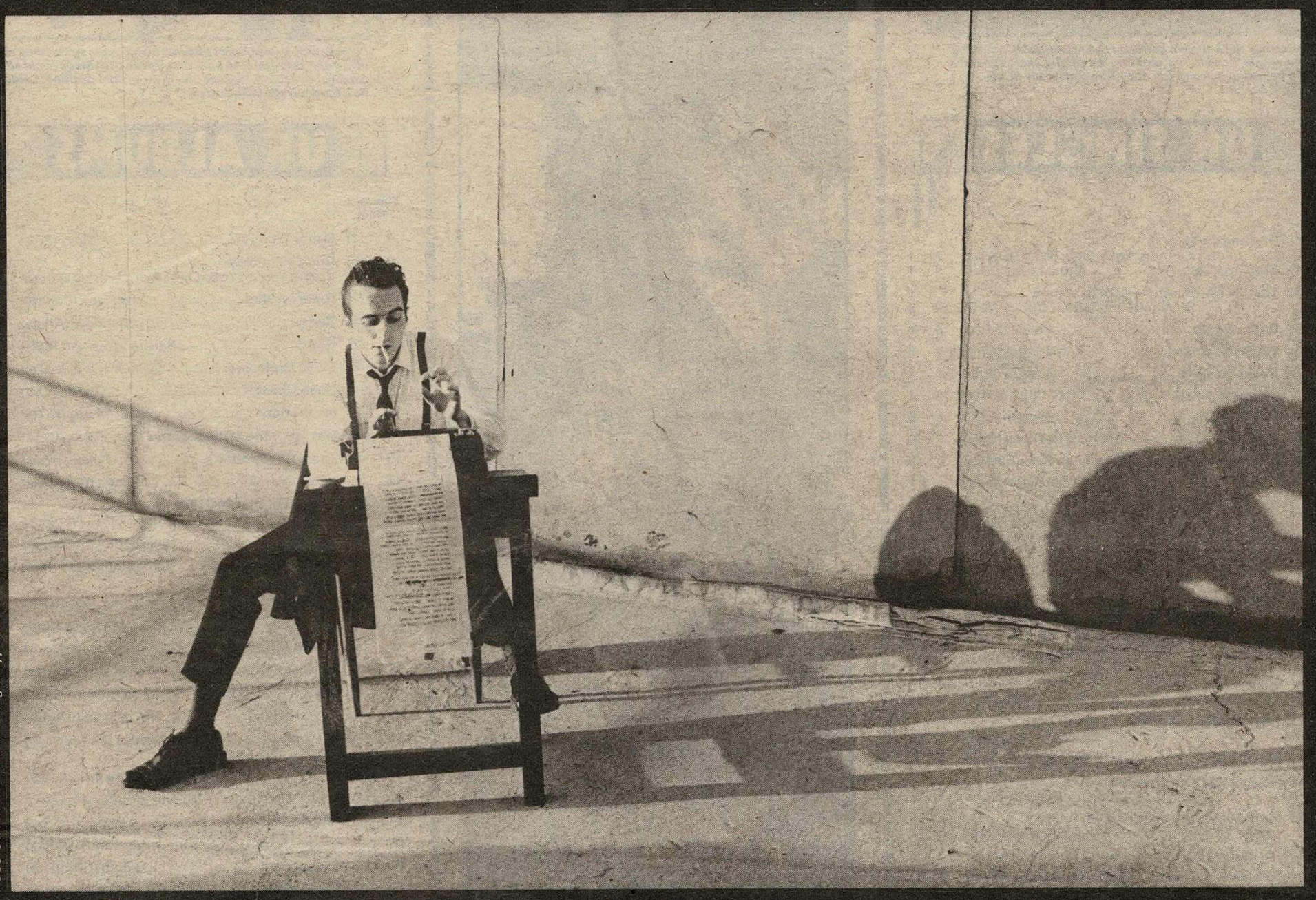
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

FEET FIRST INTO '81!

Neue Deutsche Musik

B 52s. Fire Engines

Screen Special



Joe Strummer refuses to get typecast/Pic: Pennie Smith

Despatches from the Clash zone; Strummer talks from the hip.

A RAP WITH JOE REPUBLIC ~ CENTRE PAGES

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
January 3rd, 1981

Pic: Joe Stevens.

Now then, you may think there's nothing at all remarkable about The Specials' new single 'Do Nothing' entering the singles chart at number 28, but you'd be wrong because (no, they'd be absolutely right — Ed.). Oh, sorry, you'd be right.

Pic: Syndication International.

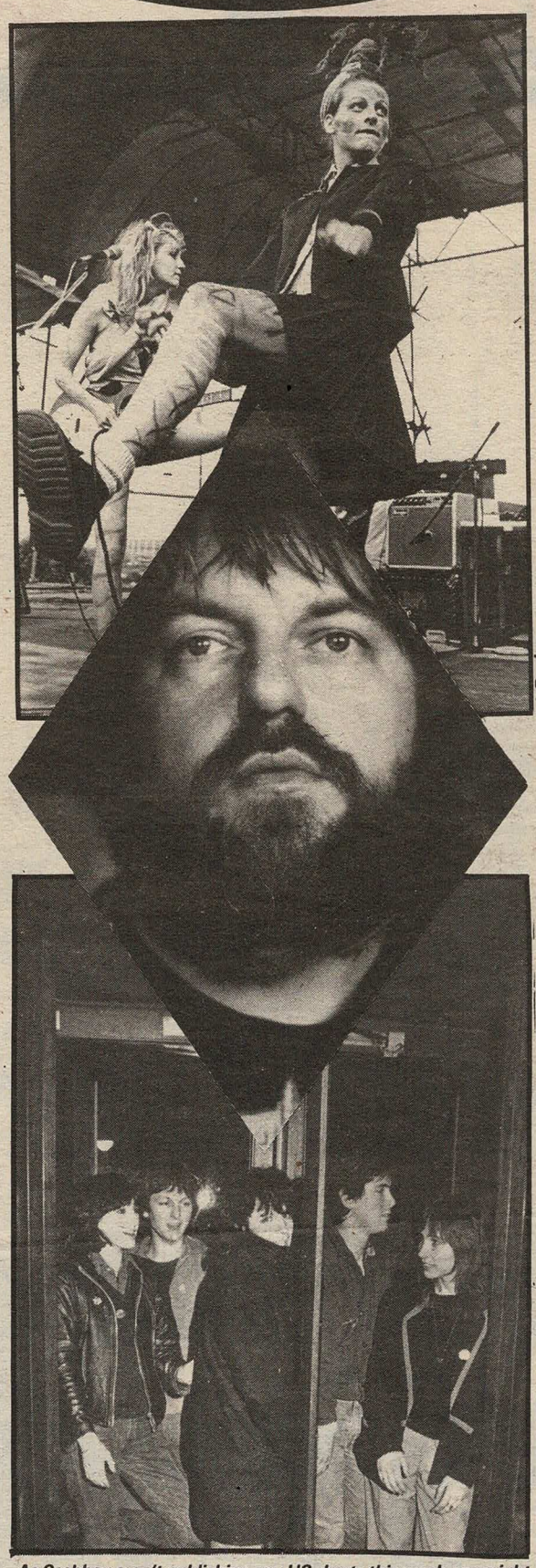
Before stack-heeled boots become fashionable again (they're bound to some day, suckers) take note that Dave Hill of Slade could afford three personal assistants to place him in an upright position. Could you pay that much for the sake of style?

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(4)	**Starting Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	7	1
2	(1)	**Stop The Cavalry**	Jona Lewie (Stiff)	3	1
3	(3)	**There's No One Quite Like Grandma**	St Winifred's School Choir (MFP)	3	3
4	(6)	**De Do Do Do**	Police (A&M)	3	4
5	(5)	**Embarrassment**	Madness (Stiff)	5	3
6	(2)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	7	1
7	(7)	**Runaway Boys**	Stray Cats (Arista)	4	7
8	(14)	**Flash**	Queen (EMI)	3	8
8	(15)	**Antmusic**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	2	8
10	(8)	**Banana Republic**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	2
11	(19)	**Rabbit**	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	4	11
12	(—)	**Happy Christmas/War Is Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Apple)	1	12
13	(11)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers (UA)	6	11
14	(—)	**This Wreckage**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	14
15	(9)	**To Cut A Long Story Short**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	6	7
16	(10)	**Do You Feel My Love?**	Eddie Grant (Ensign)	6	8
17	(—)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (Apple)	1	17
18	(13)	**Lies**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	13
19	(17)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	4	17
20	(—)	**Over The Rainbow/You Belong To Me**	Matchbox (Magnet)	1	20
21	(16)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	8	5
22	(—)	**Never Mind The Presents**	Barron Knights (Epic)	1	22
23	(27)	**Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie**	UB40 (Graduate)	8	11
24	(21)	**Lonely Together**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	21
25	(26)	**Too Nice To Talk To**	The Beat (Go-Feet)	2	25
26	(30)	**My Girl**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	26
27	(25)	**December Will Be Magic**	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	25
28	(—)	**Do Nothing**	Specials (2-Tone)	1	28
29	(29)	**Heartbreak Hotel**	The Jacksons (Epic)	2	29
30	(12)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	1

BUBBLING UNDER

Your Cassette Pet — Bow Wow Wow (EMI)
Fade to Grey — Visage (Polydor)
It's Hard To Be Humble — Mac Davies (Casablanca)
Clubland — Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
Runaround Sue — Racey (RAK)
Guilty — Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb (CBS)



Pic: Mark Rusher
Pic: Anton Corbijn
Pic: Steve Dixon

As Cashbox aren't publishing any US charts this week, we might as well shine a bit of light on those making an impact on the Indies charts. Top: Slits, at number 4 in the singles. Centre: Robert Wyatt at number 8. Below: Delta 5 at number 5.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	6	1
2	(5)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Warner Bros/Geffen)	6	2
3	(7)	**Greatest Hits**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	3	3
4	(13)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	4
5	(2)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	11	2
6	(8)	**Chart Explosion**	Various (K-Tel)	4	6
6	(—)	**Flash Gordon**	Queen (EMI)	1	6
8	(6)	**Inspirations**	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	6	6
8	(10)	**Not The Nine O'Clock News**	Cast (BBC)	7	3
10	(8)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	Police (A&M)	14	1
11	(3)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	3
12	(27)	**20 Golden Greats Of Ken Dodd**	Ken Dodd (Warwick)	2	12
13	(12)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	5	8
14	(14)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	20	5
15	(20)	**Sings 20 No. 1 Hits**	Brotherhood Of Man (Warwick)	2	15
16	(21)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	13	2
17	(3)	**Sound Affects**	The Jam (Polydor)	3	3
18	(11)	**Classics For Dreaming**	James Last (Polydor)	3	11
19	(17)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	3
20	(26)	**Ace Of Spades**	Motorhead (Bronze)	7	5
21	(—)	**Beatle Ballads**	Beatles (Parlophone)	1	21
22	(16)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	7
23	(24)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	8	1
24	(—)	**Axe Attack**	Various (K-Tel)	2	24
25	(—)	**Bright Lights**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	25
26	(22)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	12	1
27	(25)	**Sandinista!**	The Clash (CBS)	2	25
28	(—)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie (RCA)	12	1
29	(—)	**Slade Smashes**	Slade (Polydor)	1	29
30	(15)	**Best Of Barry Manilow**	Barry Manilow (Polydor)	2	15

BUBBLING UNDER

Beatles 67-70 — Beatles (Parlophone)
Beatles 62-66 — Beatles (Parlophone)
Imagine — John Lennon (Apple)
Jest A Giggle — Barron Knights (Epic)
Rejoice — St Pauls Boys Choir (K-Tel)
Me & Billy Williams — Max Boyce (EMI)

INDIES 33s

1 **Factory Quartet** — Various (Factory)
2 **Voltage 80** — Various (Attrix)
3 **Grotesque** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
4 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
5 **Claws** — Hybrid Kids (Cherry Red)
6 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
7 **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
8 **Miniatures** — Various (Pipe)
9 **In Toy Town** — Cravats (Small Wonder)
10 **Personal Troubles & Public Issues** — The Wall (Fresh)

INDIES 45s

1 **It's Obvious/Diet** — Au Pairs (Human)
2 **Solitude 12"** — Various (LKJ)
3 **Girls Don't Count** — Section 25 (Factory)
4 **Animal Space** — Slits (Human)
5 **Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic** — Pope Paul & The Romans (Glasgow Celtic)
6 **Try** — Delta 5 (Rough Trade)
7 **Simply Thrilled Honey** — Orange Juice (Post Card)
8 **At Last I'm Free** — Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
9 **Flight 12"** — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10 **Guilty/Dub** — Honey Bane (HB)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

1 **Just Don't Care** — Love And Unity (Studio 16)
2 **Paradise** — Ade Bambo (Santic)
3 **Who's Gonna Love Me** — Albions (KK)
4 **Put It On** — Love And Unity (Studio 16)
5 **If You've Seen My Mary** — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
6 **Blood City** — Dennis Brown (High Times)
7 **Simply In Love** — Carol Thomson (Santic)
8 **Good Thing Going** — Sugar Minott (Hawkeye)
9 **Big Piece Of The Action** — Copie Cotrell (Wambasi)
10 **Jah Children Cry** — African Princess (Jah Shaka)

Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross

DISCO

1 **Groove On** — Willy Beaver Hale (CBS)
2 **Just A Groove** — Glen Adams Affair (Pye)
3 **Do You Feel My Love** — Eddy Grant (Ensign)
4 **If You Feel The Funk** — Letoya Jackson (Polydor)
5 **What A Fool Believes** — Aretha Franklin (Arista)
6 **Billy Who** — Billy Frazer & Friends (Champagne)
7 **All My Love** — Lax (Prelude)
8 **No Problems** — Sado Watanabe (CBS)
9 **Rap Play Back** — James Brown (TK)
10 **You're Too Late** — Fantasy (Columbia)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Bohemian Rhapsody** — Queen (EMI)
2 **I Believe In Father Christmas** — Greg Lake (Manticore)
3 **It's Gonna Be A Cold Cold Christmas** — Dana (GTO)
4 **The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine** — Laurel & Hardy (United Artists)
5 **Let's Twist Again/The Twist** — Chubby Checker (London)
6 **Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun** — Demis Roussos (Philips)
7 **Na Na Is The Saddest Word** — Stylistics (Avco)
8 **You Sexy Thing** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
9 **Wide Eyed And Legless** — Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M)
10 **Golden Years** — David Bowie (RCA)

Week ending December 30, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Grandad** — Clive Dunn (Columbia)
2 **When I'm Dead And Gone** — McGuiness Flint (Capitol)
3 **Ride A White Swan** — T. Rex (Fly)
4 **I Hear You Knocking** — Dave Edmunds (MAM)
5 **Cracklin' Rosie** — Neil Diamond (UNI)
6 **It's Only Make Believe** — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
7 **Nothing Rhymed** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8 **Home Loving Man** — Andy Williams (CBS)
9 **I'll Be There** — Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
10 **(Blame It On The) Pony Express** — Johnny Johnson & The Bandwagon (Bell)

Week ending January 6, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Keep On Running** — Spencer Davis (Fontana)
3 **The River** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
4 **The Carnival Is Over** — The Seekers (Columbia)
5 **My Ship Is Coming In** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
6 **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
7 **Rescue Me** — Fontella Bass (Chess)
8 **Let's Hang On** — Four Seasons (Phillips)
9 **Wind Me Up** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **Till The End Of The Day** — Kinks (Pye)

Week ending January 5, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Poetry In Motion** — Johnny Tillotson (London)
2 **Save The Last Dance For Me** — Drifters (London)
3 **I Love You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **It's Now Or Never** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
5 **Lonely Pup** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6 **Rocking Goose** — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
7 **Goodness Gracious Me** — Peter Sellers/Sophia Loren (Parlophone)
8 **Perfidia** — Ventures (London)
9 **Strawberry Fair** — Anthony Newley (Decca)
10 **Man Of Mystery** — Shadows (Columbia)

Week ending December 23, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

THE BEST WAY TO SURVIVE THE NEW YEAR HOLOCAUST

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

A SPECIAL IRISH BEAT

THE SPECIALS and The Beat are to play three charity gigs together in Ireland during mid-January.

The first of these dates takes place at Belfast Ulster Hall on January 14 and is in aid of Carri Melo, an Ulster interdenominational group who provide children from deprived background with holidays on Ireland's West Coast. The subsequent gigs, at Dublin's Stardust Ballroom (15) and Galway Leisureland (16) will provide funds for both the Anti-Nuke campaign and local charities.

The band stopped playing several times to appeal for order, and were eventually able to finish their set — but many people refused to leave the stadium after the show, and police were again called to clear the arena. The Italian promoter commented: "The last time I complained about police brutality, they threw me in jail for three days, so this time I didn't bother."

Fighting the Irish rock famine: Terry Hall and, inset, Ranking Roger. Pix: David Travis, Laura Levine.

SELECTARIOT

THE SELECTER were involved in ugly riot scenes in Italy, a few days before their pre-Christmas London concerts with Ian Dury. Around 2,000 fans, who had been unable to gain entrance to the Milan Sports Stadium, tried to break into the foyer — but were driven back by police using tear gas and firing rubber bullets. Even so, a few managed to get into the auditorium, where scuffles broke out in the audience.

Toyah takes her Art to the masses

TOYAH WILLCOX goes back "on the road" later this month. She'll be introducing her new Toyah band line-up, as well as airing a new batch of songs, many of which will be featured on a new album planned for release in May — when the band will be undertaking a major tour to coincide.

Dates so far set are at Canterbury Kent University (January 13), Guildford Civic Hall (15), Birmingham Aston University (16), Bath Pavilion (17), Coventry Warwick University (19), Manchester Polytechnic (20), Keele University (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (23), Newcastle University (24), Leicester University (27), Bradford University (28), Nottingham Rock City (30), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (31) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (February 1). More are being finalised, including a major London appearance.

Rock makes the Grade

MADNESS, Lene Lovich, Selecter, Stranglers, Matchbox, Elkie Brooks, Hazel O'Connor, Average White Band, Squeeze, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and Sad Cafe feature in the opening programme of ATV's **Rockstage** series, which is to be networked on Monday, March 2. The programme acts as a sampler to the rest of the series, recorded live at Nottingham's Theatre Royal last summer, the first five programmes spotlighting Sad Cafe (March 9), Average White Band (16), Elkie Brooks (23), Squeeze (30) and Motorhead (April 6).

DENNIS BOVELL's Dub Band debut at a two-day festival which is being held at London's Commonwealth Insititute on January 16 and 17. The concerts, which will commence at 7 pm on both evenings, will also feature the George Lee Juice Band, John Kpiay with Short Wave, Adu, Ghana's top musician, and various dancers and poets. Tickets are £3.00 per day and are available from the Commonwealth Institute Theatre (phone 01-602 3252) or Karnak House (01-221 6490).

S.F. Sorrow goes to the Royal Ballet

PHIL MAY of The Pretty Things is working on a ballet version of 'S.F.Sorrow', the rock-opera he wrote in the late '60s.

"The ballet will be choreographed by Lindsay Moore of the Royal Ballet Company," May told *NME* this week. "We are looking for dancers and hope to open the show sometime in March or April, commencing with an eight to ten date season in London before playing other dates around the country."

The Pretties appear at London's Marquee this Saturday (3) and the Venue on January 9.

Pic: Joe Stevens

NME CHARTS GO MAD!

MADNESS ARE MAGIC — that's the message that came over loud and clear when we finished adding up our world-famous NME Chart Points of the year. Why? Because the Nutty Gang have skanked away with the coveted title of Top Singles Artists of 1980! No wonder the boys are smiling in the picture above! You know what they say — it's a mad, mad, mad, mad world . . .

● Full chart details plus tour and record news in Data Control — pages 26-30.

Elvis gets the Humph

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions' new album 'Trust' is scheduled for January 23 release by F-Beat, featuring a double-exposure cover shot of Costello in Bogart-style pose, wearing fedora and mac. Tracks include several of his present stage favourites, among them 'Clubland' (his current single), 'Shot By His Own Gun' and 'Lovers' Walk', plus 'You'll Never Be A Man' and 'From A Whisper To A Scream', the latter being a duet with Chris Difford of Squeeze. Costello, in fact, has been working in the studios with Squeeze — and this has given rise to speculation that they are joining either F-Beat or Jake Riviera's management.

OUTTA SPACE

ACTION SPACE, the Central London theatre venue, has had to cancel all forthcoming gigs following the Arts Council's decision to cut its subsidy.

Claimed a spokesperson for Action Space: "We went ahead with last week's benefits for Spare Rib and Lesbian Line but we've had to cancel all coming events because we just can't carry on in our present state. The Arts Council have been promising us an increased subsidy for years and suddenly, without any warning, they've completely cut all aid, leaving us with large debts for which our trustees are personally liable.

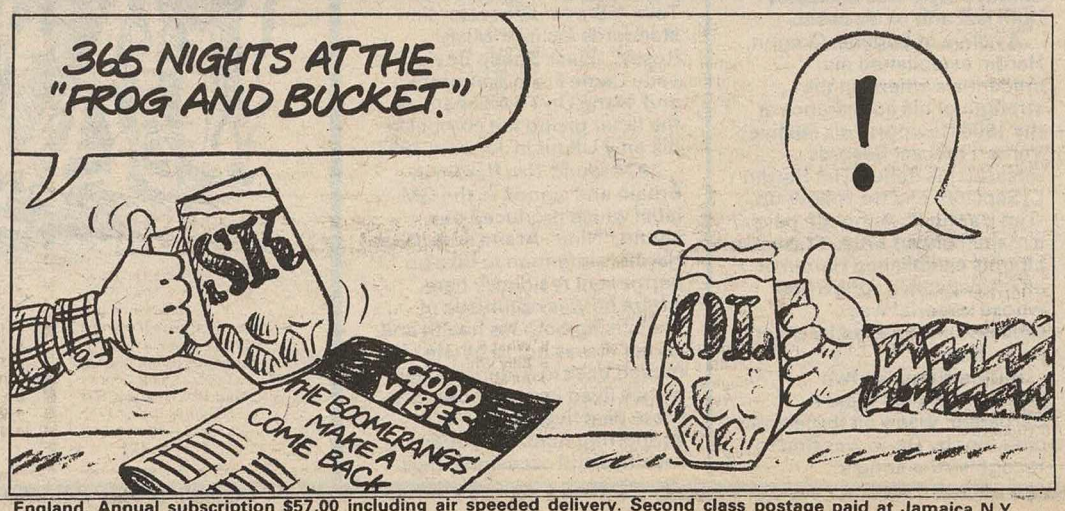
"We may possibly fight the Arts Council for compensation but in the meantime our four years as a theatre-venue would seem to be at an end."

Tim Hardin was found dead in Los Angeles on Monday night. Full report: page 4.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

BOBBY DAZZLER'S JUST CANCELLED 2 DAYS AT "WEMBLEY STADIUM," 'COS HE WANTS TO GET NEARER TO HIS AUDIENCE.
SO WHAT'S HE GONNA DO?
SK
OL



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Noise annoys? Non-sense!

By CHRIS BOHN

Boyd Rice is a Californian who lives in Dusseldorf and makes records with two holes and 17 looped grooves.

THE STORY so far. Last November Californian noisemaker Boyd "Non" Rice fell foul of the British immigration authorities when he tried to enter the country without a work permit to support DAF. The authorities were convinced he was a potential pop star. He was convinced otherwise.

"It is just straight noise," states Rice categorically. "It is just something primitive and basic without the bullshit embellishments that is usually heaped on top. It is kinda hard to describe but it is something more direct and it may seem absurd, but because it avoids all those different stylistic themes, there's something in it for everybody to relate to."

Turned away, he flew to Dusseldorf to become a temporary house guest of Der Plan. Their respective lust for life varies widely — "They wanna be entertained all the time, going to the movies or circus, or something," laughs Rice a little incredulously.

"He just sits in the kitchen drinking coffee, doing nothing," they respond quizzically.

Nevertheless they get along just fine and *Thrills* finds him with Der Plan in Britain where he hands out a copy of his second album 'Pagan Muzak' (Mute Records, soon) — a seven-inch record packed with 17 looped grooves. It sounds great . . . not that you'll believe us without checking it out yourself.

"The album is like a muzak version of Non songs that you can put on all day," explains Rice. "It doesn't have the rhythmic element that Non has live. What I play live is similar but straight — just, like, these noises, which after you listen to them for a while, there are a lot of rhythms and sub-rhythms that come out in the music."

He's right. It is simultaneously exciting and soothing. Non noise is music evened out of all its rhythms and tunes, though Rice sometimes re-introduces a very elementary lurching rhythm by switching it on and off.

When the music has been running a few minutes you start hearing little melodies coming out of it that you know aren't really there. (This statement got a big laugh at *Thrills* HQ but it's true.)

Live, he performs from behind a bright white light shone directly into the audience. At one point he issues an invitation to dance that comes out more like a challenge ("They once danced in LA," he boasts.)

Once he was accused of "making fascistic sounds" by a Californian promoter. Rubbish!

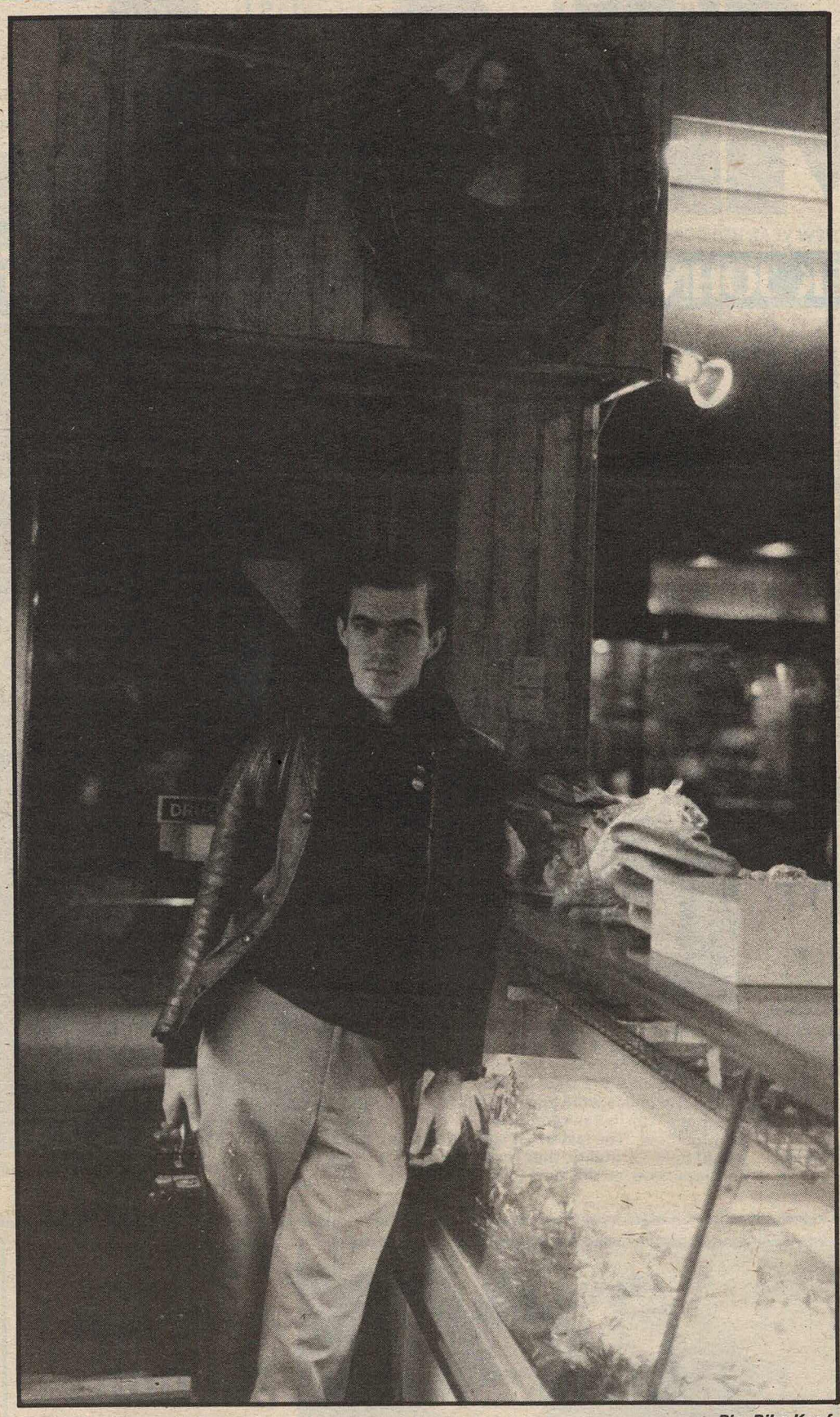
"I can understand why people are more tempted to say that about me but it is the normal rock bands who work with conditioned responses — they only have to say something to get a certain response."

Rice moved into noise making after working in photography. Music seemed to him a more "rebellious medium", an illusion dispelled by so many disappointments checking out all the "next year's things" he read about.

He does however listen to Lou Reed's 'Metal Machine Music', MOR star Peggy March, and his favourite group, a defunct girl combo called The Shags from Exeter, Massachusetts, whose album 'The Philosophy Of The World' is also championed by Carla Bley.

"The only thing I can compare this album to is like the first time I heard the 'Trout Mask Replica' album. Wooow! I couldn't believe all the different things that were going on."

And the beauty of it all was its innocence.



Boyd Rice. Not a mutter. *Pic: Biba Kopf*

WAS JOHN WAYNE A NUCLEAR VICTIM?

By DICK TRACY

IT IS A SAVAGE irony in this age of Ronald Reagan that John Wayne, longtime Republican supporter and the archetype of the American frontiersman image much loved by the President-elect, is now being cast in a new, unfamiliar role — as a nuclear victim.

The story begins in the summer of 1954 when Wayne starred in a movie called *The Conqueror*, produced by Howard Hughes, a low-grade feature about the love affair between Genghis Khan and a beautiful captive princess.

The film was shot among the scenic red bluffs and white dunes near Saint George, Utah. At the time it did not seem significant that the area was only 137 miles from the atomic testing range at Yucca Flat, Nevada.

Now it has been revealed that 91 members of the 220-strong cast and crew have since contracted cancer and 46 have died from it. Wayne aside, the dead include co-star Susan Hayward, director Dick Powell, and actess Agnes Moorhead. Another star of the film, Pedro Armendariz, survived cancer of the kidneys four years after finishing the film but killed himself in 1963 when he learned he had terminal cancer of the lymph system.

Says Dr Robert C. Pendleton, director of radiological health at the University of Utah: "With these numbers, this case could qualify as an epidemic. The connection between fallout radiation and cancer in

■ *Continues page 6*

Tim Hardin dead

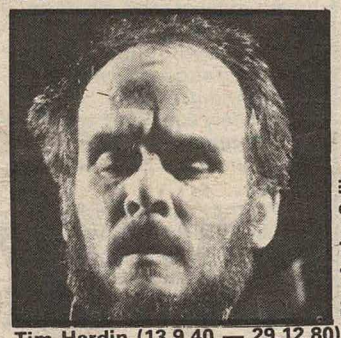
FOLK SINGER-songwriter Tim Hardin was found dead in his Los Angeles apartment on Monday night.

Acting on an anonymous phone call, the Los Angeles police entered his home, where they discovered his dead body. Police said there appears to be no evidence of foul play, which leads observers to assume that Hardin, 40, finally fell victim to those 'personal problems' which had plagued him throughout his career.

Though a product of the early '60s Boston folk movement, the intimacy of Hardin's intensely emotive style was decidedly both jazz and blues based.

A native of Eugene, Oregon, Hardin established his credentials when, on the strength of his appearance at the 1966 Newport Folk Festival, Verve/Forecast Records released his debut 'Tim Hardin I' (Sept '66) and the follow-up, 'Tim Hardin II'. Although never a major concert artist, these two albums established Hardin as an introspective songwriter whose material was successfully covered by other performers.

Hardin's best-known composition, 'If I Were A Carpenter' was a hit three times over. Bobby Darin was first to recognise the song's commercial quality whilst Johnny Cash & June Carter and later The Four Tops afforded it chart status.



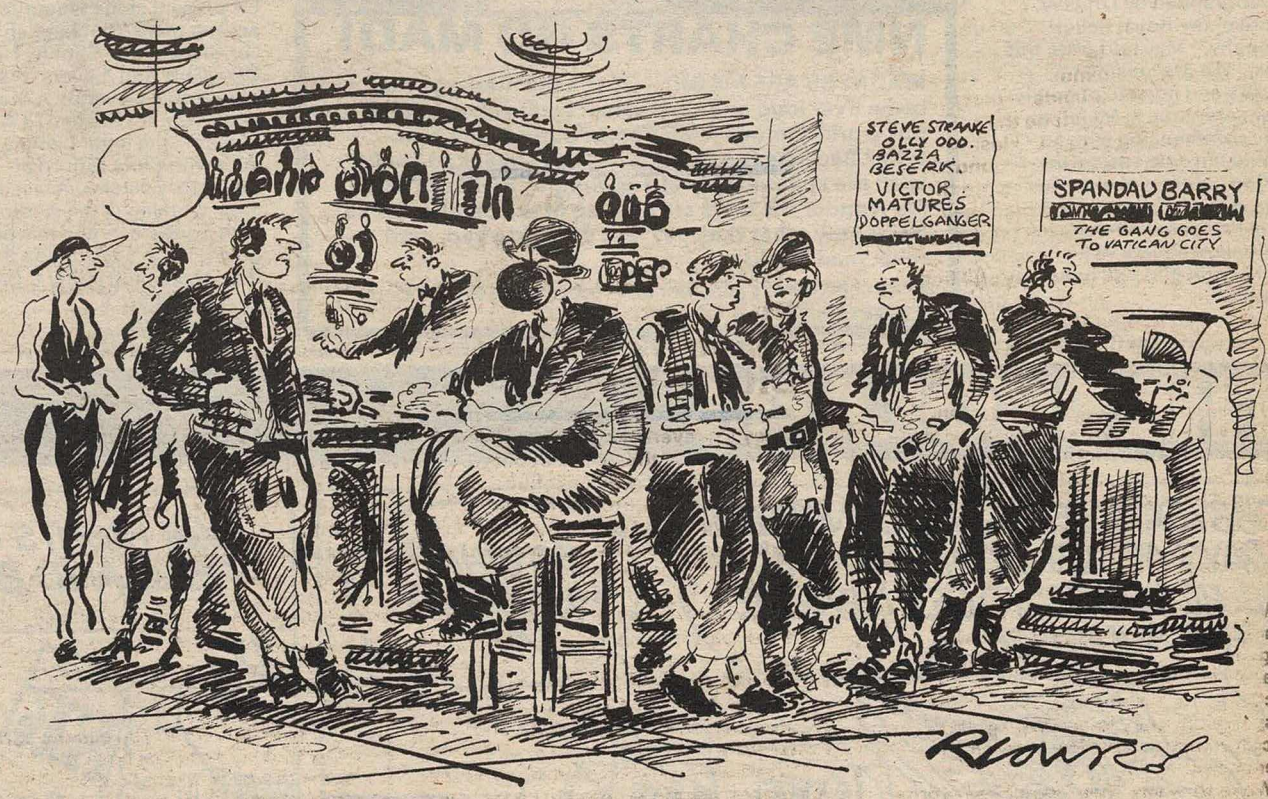
Pic: Andre Csillag

Tim Hardin (13.9.40 — 29.12.80)

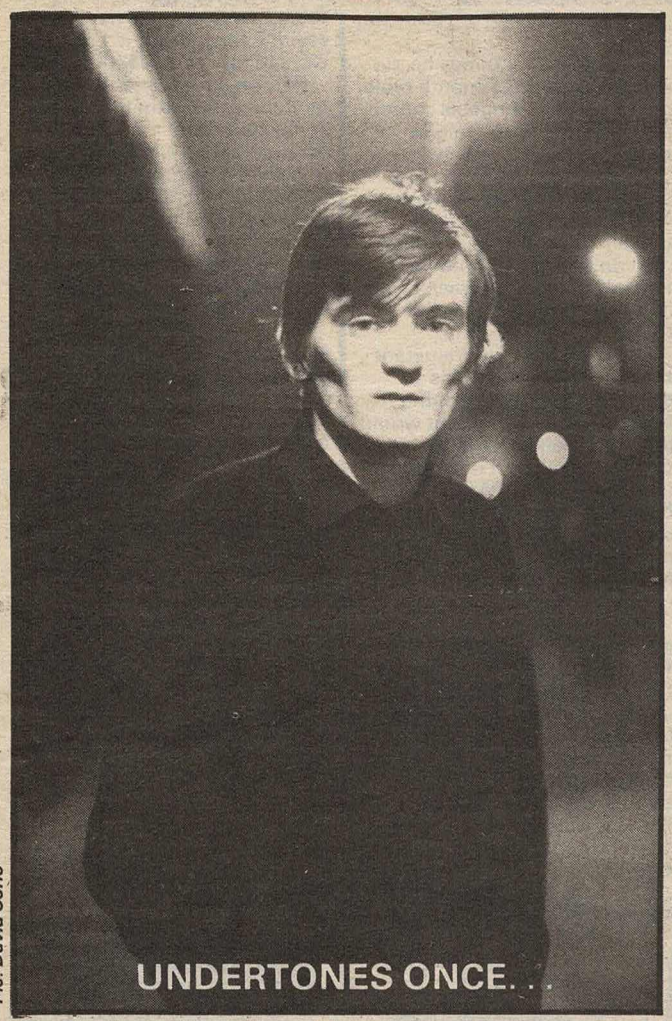
Another widely covered Hardin original was 'Reason To Believe', of which the best-known interpretation is on Rod Stewart's 'Every Picture Tells A Story'. Other Hardin standards include 'Misty Roses', 'Black Sheep Boy', 'The Lady Came From Baltimore' and 'Hang On To A Dream' — the latter giving the composer his only UK hit in January 1967.

1974 found Tim Hardin in Britain and signed to the GM label which produced one album, 'Nine'. At the time it was Hardin's intention to take up permanent residency here, where he was optimistic of revitalising both his health and career. It was not to be. He moved back to America where he has lived in semi-obscurity these past five years, supporting himself on his royalties and occasional gigs.

LOWRY



"Still no sign of the Surrealism revival yet, mate?"



Pic: David Corio

The fine figure of Feargal

A Derry double date with GAVIN MARTIN

1. UndeSire-ables

Feargal explains the See-No-More policy

"I'M SORT of beginning to regret signing already."

Those were the words of Undertones guitarist John O'Neill in his first *NME* interview, barely a week after the ink had dried on their contract with Sire Records. Now, two years, two hit albums and eight hit singles later, The Undertones have finally severed all links with Sire and the WEA conglomeration.

On honeymoon in London with his wife Ellen, group singer Feargal Sharkey took time off to explain the circumstances which led to the group's decision to leave the label and also to dispel rumours of an Undertones break-up. In fact, as Sharkey pointed out, the group have been more active than ever this year and they've no intention of easing off.

"We've been slogging our balls off writing songs and touring all over the continent. Sire were spending loads of money — giving us tour support and all that crack. But at the end of the day they wouldn't do the basic groundwork of the thing," explains Feargal.

So does Feargal think The Undertones could be more popular with the help of a better record company?

"We don't know. That's one of the reasons why we left Sire, because we were always blaming them and they were always blaming WEA and nobody had an answer to that question. It was just getting fucken stupid. We could have sat on our arses in Derry for the next two years and made a couple of albums and a lot of money from advances. But maybe no one wants to buy our records, which is OK, but I'd rather know."

The group are now running operations from the headquarters of Undertones Ltd in Highbury

The group's new album was to be recorded last week, but they're now waiting until they have an outlet for the material, some of which was aired on John Peel's programme last Monday evening. It will also comprise a good deal of the set on their 'See No More Tour' (the title of which is a pun on the name of Sire boss Seymour Stein).

The events of the past few weeks have consolidated rather than dissipated The Undertones' determination. The tour ends in Belfast on December 23 and the new album should be recorded in time for spring schedules 1981.

2. Hey hey we're The Moondogs...

Pic: Philip Grey

Moondog Monkee tricks. L-R: Austin Mitchell, Gerry McCandless, Jackie Hamilton

What's a nice young pop group like The Moondogs doing mixing it with The Osmonds and Bay City Rollers?

GATHERED ROUND the mixing desk at Roundhouse recording studios, The Moondogs listen while producer Nick Garvey explains the wonderful ease with which a guitar track can be overdubbed.

The group have just finished recording two tracks for their third single, which follows their snappy Good Vibes debut 'I Don't Wanna' and their second sluggish Real release 'Who's Gonna Tell Mary'. The task completed, and a choice still to be made between 'Schoolgirl Crush' and 'Talking In The Canteen' for the A-side, the group pack their gear into a battered white van and head off on a 100-mile journey up the M1.

Not your usual gig tonight however — it's strictly lemonade, ice cream and under-18s, as The Moondogs are playing a youth club in the Midlands town of Daventry.

It's another day in the topsy-turvy life of three young pop musicians. The plot: they run over wastelands to please a photographer, they phone their girlfriends whenever a red kiosk appears on the horizon, they jump around the dressing room as they anticipate the excitement to come, and then their *raison d'etre* — they're onstage singing of teen crushes and heartaches.

And when it's all over they still find time to comfort a girl who's been attacked on leaving the club, to explain to the man from the local paper that they're not The Undertones and tell the boy from the music paper that they're very happy not being The Undertones.

The Moondogs may not seem very glamorous at the moment, but in the New Year they join a select number of groups that includes Flintlock, The Jackson 5, The Bay City Rollers and The Osmonds. They start their own TV series for Granada Television.

IT WAS about two years ago that Undertones drummer Billy Docherty suggested to his cousin Austin Mitchell that he form a group with Gerry McCandless. Picking up bass and drums respectively, they joined with guitarist Jackie Hamilton and The Moondogs were born.

While they say "hey" every few words and continue to live in Derry with parents and girlfriends, The Moondogs differ from the 'Tones on two main points of style. Their vocals are equally distinctive, but rely on Gerry and Jackie to swap cut and thrust harmonies rather than Feargal Sharkey's quavering lilt, and their sound has firm roots in the '60s beat boom.

"You cannae help being influenced by people, that's for sure," sighs Jackie. "Though we don't take it any more seriously, we've got more professional and aware of what we should do onstage. We're starting to get our own identity now."

At the minute the group are playing a few pre-Christmas gigs while they're in England to record. It's the first time they've been out on their own, though they've just finished a tour with The Pretenders.

"When we toured the theatres and the big places, people seemed to come more for a drink. It's better playing youth clubs anyway, people don't want to hear songs about being two-timed if they're 35 or whatever."

Starting in February the group will put themselves right in the forefront of their teenage market, when they begin a seven-week afternoon series for Granada television under the guidance of Clive Banks, who previously has had a hand in the Flintlock series and *Get It Together*. It's a big step for a young band, and Jackie's understandably nervous about the consequences.

"We don't know whether it's a good or bad idea until we decide what we're going to be doing in it. I just hope it isn't too corny."

I can't help feeling ambivalent towards The Moondogs. I appreciate their attitude — that pop music is the place to create a fantasy world of dreams and lovers' vows — but I got that sort of thrill when I was younger from people like the Hot Rods and The Buzzcocks. Nowadays I find it harder to relate to, and I don't think Gerry's lyrics often rise above the mundane. What the heck — they're a pop group.

"It's corrupt when you see the sort of deals that some bands have got, but it's better than some jobs I could think of," smiles Jackie. "We work for ourselves, when we like, which is great. Sometimes things don't work out the way you want them to, but that's just like everything.

"But we enjoy the crack. You can get a lot of free things being in a band, y'know."

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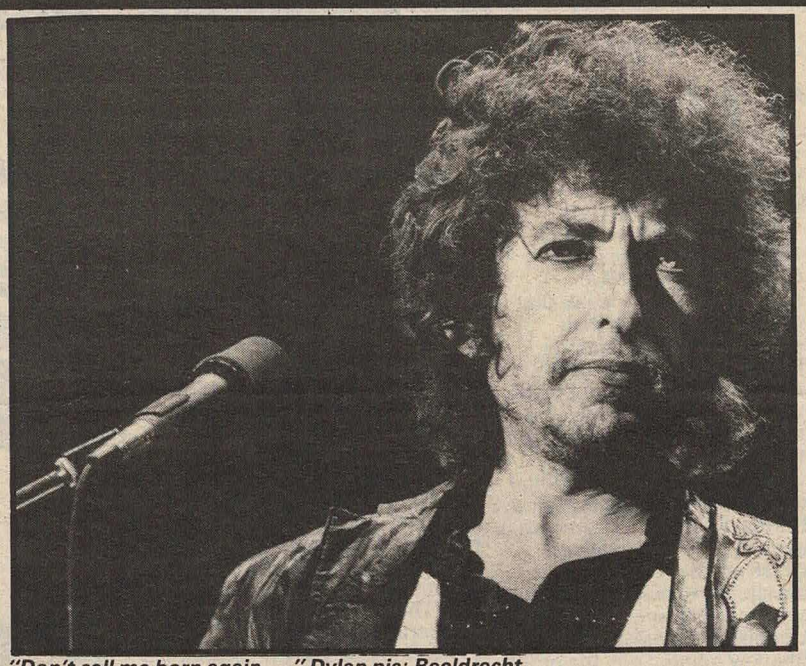
GETTING IN TOUCH WITH CHRIST

(You know it ain't easy)

Dylan gives his first post-conversion interview

By STEVE TURNER



"Don't call me born again. . ." Dylan pic: Beeldrecht

BECAUSE he didn't preach in between numbers during his recent West Coast concerts and because he sang 'Like A Rolling Stone' and 'The Times They Are A Changin' ', there were concerned Christians in America who thought that brother Bob Dylan might well be on his way to becoming an ex-brother. But fear not! Just in time, he's given his first post-conversion interview to the *Los Angeles Times* — in which he explains how his conversion came about, why he wrote the songs for 'Slow Train Coming' and how his attitude to his old material has changed since his '79 tour.

Speaking to Robert Hilburn — the journalist who interviewed Yoko Ono after Lennon's murder — during his two-week stand in San Francisco, Dylan revealed himself as confident in his faith and determined as ever not to get bought off by any movement, be it born-again or not. In fact, although confirming that he'd had a personal experience of Jesus Christ, he was reluctant to use the term 'born-again' simply because it's "over used".

"The funny thing is," said Dylan, "a lot of people think that Jesus comes into a person's life only when they are either down and out or are miserable or just old and withering away. That's not the way it was for me. I was doing fine. I had come a long way in just the year we were on the road (in 1978). I was relatively content, but a very good friend of mine mentioned a couple of things to me and one of them was Jesus."

At first Dylan found the whole idea of Jesus foreign to him but with a couple of days on his hands he decided to develop his curiosity. He met up with two young pastors. "I was kind of sceptical," he says. "But I was also open. I certainly wasn't cynical. I asked lots of questions."

Slowly Dylan came to accept that "Jesus is real and I wanted that . . . I knew that He wasn't going to come into my life to make it miserable, so one thing led to another . . . until I had this feeling, this vision and feeling." Apparently the feeling was so intense that it felt as though the room itself was moving. "There was a presence in the room that couldn't have been anybody but Jesus."

One of the first things he did was to take a three-month bible course at a Los Angeles church. At the same time he began writing the songs which became 'Slow Train Coming' although these were written with Carolyn Davis, a black gospel singer, in mind. At first he didn't want to record them himself because he wasn't sure if he was ready to "step out there".

Initially, Dylan was reluctant to spread the word of his conversion in case he didn't keep going and the event would then have reflected badly on Christ Himself. But now those fears have gone. "When I believe in something, I don't care what anyone else thinks," he said. "This is no Maharishi trip with me. Jesus is definitely not that to me."

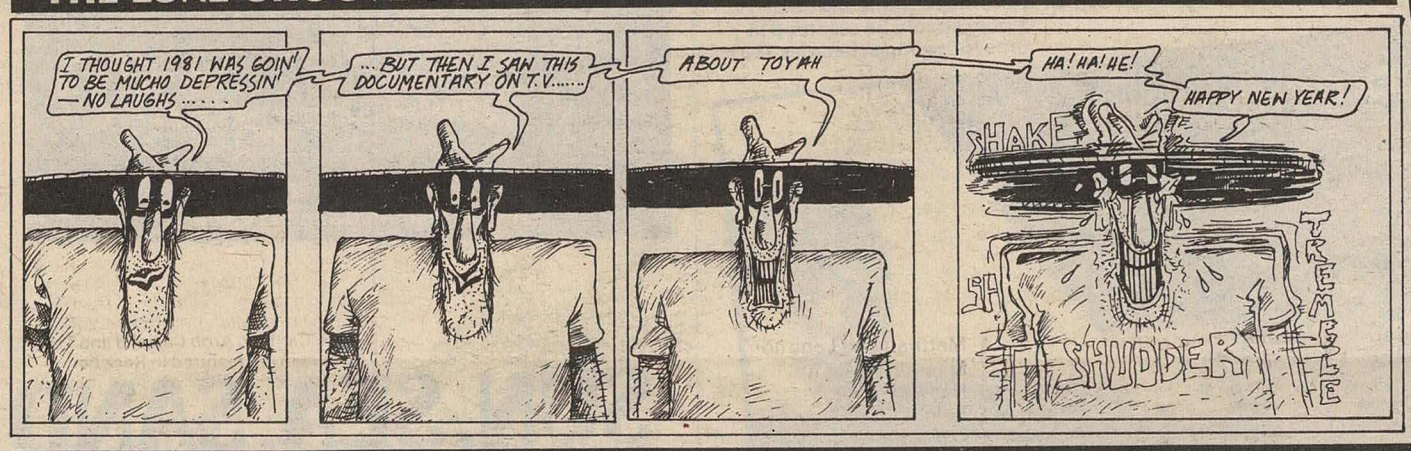
His new songs, some of which were previewed in San Francisco, are a step further on from the gospel albums. They combine the perception of his Christian faith with the imagination and poetry he's always excelled at. "They've evolved," Dylan admitted. "I've made my statement and I don't think I could make it any better than in some of those songs. Once I've said what I need to say in a song, that's it. I don't want to repeat myself."

Hilburn asked Dylan whether he thought some of the gospel songs had been 'heavy-handed'. "I didn't mean to deliver a hammer blow," he responded. "It might come out that way, but I'm not trying to kill anybody. You can't put down people who don't believe. Anybody can have the answer I have. I mean, it's free."

In the light of the recent US elections, Hilburn checked Dylan out as to his feelings about the New Right movement as exemplified by the Moral Majority who aim to channel evangelical fervour into right-wing political activism.

"I think people have to be careful about all that . . . It's real dangerous. You can find anything you want in the Bible. You can twist it around any way you want and a lot of people do that. I just don't think you can legislate morality . . . The basic thing, I feel, is to get in touch with Christ yourself. He will lead you. Any preacher who is a real preacher will tell you that: 'Don't follow me, follow Christ'."

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON



DOPPELGANGER CORNER

Dear Sirs, After last week's remarkable *Doppleganger Corner* — Doug Trendle really does look like the EEC Minister for Frozen Vegetables doesn't he? — I submit these two photos for consideration. Has Ian McCulloch ever put a few pennies in a collection box without thinking *where it was going???* I think you'll agree — his resemblance to IRA H Block hunger striker Sean McKenna (bad eyesight included) is a little too close for comfort. One can go *too far* in the quest for perfect rock'n'roll cheek bones. . .
Bernadette Coppola, 3 The White Rabbit, c/o Irish Ferries.

John Wayne: radiation victim?

■ *From page 4*

individual cases has been practically impossible to prove conclusively. But in a group this size you'd expect only 30-some cancers to develop. With 91, I think the tie-in to their exposure on the set of *The Conqueror* would hold up even in a court of law."

Two of Wayne's sons, who visited their father on set, have been treated for skin cancer and the removal of a benign breast tumour, and they are now considering legal action against the government, along with several surviving members of the cast and crew.

This comes at a time when fresh information is coming to light about the atmospheric nuclear tests in Nevada, which continued from January 1951 to August 1963. A recently published report prepared for congressional investigators concludes: "All evidence suggesting that radiation was having harmful effects, be it on sheep or on the people, was not only disregarded but actually suppressed . . . The greatest irony of our atmospheric nuclear testing programme is that the only victims of US nuclear arms since World War II have been our own people."

No bombs were tested during the actual filming of *The Conqueror* but 11 explosions occurred the years before, two of which codenamed "Simon" and "Harry" — were particularly dirty. The abundant fallout tended to concentrate in certain "hot spots", one of which being Snow Canyon where much of the movie was made. In addition, there were dust storms throughout the filming and about 60 tons of the local dirt was actually brought back to the studios at Culver City for retakes.

The message of *The Conqueror* story is summed up by Susan Hayward's son Tim Barker. He says: "Over the years a lot of people — government and private industry alike — have been dumping things into the air and water without worrying about the effects. The damage in this case is done. But if enough people get angry about it, maybe they can minimize the harm for the future."

But the most telling comment comes from a top scientist at the Defense Nuclear Agency, responsible for the tests. He says: "Please, God, don't let us have killed John Wayne."

THE DUCK STOPS HERE

POST-CHRISTMAS cheer for print junkies, rock-and-rollers and dread men alike, with the opening last Saturday of Duck Soup, writer Nick Kimberley's new bookshop.

A consistently keen writer and authority on reggae, Kimberley was originally responsible for establishing the extensive poetry section of London's Compendium bookstore.

Kimberley left Compendium to establish his own mail-order poetry service and to co-author a reggae tome with Chris Lane, the mid-'70s reggae correspondent of *Blues & Soul* magazine. He will continue to run his mail-order service from the new shop, but his range of stuff on sale will include fiction, art, film, and "all writing on all things cultural". The address of Duck Soup is 11 Lambs Conduit Passage, London WC1; Tel. 01-242 3007.

ANNIVERSARY WARTS

. . .And this little Jackson stayed behind. Pic: David Corio.

Jermaine Jackson flew in to London last month to celebrate Motown's 20th anniversary. So what's there to celebrate, Jermaine?

IT IS the twentieth anniversary of the year Berry Gordy Jr. founded Tamla Motown, and Jermaine Jackson is in town making sure we don't forget it. Marvin Gaye is also in town, but he's too busy recording his new album to do the same thing.

As I struggle, however, through a horde of press and EMI hacks at a lunchtime reception in Manchester Square, I begin to see exactly why Tamla Motown *has* been forgotten. Just what this sort of occasion has to do with black soul music it is impossible to see.

Jermaine is the only celeb scheduled to turn up, and he's over an hour late. When, another hour later, I finally manage to get him into a room to ask him some questions, it no longer even occurs to me to probe the subject of Motown's long history. Jermaine's own latest album raises all the questions about commercial black music that I need to ask.

The story goes like this: when The Jacksons split for CBS, Jermaine stayed behind. "The company has always been good to me," were his words. Hardly surprising, considering

Whither Charlie and Di???

A DIGNIFIED DAB of Class and Culture at 10 past kick-off time on the mortician's slab of Christmas Day itself: *Her* message. The country belched and our beloved Queen began with a "word of thanks". Or was it the other way round?

She referred to "grave problems in the life of our country", praised a "will to serve" (whose? who?) and spoke of a "belief and confidence in God" (oh). The reassuring physiognomy of the Queen Mum sailed across the screen of our country, wearing a posh hat of a thousand teasy weasy pink spikes; it looked like a "punk" barnet after three nights in the Music Machine on Tuinol and blues. Don't the Royalty know it's pirates and red indians these days? M'am would look *lovely* in an eyepatch.

We flirted with another ringpull and our mind swam back to 'O' Level History — that's Divine Right. The country sleeps and our Lady of Buckingham, Sandringham, etc., etc., concluded with a quote from Tennyson. A roar went up with the credits: WHITHER CHARLIE AND DI?

Sir John Betjeman, our country's "Poet Laureate", delivered but one seasonal message — a short one, as is his wont, on behalf of Parkinson's disease sufferers. "All over our country," the wizened old owl mumbled, "people are struck down with such paralysing symptoms as an accentuated Barnsley accent, an irrational love for cricket, old movie stars and Oscar Peterson."

He didn't, actually: just sharpening (sic) my TV comedy script-writing quill.

The Christmas Disease does not alter television all that much. More choirboys and old movies — that's all. The *amount* of TV on show doesn't expand. Even in the midst of Yuletide — the tide for scandalous corporeal, if not intellectual, overkill — we are still packed off to beddybyes at (on average) half past midnight. The essential stuff of our country's TV — incogitant light "entertainment", smut-salivating "situation comedy", etc., etc. — remains the same, wedged like warm cud in a tired gullet.

I pulled on the wishbone and planned a 45-minute show featuring Gerard Tuite, an attractive large-breasted woman and the ***Two Ronnies*** (BBC1, prime time) without their clothes on. The four would stand shoulder to shoulder (or not, nudge nudge) and do absolutely nothing for the programme's duration. What do you reckon would get the biggest laffs — eh Ron? eh Ron? The two willies. (Canned laughter please!)

The country vomited and broke wind whilst ***The World's Strongest Men*** (ITV network, prime time) tried to out-knucklehead each other; the bodies of these asinine apes looked for all the world (sic) like a minimum of drugged flesh stretched badly over inflatable beach beds. On the other channel, a row of middle-brow speak-your-dates machines vied for the title of our grave problem's ***Mastermind***. From Real Men to Real Mensa . . .

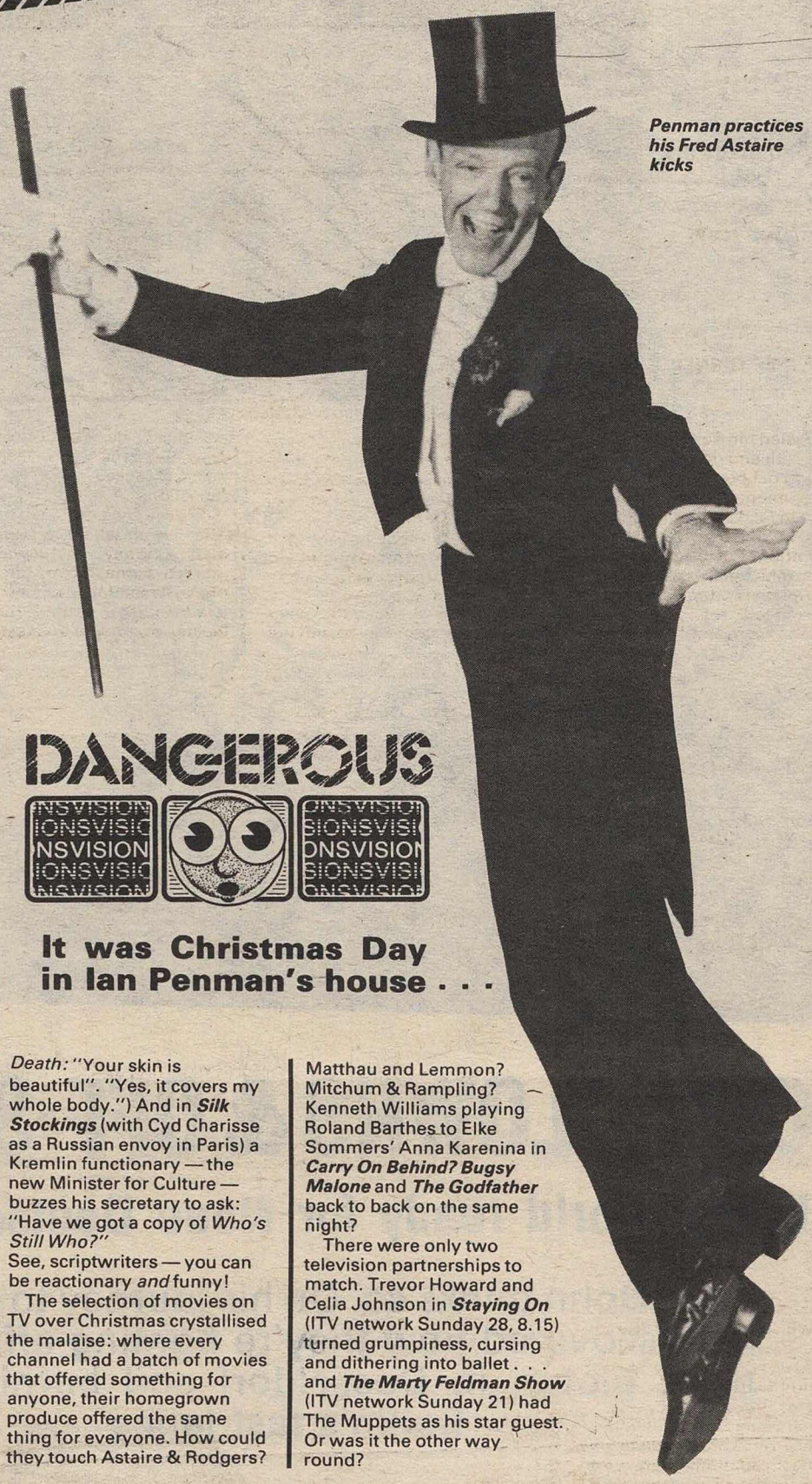
Televisual treats such as a new Ken Loach documentary (***Auditions:*** ITV network Tuesday 23 at the very sensible slot of 4.45-5.45) or the hilarious ***Denis Norden's World of Television*** (ITV network, Sunday 28 7.15-8.15) were inexplicably tucked away into the margins of the festive span. Why?

And while we're on the subject — why was there so much old, repeated junk? Didn't it occur to somebody to commission say, John Cleese, to write something new — a one-off — for Christmas night? It can't be a question of ratings, surely.

As it was, my two favourite gags on TV over Christmas were both in Fred Astaire (swoooon) movies. ***You Were Never Lovelier*** has Fred trying to chat up a refrigerated Rita Hayworth, doing his worst to crack the conversational ice, to small talk her: "The air out here is nice don't you think? . . . And there seems to be *an abundance* of it!" (Just like Allen and Keaton in *Love And Death:* "Your skin is beautiful". "Yes, it covers my whole body.") And in ***Silk Stockings*** (with Cyd Charisse as a Russian envoy in Paris) a Kremlin functionary — the new Minister for Culture — buzzes his secretary to ask: "Have we got a copy of *Who's Still Who?*"
See, scriptwriters — you can be reactionary *and* funny!

The selection of movies on TV over Christmas crystallised the malaise: where every channel had a batch of movies that offered something for anyone, their homegrown produce offered the same thing for everyone. How could they touch Astaire & Rodgers? Matthau and Lemmon? Mitchum & Rampling? Kenneth Williams playing Roland Barthes to Elke Sommers' Anna Karenina in ***Carry On Behind? Bugsy Malone*** and ***The Godfather*** back to back on the same night?

There were only two television partnerships to match. Trevor Howard and Celia Johnson in ***Staying On*** (ITV network Sunday 28, 8.15) turned grumpiness, cursing and dithering into ballet . . . and ***The Marty Feldman Show*** (ITV network Sunday 21) had The Muppets as his star guest. Or was it the other way round?



Penman practices his Fred Astaire kicks

DANGEROUS

It was Christmas Day in Ian Penman's house . . .

ON THE BOX

New Year's Day
Jimmy Cagney, now 76, gives his first in-depth TV interview on **Parkinson (BBC 1)**

Film: **Doctor Zhivago** (David Lean 1965). *Dr Zhivago's* playing the Bijou. A patron approaches the box office. "One ticket, please." "That'll be £2.25." "£2.25? What is he, some kind of specialist?" **(ITV).**
Film: **Papillon** (Franklin J Schaffner 1973). At least the good *Doctor Zhivago* moves a bit; *Papillon* just lies there and rubs your nose in the criminal indignities and vicious cruelty of penal life. *Porridge* it ain't, but Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman give characteristically edgy performances. Ultimately, like all monuments, it's hard to take seriously. **(BBC 1)**

Friday January 2
If you missed **The Trial Of Lady Chatterley (BBC 1)** first time around, see it this — it's hilarious, with a gut-clutching performance from Edward Woodward as prosecuting attorney Mervyn Griffith-Jones ("The weight of his *balls?* There is poetry in the weight of his balls?").

Film: **Breakheart Pass** (Tom Gries 1976). Charlie Bronson tries his hand at undercover acting on a train full of Jill Ireland and Ben Johnson. Pretty much what you'd expect. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday January 3
Arena (BBC 2) returns with a filmed profile of New York's wonderful Chelsea Hotel; no deadbeats there, for sure. Jeff "Rock'n'Roll — Phew!" Bridges breathlessly hosts the re-run of **Heroes Of (BBC 1),** in which Elvis Costello brings 'punk' to the American masses. Sophia Loren trowels on the old make-up as she appears as herself and her mum in **Her Own Story (BBC 1),** with Rip Torn as Carlo Ponti and John Gavin as Cary Grant. Wow!

Film: **Arsenic And Old Lace** (Frank Capra 1941). The real Cary Grant, in frenetic form, as the outraged nephew who discovers that his ancient maiden aunts were murderers. Fast and furious black farce from a master gagster. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday January 4
Riders Of The Silver Screen (BBC 2) is a nostalgic look at the history of the Western, heralding a season of superior oaters on Beeb Two *(High Noon, Shane, Gunfight At The OK Corral, et alia).* Iron Brewery, Paul McCarthny, Aron Costello and The Queen are featured in **Rock For Kampuchea (ITV);** we trust they all enjoyed themselves.

Monday January 5
Something Else (BBC 2) comes from Hammersmith and **The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy (BBC 2)** comes from somewhere else.

Tuesday January 6
The return of **Taxi (BBC 1)** and, believe it or not, but only as a one-off, **Dr Finlay's Casebook (BBC 1).**

Wednesday January 7
Film: **The Graduate** (Mike Nichols 1967). Paul Simon as the guitarist and Art Garfunkle as the eunuch in this soft-option satire on American middle-class foibles. **(BBC 2)**

MONTY SMITH

By BARNEY HOSKYNS

"That Diana Ross album would not have been successful the way Chic turned it in. We remixed it. . ."

the amount of money The Jackson Five must have earned it. To date, he has been considerably more active than any one other member of the original Jackson Five. In April of this year he released his sixth album, 'Let's Get Serious', which included three collaborations with Stevie Wonder, including the title track. Now he has just released 'Jermaine', producing, writing, arranging and playing nearly the whole thing himself.

'Jermaine' is not a bad record, but it does map out the two directions black music is taking at the moment, and the two choices it must decide between. The first is the good side: it is faster, more experimental, better produced, and, unlike the second side, it is soul music. Significantly, Jermaine wrote and arranged the whole of this side.

The second side is distinctly, not to say oppressively, more orthodox. Of the four songs, Jackson wrote and arranged only two. The other two, 'I Miss You So' and 'Can I Change My Mind', seem to be patent crap, which is why I am raising this issue in the first place.

Jermaine concedes that the discrepancy is a question of packaging more than anything else. But he still goes in for the myth about talented people hanging around Motown waiting to have their songs done. "I don't like to write everything," he says. "It's good to be open-minded."

It is all the more surprising that Jermaine should go on to maintain that both black music and white music are moving back to an R&B base. But when I query this curious idea, he virtually contradicts himself. "There are many artists out on the West Coast, my brothers, Stevie, Earth, Wind and Fire, who are black but do all kinds of music. You take someone like Rick James, who is into Bootsy and funk. . .we're different from that. We put lots of crossover into our music.

"The type of music I do best is easy listening music, like soundtracks for movies, with a lot of strings and French horns and stuff.

"I try to do Paul McCartney-flavoured songs, Stevie Wonder-flavoured songs, Jackson Five-flavoured songs, and straight R&B — James Brown, Wilson Pickett. And then I can do something just totally different. At the moment I'm hearing a lot of Latin American things, lots of rhythm and percussion and stuff. It's getting a lot of airplay in the States."

It transpires that Jermaine has some cogent theory of this multi-racial appeal, this blissful Californian melting pot: "Take Teena Marie," he says with a beatific smile. "A lot of people think, well, she's sure funky, she sounds black" — not me, old boy — "and that just puts more feathers in her cap, because people want that."

Do people want that? Personally, I don't want more feathers in anyone's cap. I don't care how much all-round versatility an artist can demonstrate. I just want to hear some real black soul music again, because I don't think white singers can make it.

In an effort to shift up a gear I steer the conversation onto sensitive ground, that of the Diana Ross/Chic controversy. This is my little contribution to the 20th anniversary festivities.

So, Jermaine — why did Motown fail to respond to the disco phenomenon? It seems so ironical that Motown could only get big disco hits by employing East Coast producers — Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards — to create a sound that had nothing whatsoever to do with Motown: the Chic sound.

"Sometimes a trend starts on the East Coast and people in California will start to pick it up," JJ explains. "Sometimes it's the other way round.

"But disco is, like, singing about disco — it says 'Tonight I'm going down to the disco'. That's dead, that's over with. As far as disco at Motown goes, we didn't take advantage of that scene, because Berry thinks ahead, and he knew that when something comes in like that, and everybody jumps on it, it's not a good thing. Because all of a sudden a slow song comes along and changes the whole scene.

There's something fairly revolting about the way Motown artists suddenly lower their voices and speak in hushed reverential tones whenever the name Berry Gordy comes into their minds. And there's something very depressing about calculating how long a particular craze is going to last. Does Berry Gordy only think in terms of marketing? The fact is, there are about ten or twenty disco records which are amongst the most passionate and brilliant records ever made. And none of them are on the Motown label.

"With regards to the Diana Ross album," Jermaine continues, "I felt that the songs were OK" (his expression gives away the fact that he means not-so-hot) "but whether the album is a success or not, as a writer and producer I have to give my honest opinion and say that if those songs had been on anyone else's album they probably wouldn't have done anything. If Chic themselves had done them, they probably wouldn't have done nearly as well."

But could Motown have come up with that kind of sound? I doubt it.

Jackson: "I was at the company when Chic first turned in that album, and if Berry Gordy had put that album out the way Chic turned it in, it would not have been successful."

But the drum sound on that album, for example, is not the Motown drum sound, it's the Chic drum sound.

Jackson: "No, because after they mixed that album in New York, *we* remixed it; *we* remixed the drums, *we* pushed them way out there. See, Chic is so into their music that they mixed the vocals behind the track. We stuck up the drums and we stuck up the voice. And that's basically what made the jump-through on that record."

I hardly know whether to believe him, but decide to let it sink at that. We end by him disclosing a BIG SECRET.

"My brothers and I have been talking. It's the first time we've met in five or six years. We're probably going to be doing a big tour together. It's going to be really exciting, because we're going to be doing a lot of the old stuff."

So good news to round it all off. But what Jermaine said as a whole left me wondering whether in fact Paul McCartney is not the biggest influence on black music in the last five years.

Der Plan: Kurt, Frank and Moritz. Pic Spex/Burat

DANGEROUS CLOWNS & OFF-SHADE SOUNDS

Is the world ready for Neue Deutsche Musik?

Chris Bohn thinks so. On his journey to Germany he discovered how they're fighting off the post-punk gloom in Dusseldorf and burning up in Berlin's fast lanes

WHEN CULTURES CLASH: Neither side of the Berlin wall is really representative of modern Germany. Following the post war carve up both East and West chose to make their ideological points in the former capital, rendering it as colourful and misleading as you'd expect from a shop window.

There's especially an unreality about West Berlin, an island of showy wealth isolated in the heart of austere East Germany. Artificially kept alive by Bonn with allied military support, you can't escape the feeling that it's living on borrowed time. Which, of course, is why it's so heavily romanticised by its more famous visitors, from Bowie back to J. F. Kennedy.

Ich bin ein Berliner indeed! Easy to say when you don't live there. The reality of it means trying to forget the wall exists and that's not easy.

Imagine walking through one of the city's enclosed forests, where you can forget for a moment the vicarious pleasures of Europe's most dynamic consumer entertainment centre. Just as you get lost in its rural tranquility you'll reach the large, beautiful Lake Wannsee — look across it and your eyes are assaulted by the ugly grey expanse of wall protruding from the trees. And that's as far as you can go without taking a troublesome two hour train ride to the Western mainland.

Little wonder that sooner or later many people give up, pack their bags and leave. But it's not a one way traffic, because coming from the mainland are thousands of male students wanting to set up home in Berlin for a few years to avoid the draft — dating back to wartime agreements, West Germany is not allowed its own standing army in its former capital. There's plenty of kids wanting to be entertained, then, but precious few Berliner bands to provide it — up until the mini explosion of the past year anyway.

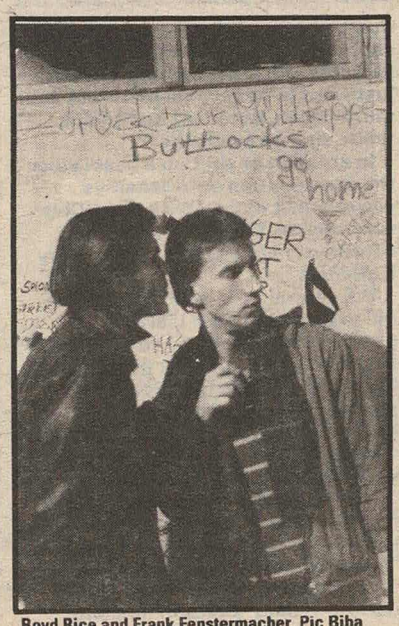
Berlin's always welcomed visiting bands at places like the old cinema Kant Kino and, better, SO36 — a gaunt, grey hall in the rundown Turkish district of Kreuzberg where Berlin's punks have settled themselves next to the more traditional radicals.

Despite their pogo limitations the city punks have earned the respect of the music scene through their dedication to Crass-style anarchist lines. They got a whole heap of sympathy, but little else, though, when neighbouring bigots trashed Chaos, another punk pub, in a vicious raid which left many regulars with cracked heads and one with two broken elbows.

Still, it's difficult to get worked up about their music, although a hardcore Dusseldorf outfit ZK win a few points with their game baiting of their more sophisticated rivals on the town's Christmas compilation.

That record, 'Denk Daran', highlights just how far Dusseldorf has come in the past three years, putting it way ahead of Berlin and larger cities in terms of quality and numbers. And as always when talking about Dusseldorf, Der Plan, DAF and Die Fehlfarben figure strongly.

Peter Hein. Pic Spex/Schaub



Boyd Rice and Frank Fenstermacher. Pic Biba Kopf.

A LENGTHY DIVERSION: Der Plan have been telling me how easy life is ever since I arrived in Berlin, and their charmed undulating rhythms, tied to effective child-like parables and some of the clumsiest, yet enjoyable mime performances ever almost convince me. For their two headlining shows at the bright angular Exxcess club, just off Kuvforstendumm, they eschew the clown make up they donned for the German new wave festival a week before to play *au natural* and they look even dafter.

Perhaps its because main "vocalist" Moritz Rrr is too ungainly a figure for the agile twists he attempts. Or maybe it's just guitarist Frank Fenstermacher's unremittingly doleful expression that doesn't fit the surface cheerfulness of their rhymes. Or it could be Kurt Dahlke's bespectaled studiousness.

As pointed out in the recent German New Wave review, they don't perform live as such, but mime to pre-recorded tapes, or to put it their way "act out the sounds". They could come dreadfully unstuck, especially exposed in a small club like this, but their songs and cheek carry them through. They're immensely popular with the few who bothered to turn out for them and its easy to understand why.

They're *likeable,* which might seem an odd quality to ascribe to an electronic outfit, but they're thankfully not cute, and better still their slightly self-mocking musical concepts totally avoid the irritating in-jokery of The Residents, who have heavily influenced them. Der Plan's pop sounds naggingly familiar. Its coyly childish tones always underlined by hints of sinisterness. Der Plans are not about all-out assault, but gentle insinuation.

A song from their debut album 'Geri Reig' aptly describes them: 'Dangerous Clowns'.

"Not happy clowns but dangerous ones," emphasises close-cropped Kurt, in a four way conversation in the Exxcess coffee bar. "If you go to a show and hear always happy music and see smiling faces and everything's fine . . . well, that's not what we want. Neither do we want to play all this depressing stuff to shock people. If you want to tell people something you have to draw their attention to it first. That's not new . . . but it's always new to actually do it."

A blast of new German punk comes through the door from the dance floor as if to confirm his words.

"Is there an English word "ambivalent'?" queries Moritz. "Yes? Well, that's the word we use for this effect . . ."

Once willing to align themselves with the Dusseldorf new wave scene which they helped create through their Atatak label and distribution set up, they don't want any truck with the depressing stuff churned out these days.

Moritz explains: "Although the new punks try to tell people some important things, it's too depressing to be optimistic. And on the other hand there's silly music with no depth . . ."

"Yes" agrees Frank. "Anyway people are a lot different to these stereotyped forms of expression."

"It's amazing how time changes what you say," Moritz continues. "For instance 'No Future' was one of the main sayings of punk, and it really did show that this society did

not have a future. But just to repeat it again and again just confirmed that there would not be a future . . ."

"And do we want a future?" interjects Kurt with a smirk, before thumping the table. "Yes! We do want a future."

Der Plan are refreshingly, and sensibly, optimistic. Just listen to the chirpy didacticism of their much quoted single 'Da Vorne Steht 'ne Ampel' ('Across The Road There's A Pedestrian Light'), which in the simplest and cheekiest terms suggests that Germans should break a generations-long tradition of obeying systems and cross the road against the red light.

"That's a very special German situation," murmurs Frank. "They trust the system too much which can be dangerous."

"It's only a symbol of science and authority," offers Kurt, helpfully. "It's much more important to listen carefully than to immediately and blindly follow signs and things."

I point out the findings of the Milgram Theory (as outlined in Ian MacDonald's final 1984 chapter), which asserted that more Germans refused to inflict pain in simulated torture experiments than other nationalities.

"Well, when it's obviously a system of torture, that's different," counters Kurt. "Street lights helping you to cross the road are less obviously a system of manipulation."

And there's plenty of that going on in Germany. Using the Baader Meinhof gang as an excuse, German parliament allowed the police greater powers to supplement already established laws forcing Germans to carry ID cards and register changes of address with the police. And there's always the hoary old *Berufsverbot,* forbidding Communists and Left sympathisers from holding government or teaching positions. In such a predominantly comfortable and strictly middle-of-the-road state as West Germany, many of the citizens are quite content with such invasions of privacy, thinking that they only affect those with something to hide. It's depressing what some willingly accept, but ranting at them like the punks do won't change anything.

Der Plan are not only devious enough, but also look nice and normal enough to fool a few people into listening, which is a start. And those clowns look so cute. . .

Mania D: Gudrun, Beate and Bettina. Pic Spex/Burat

DER PLAN and fellow Dusseldorf popsters Die Fehlfarben have bassist Frank Fenstermacher in common, but after that not a lot. They do share, however, a distate for the lumbering rock and roll beast (even more redundant in its embracing of traditional virtues in Germany) and their disillusionment with the way the punk thing went in their hometown.

They both tackled the beast in completely different ways: Der Plan smirkingly stepped to one side and let it crash into the wall, while Die Fehlfarben wormed their way into its nervous system and have so far managed to remain untainted by it.

However, because New Wave still really isn't such a strong financial proposition in Germany, Die Fehlfarben's success in their chosen field is relative. They are the first worthwhile German band since Nina Hagen lost her way to sign with a major, and more importantly they had the pull to string them for 50,000 Deutschmarks to make their first album. Maybe their first single 'Grosse Liebe-Maxi' (distributed independently by Der Plan's Atatak operation) fooled EMI Electrola into handing over the cheque; a bizarre attempt at ska, it was as good as anything Madness and Selecter were gaining big hits in Germany with.

Whatever the reason, they got the big deal. But why did they want it after so many years on the outside?

"They were the only people with sufficient money to produce the sort of album we wanted to make," explains Die FF's singer Peter 'Janey' Hein simply during a backstage conversation at the Berlin New Wave festival.

Die Fehlfarben, he summarises briefly, were formed by way of protest against the spontaneity of Dusseldorf's early punk scene atrophying into today's intransigence. They chose a deliberately commerical route, giving themselves six months or bust to get a deal and an album on the streets.

"We thought that if we were going to make pop music let's do it in a rather big way," says Hein. "I mean, spend a lot of money on making the records and let somebody else pay."

It's not so much a contradiction of Die FF's various members' past as an urge to try something new, he explains. They had all played with Germany's earliest bands and couldn't see much point in repeating themselves. For instance, Hein played with Dusseldorf's first punks Charlie's Girls, before joining DAF's Gabi Delgado Lopez in the legendary Mittagspause, who alternated sharp bursts of pogo punk with playful versions of MOR *Schlagermusik.* Bassist Michael Kemner was member of DAF until they left for England, guitarist Thomas Schwebel was a founder of the hardcore S.Y.P.H. whose leader Harry Rag has since followed a more experimental path with Can's Holger Czukay as guide; and finally, Uwe Bauer used to drum with Materialschlacht — great name: Battle Of Machinery.

Even though they all formed bands in The Sex Pistols' wake they were quick to recognise the need to move on.

Hein points out: "Thomas and I got kind of bored with these things we were doing, so we thought we would try some pop music, just to see how far we could get doing this."

They similarly wanted to avoid lapsing into mimcry of British and American bands, a more difficult task, having chosen to operate within more conventional limits. But they succeed quite wonderfully on their debut album 'Monarchie Und Alltag' ('Monarchy And The Everyday') and do it even better live, when they play up the ersatz cabaret rejoinders of songs like 'Go Ahead'.

On record, though, they mix the brazen tunefulness of early Buzzcocks with Hein's slightly nostalgic yearning for Dusseldorf's more innocent musical times, berating the more dogmatic of his rivals for lingering in the shadows of the past.

"There are too many people here still playing American rock and roll," complains guitarist Thomas Schwebel, who's just joined us.

"There are too many English people doing American rock and roll," I add.

"Yes," Hein chuckles," and there are too many Americans playing. . ."

Are EMI satisfied with a more potent album than they probably bargain for in light of Die Fehlfarben's publicised cynical aims?

Hein ponders: "I guess we were quite cynical in a way," he answers. "But the record didn't turn out as cynical as we planned it in the beginning. Some of the songs are, for instance, very real to me. In a rather dubious way some are kind of political. But they haven't caused any problems with EMI. They're either too subtle or maybe they're not sharp enough, I don't know.

"I hope the first reason is right, but sometimes I'm afraid the last one. . ."

Aw shucks. He's just being modest. The album's great and so are the band. Catch them before they're spoilt. The first train leaves for the continent from Liverpool Street at . . .

AND BACK HOME AGAIN: Living in Berlin is usually exhilarating, but it can be depressing. Some people find it difficult to cope, like a colleague of Mania D's saxist/vocalist Bettina Koster, who killed herself in the city's office district after first meeting all her bills and arranging for the disposal of her flat.

"I've been here two years and I still don't knon what to make of this city," Bettina says. "So many people come here and sometimes they want to offload their problems, but nobody wants to listen."

At a meeting the previous night in the garishly decorated gay cafe An Andere Ufer in the shadow of Berlin's Kennedy Bell, MD's drummer Gudrun Gut pointed out, "The wall is obviously very important for the Berlin atmosphere, but every few weeks or months you have to get out or go crazy."

It's still a great city, as David Bowie and Iggy Pop will attest. The two were gently mocked in an untitled Maria D improvisation based around Iggy's 'Sister Midnight' for coming to Berlin to soak up its supposed Isherwood/Cabaret atmosphere.

"But it wasn't meant angrily or anything," giggles Gudrun. "It was meant nicely . . ."

BERLIN ITSELF works against a healthy local scene, insofaras there are relatively few gigs and you can only play them so many times. After that the nearest are some 200 miles away. The situation is disheartening enough to make bands give up or leave for the mainland, exposing male musicians to the risk of national service.

That of course didn't apply to Mania D, the intended final part of this venture, whose bassist Beate left shortly after I'd met them. It's a pity because her thick slurred lines strengthened their excited, but precariously loose sound, giving body to their lurching dance tunes and emotion to their sarcastic love songs. Her stable pouting presence onstage also offered a solid counter-weight to the runaway enthusiasms of Gudrun and Bettina.

They've since recorded a 12 inch for Marat records under the tentative new name of Malaria and are presently auditioning new members.

In the meantime they've released a great Christmas single with synthesizer player Frieder Butzmann. They couple 'White Christmas' and 'Silent Night' and simultaneously exploit their kitsch qualities and evoke old German traditions in a modern setting.

Butzmann's own work isn't usually so accessible. His first Marat single 'Waschsalon Berlin' is a scaled down electronic reproduction of the cycle of the local laundrette washing machines. 'Valeska', the other side is better, based on the rhythms of popular German '20s dancer Valeska Gert.

Butzmann describes it, between shrill bursts of psychopathic giggles, thus: "I tried to find the origin of this dance sound, which was close to Balinese and Japanese music, and I then increased the density of the rhythm to get a result which is almost white noise."

It's more fun than it sounds from his description. Seemingly ever present on Berlin's new wave periphery, he's currently appearing in a Swiss movie set in Berlin, starring Swiss looneys Yello. Originally from Konstanz on the Bodensee, he got involved, so he claims, in electronic music at the age of five when he saw his sculptor-father tape recording the noise he was making hammering on

Continues page 37

Frieder Butzmann. Pic Biba Kopf.

THE ORIGINAL, ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

THE 1980 T-ZERS AWARDS

Pic: Chalkie Davies

■ The first annual I Put The Toke In Tokyo Award to **Paul McCartney**.

■ The first annual Spike Milligan Is There Anything Worn Under The Kilt? No, It's All In Working Order Award to **Spandau Ballet**.

■ The first annual Hazel O'Connor Most Unconvincing Parody of A Modern Rock Star Award to **Toyah Willcox**

■ The first annual Yes 'Yessongs' Thanks For The Triple Album But The Good Bits Would Fill One Side Of A C90 Award to **The Clash** for 'Sanindista!'

■ The first annual Bill Grundy I Dare You . . . How Dare You Award to **Russell Harty** for his "interview" with Grace Jones.

■ The first annual James Brown Get On The Good Foot Award to the **Leader of the Opposition**

■ The first annual Pull The Plug On The Kidney Machine Award to **Factory Records/Fred & Judy Vermorel** for their 'Sex Pistols: The Heyday' tape.

■ The sixth annual Vasco Da Gama Touring Prize to **The Police**.

■ The first annual If I Ruled The World Every Day Would Be The First Day Of Summer '76 Award to **Julie Burchill**.

■ The Quintessence Golden Chapati to **Maurice White** of Earth Wind and Fire. Runner-up: **Neil Spencer,** ley-line Editor of New Musical and Express *(Shurely shome mishtake here? — Nostradramush).*

■ The first annual Me Tarzan, You Jane Award (incorporating the Dr Livingstone Cultural Hogwash Memorial Pith Helmet) to **Brian Eno** and **David Byrne** for their projected LP 'Suds From Ethiopia's Only Dishwasher'.

■ The first annual Dressed To Kill & Bound To Go Down Well Conspicious Services To Radical Feminist Ideology Award to **Phil Lynott** for 'Killer On The Loose'.

■ The first annual Peter O' Toole Buckets o' Blood Hamalot Award to **Jack Nicholson** for his performance in Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining.*

■ The first annual Al Jolson I'd Walk A Million Miles For One Of Your Smiles Award to **Kevin Rowland**. Runner up: **Keith Levene**.

■ The first annual You Take The R. D. Laing Anthology I'll Stick With Andy Capp Award to **Killing Joke**.

■ Special Emaciated John Pilger Spiral Notepad and Pencil to **The Pop Group** for outstanding contributions to the Cambodian People's Reconstruction Movement.

■ The second annual Gene Kelly/Fred Astaire Memorial Tap Shoe to **August Darnell** for the most memorable dance music, choreography, back up singers and nightclub wardrobe of the year.

■ The sixth annual Mick Farren Drunk and Disorderly Award to **Andy Gill** of the Gang of Four.

■ The first annual Win A Night On The Tiles With Carlos Castaneda Mushroom Gobbling Award to the whole g-r-o-o-o-oveeeey!!! Manchester scene.

■ The first annual I Fought The Law And The Law Lost Award to **John Lydon**.

■ The first annual Anything In Skirts Can't Be A' Tha' Bad Fer A Lad Award to heir to the throne **Richard Jobson**.

■ The ageless and timeless Wild Man Of Rock Award *(A Spare Rib* subscriber notes: the use of the predicate 'wild *man'* is not to be construed as sexist *per se,* but rather to be regarded as a challenge to all and sundry — in the same way that "hero" seems altogether a more contextually meaningful accolade than "heroine") to **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**; we single out their untramelled trashing of two whole hotel rooms whilst staying at the Bide 'a Wee, Barnsley , 8 - 9.10.80. Runner up: **Phil McNeill**.

■ The fifth annual Faces 'Overture and Beginners' Thanks For The Live Album But You Shouldn't Have Bothered Award to (jointly) **The UK Subs** and **The Eagles**.

■ The first annual I Fought and Fought and Fought But Couldn't Come Up With Anything New Award to Country **Jock MacDonald**.

■ The sixth annual Golden Phone PR of The Year Award to **Rob Partridge** of Island Records.

■ The third annual Charles Shaar Murray The Drinks Are On Me Boys Fat Wallet to **Margaret Thatcher**.

■ Footballer of The Year to **Justin Fashanu**.

■ The Clive Dunn, Rolf Harris, Benny Hill, Little Jimmy Osmond, Wings and Pink Floyd Every Christmas Means A Turkey Award to **Jona Lewie**.

■ The second annual Joan Collins Life Begins At Fifty Award to **Saxa,** the salty old dog.

■ The second annual Bob Harris 'What New Wave? Where?' Bondage Trousers to **Jeff** "Rock n roll — phew!" **Bridges** for standing around in fields wearing denim flares and looking utterly wet and weedy.

■ The Ecole Normale Superior Roland Barthes Memorial Diploma in Advanced Semiology and Sub-Cultural Field Research to **Garry** 'Little Willie' **Bushell**.

■ The first annual Jim Morrison Plonkers On The Table Lads! Award to **Splodgenessabounds**.

■ The fifth annual I Fought The System and The System Won Award to **Hugh Cornwell**.

■ The Golden Can of Montreux to **Buster Bloodvessel**.

■ The first annual Benny Hill There's A Gag Here Somewhere, I Don't Know Where Exactly, But Somewhere There's A Gag Award to **Fela Antikulapo Kuti** and his 27 (and rising!) wives.

■ The first annual Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle Award to *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle.*

■ The first annual Penelope Keith To The Manor Born Award to **Richard Branson**.

■ The first annual Madness There's More In Us Than 15 Minutes Award to **Madness**.

■ The fourth annual Demis Roussos Big Mac Yum Yum Award for Conspicuous Consumption In The Face Of Obeisity to **Robert De Niro,** who put on 50 pounds in six months for *Raging Bull.*

■ The first annual Blue Peter That Elephant Is Pissing On Camera Three Live As You'll Ever Be Award to *Tiswas.*

■ The first annual Captain Pugwash Was Ahead Of His Time Award to **Malcom McLaren** and **Vivenne Westwood**.

■ The fifth annual Bermuda Triangle Sunk Without Trace Award to **Secret Affair**.

■ The first annual Richard Milhous Nixon Correspondence Course in Home Taping Award to **John Fruin**.

■ The first annual Global Rivera Self Management and Low Profile Reaps Its Own Rewards Award to **The Ayatollah**.

■ Award for Services To Dome Taping — **Wendy O Williams** of The Plasmatics.

■ The first annual It's My Console And I'll Stand by It All Night If I Want To Award to (jointly) **Daniel Miller** and **Martin Hannett**.

■ The first annual Social Protest By Numbers Lyrics (kindly donated by the Cambodian People's Reconstruction Movement) to **The Specials** for 'Stereotype'.

■ The first annual Sanatogen Smile Billboard Campaign Smash Hit Award to **Ronald Reagan**.

■ The Ticka Ticka Timex Up To The Minute Protest and Revise Lyric Writing Award to **Captain Beefheart** (WELCOME BACK) for "Ray Gun Face."

Last Year's Things

Dallas
Not The Nine O'Clock News
New Music News
The Nashville
Despondency
Invisible instruments
Unemployment
Cable TV (US)
Tuinol
Ska
Roller skates
Hi-tech
Journalists usi[illegible] all purpose "Hi tech" adje[illegible]ve
Peter York
The Guardia[illegible]
The Times Group of Newspapers
Westward & Southern TV
Michael Cimino
Punctuation
Psycho films
West Germany
Jimmy Carter
Eric's
John Fruin
Long coats
Elephant men
Fatties

Next Year's Things

Cabaret
Nightclubs
Hi-finance movie flops
Cassettes
Cassette Head-cleaning cassettes
Pirates
Gangsters
Cable TV (for the UK)
Pope John Paul (for the UK)
Ronald Reagan
Unemployment
Latin American rhythms
'Britain To Have A Summer' rumours
Earthquakes
Acoustic guitars
Cocktails
1st Roxy Music LP
Internationalism
Fezs and Russian hats
Rockabillies
Gong revival
Glam Rock
Macho Synthesiser groups
Palm trees
Ukuleles
Crimes of passion
Gospel music
Further increase in suicide rate

Deceased

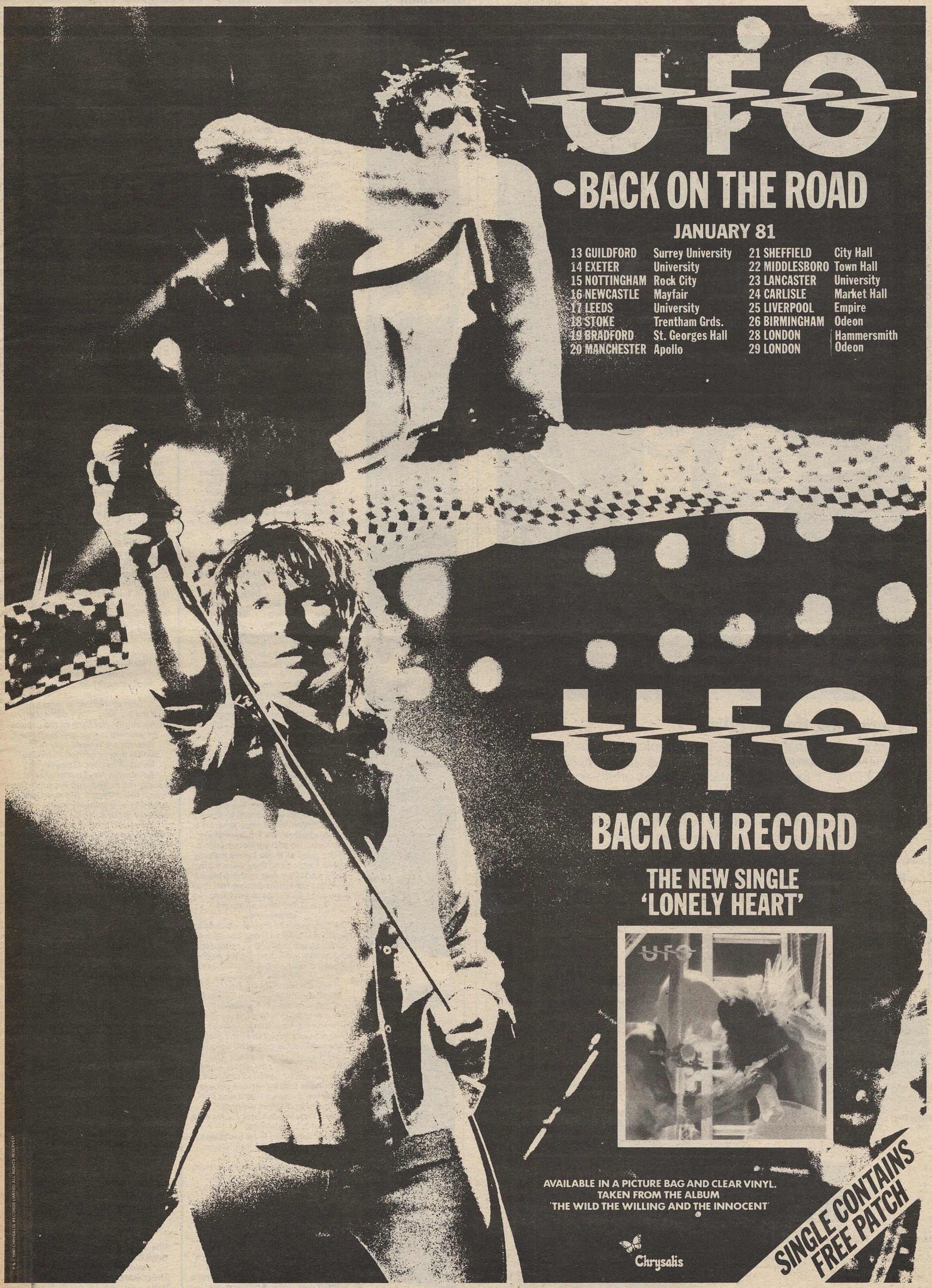
Ian Curtis
Malcom Owen
Steve McQueen
Jacob Miller
Professor Longhair
Bon Scott
Amos Milburn
Warren Smith
Les Prior
George Raft
Mae West
Larry Williams
Jean Paul Sartre
Roland Barthes
Peter Sellers
Graham Sutherland
Cecil Beaton
Henry Miller
Alfred Hitchcock
Johnny Owen
General Echo
Oswald Mosley
John Bonham
George Scott
Yootha Joyce
Hattie Jacques
Renee Roberts
Colonel Sanders
John Lennon
Tim Hardin

Owen

Bonham

Longhair

Williams


UFO
BACK ON THE ROAD
JANUARY 81
13 GUILDFORD Surrey University
14 EXETER University
15 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
16 NEWCASTLE Mayfair
17 LEEDS University
18 STOKE Trentham Grds.
19 BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
20 MANCHESTER Apollo
21 SHEFFIELD City Hall
22 MIDDLESBORO Town Hall
23 LANCASTER University
24 CARLISLE Market Hall
25 LIVERPOOL Empire
26 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
28 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
29 LONDON Odeon
UFO
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FACT GENUINE SHURE

What a way to start! Hang on!

The Fire Engines have it in them to jolt us as much as any group in recent years: as much as ANY group. That is, if we want to be jolted.

If you interpret what will be written about this tormented, dervish four-piece over the next four weeks as hype then that's your hang-up and not anybody else's. To suppress the raging emotional excitement, the edginess, the tension that they inspire and incite, to slop into a spoilt London-ish complacency, would be cheating. I'm moved! I'm moving! I'm telling you!

Hang on!

The Fire Engines are for you — if you're still interested, if you still want. If you want to be demoralised, go and squat in that corner, suck on your history and sulk. Get out of here! The Fire Engines exhume a condition and a spirit some would have you believe is extinct, that connects with the best things in the past, that tells us the time.

This has nothing to do with the pathetic rock history some journalists stick to in order to cover up how out of touch they are. This has to do with being aware, being around, being aroused, with being involved.

Get up!

The Fire Engines beseech through a music that has the anarchic application, derelict discipline and self-centred concentrated militancy — as nature intended! — of the classic timeless rock from 'Sister Ray' Velvets to 'Spiral Scratch' Buzzcocks, and the early barely heard Subway Sect. No dogma, no dilution, it takes your breath away, it turns you on.

You know what I mean.

The Fire Engines are lonely.

Two guitars: David Henderson and Murray Slade . . . spurt . . . fit . . . fight . . . ING!! Bass: Graham Main . . . speed . . . swerve . . . swing . . . ING!! Voice: David Henderson . . . cracking croaking desperately . . . a paranormally paranoid crooner . . . all heart, some hate, one heat . . . Drums: Russell Burn.

The Fire Engines: bringing life back to life, part of the renaissance bringing glory back to the pop form, lust back to the rock formlessness, and a sort of haunted bitterness into the rooms where we sleep.

"Grab it and make a noise . . . not *quite* as simple as that."

They don't try too hard. Most groups try too hard to slot neatly into rock history, to sound tight and smooth, to be readily identified . . . they seize up.

"The single . . . when we did the single (2-8-80) we wanted to make a rough single. We'd never been in a studio before. We knew what we wanted to do and we got on with it. There were all these bands making these singles and they were really shite and there was nothing about them to make other people feel they wanted to do things or anything like that. They were all studio smothered.

"All our favourite singles were dead rough, and then all these bands were bringing out really 'well produced' singles. It's really bad. So we wanted to make a 'bad' single that was great. And we did."

They did too. 'Get Up And Use Me/Everything's Roses' (Codex Communication) is classically under-produced and messy: the form and passion, the sound and the way it sticks out all over the place, the commitment and the unique balances are what matters. You're being slapped by raw materials not comforted by polished surfaces.

"We were told by various people after we'd done it that it was not good enough as a single."

Groan. Those rock history rules and regulations.

"It was supposed to be too rough, not the right sound, not *'single material'* . . ."

So what is it about discordant ideas, things that clash and contrast, boistrousness and bumps that attracts them . . .

"It's just us. All our favourites . . ."

Did they like 'Spiral Scratch'? . . . In my dreams The Fire Engines play 'Friends Of Mine'.

"Oh yeah . . . That's what we mean when we say we wanted to make a rough single. When you heard 'Spiral Scratch' it really offered you a lot, it was fucking brilliant, real electricity, all that noise . . ."

Those fluttering scattering Shelley Starway solos remind me of the way Henderson and Slade play their guitars, racing round each other, dropping notes from up high . . .

"Yeah, we loved that Buzzcocks . . . the White Riot tour, Orgasm Addict, and the way they incorporated into that noise a strange poppiness . . ."

Fire Engines love strange, fidgeting mixes. Their sound is as inconstant and compelling as AWESOME, as THAT Buzzcocks — yes the Devoto Buzzcocks — when they're were still in love, still together, still in uncontrollable control, when they were scratching and splashing for some kind of living.

But of course, The Fire Engines are laws unto themselves. They are the measure of things: things aren't the measure of them. Like they say about 'Spiral Scratch', their music has a lot to offer . . . not just one mood, one good bit, one beautiful climax. This is motion. Keep moving! Try and trap this music! Spontaneous, innocent, indisputable magic, where meaning is celebrated not suppressed, where limits are mercilessly mocked, and the deep shadow of mortality doesn't matter at all.

If they don't violate our complacency and mess up our senses, then we truly are in a rut. If they just get filed by the *NME,* ignored by Radio One, held at bay by rock consumers, we should all be ashamed.

Excuse me

"We want to excite people and try to get them to excite themselves. It's getting pretty bad. Down here (London) it's really awful. The people are really fucked up down here. They really want fucking everything on a plate. It seems like the people down here want guys like you to tell them what to do . . ."

The Fire Engines, their manager Angus (an ideas man, not a business man, in common with all great managers, The Beatles' Brian Epstein to Joy Division's Rob Gretton, and secretary Karen (Codex Communications are aware of the importance of efficient organisation) are sat in that pub where I interview lots of groups from Edinburgh and Glasgow.

I remember something Kirsty McNeill had written in *Ten Commandments* as soon as me and McCullough had opened our bags . . .

". . . hints of interest in affairs north of the border . . . It's particularly surprisingly that each of the groups prominent in this new surge of interest are related only in the similar timing of their individual levels of impact. Glasgow and Edinburgh have never shared trends: the people and the places are much too different. But even within each city — originality aside — none of these groups can be compared by the music they're producing."

Henderson: "All that band crap is rubbish. It's disgusting. Everything's got clumped together. The press always does that. They've segmented the north up into different sections. Like Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, saying something's happening there, there, there, and now there's meant to be something happening in Edinburgh. But it's been fucking happening for three and a half years."

Slade: "It's written in *Time Out* that the A&R men should move from Liverpool to Scotland."

That sums it up.

Henderson: "Aye. Do it up and then throw it away. It's just basically packaging and labelling and categorising, making something into a smaller thing so that it can be easily taken."

I talk with Fire Engines the day after they'd stuck it out at the Rock Garden (playing with Josef K, themselves a hell of a charge).

"We didn't even feel like we were playing . . . it was just shite . . . we were hanging around the whole day . . ."

They were spectacular, though they shouldn't have to play such holes. Playing rock gigs a lot of the time is like plopping into mud. But . . .

The Fire Engines were the best group I saw in 1980. I fell in love immediately. This metaphysical mix of fun and mythical significance, concentration and distraction, fury and devouring intensity. David Henderson is a compulsive, liberating, possessed new hero . . . the substance and fashion, the look and the gaze, of a star . . .

The guitarists Henderson, Main and Slade slash and cut out their swirling

Meat For Sale: (left to right) Graham Main, Russell Burns, Murray Slade, David Henderson.

SELLING SCOTLAND BY THE LB

Paul Morley meats Fire Engines, a new sound from Scotland in the British marketplace. Taking a butchers, Peter Anderson.

sparkling patterns from appropriate '60s S.F. type guitars strapped tight to their chests. The shape and size and colour of pop guitars is an important little thing some tend to forget.

'They all happen to be red, but that's by the way. I just wanted a red guitar — right? — with a white scratchboard and this guy bought me one and I couldn't believe it. Amazing! Murray's is an original Rickenbacker off Mark in Josef K. Josef K and Orange Juice are really into fancy guitars. We've just got the cast-offs. Subway Sect were always into that . . ."

The '77 White Riot tour, featuring Subway Sect, Slits, Buzzcocks and The Clash, ventured forth into Scotland and had a similarly profound and productive influence as the one the Anarchy tour did on Manchester. (Anarchy came to Manchester TWICE!) In conversation, most Scottish groups will mention it eventually — dwelling on Sect and Buzzcocks.

"Fucking amazing . . . That White Riot tour was the first really big thing that happened in Edinburgh. I saw Subway Sect and I didnae really have an opinion of them, I was just fucking scared! The first three bands that were on . . . Slits, Sect and Buzzcocks . . . amazing . . . Subway Sect were a giant . . ."

The word might be *influence*, but it hardly covers what Henderson means.

"The whole group, not just Godard. The whole feel of them, their haircuts and that, T-shirts, sloppy joes, their guitars, the way they worked those guitars . . . that 'Ambition' single . . ."

One of the ten greatest records of all time. It is the subtle things in the complex, competitive White Riot make-up, the various vivid and esctatic distillations of the powers of Iggy/Velvets, the inherent chaos, the sensational celebration of the moment, the exploitation of a bare level of competence, an overall spirit of shocking madness, that the greatest new groups capture and compound and convert.

Notice how groups brought up on the mood, music and inspiration of Velvets, Sect and Buzzcocks use it to fuel them into new dimensions, and those strung up by The Clash or Sex Pistols get stuck in a narrow niche.

Are we talking about a special understanding?

Fire Engines have played 14 shows.

"Things have happened to us dead fast. Basically we're still advertising ourselves."

Onstage they show off and show most other groups up. They go for 20 minutes — don't blink — and do more, cause more sensations, than rock groups do in two hours. Their communication, for now, is impetuous and instable, and they refuse to over-estimate how far they can run before they use up their breath.

"You have to generate excitement. What we don't want to do is get bored playing for a start, cos there's no point."

Playing the devil's advocate on behalf of rock consumers everywhere, I ask about Value For Money. Henderson explodes.

"That's it! What's the point in getting the audience bored! Where's the value there! Is it the amount of time you're on or the amount of excitement you get out of it. It's like the fucking Clash crap, that triple album. I'd rather pay seven quid for a great single record than 4.99 for three albums of fucking shite."

Use me

"The only thing I don't like about music and being in a group, the actual idea, is that there's been so many groups and look how much it has been diluted and how much it's just a band thing and if you're big you're big and things like that. There's absolutely trillions and billions of records going about and I'd hate to see any of the records we make in the cheap section, right. I'd like them to be in the real section at a cheaper price."

The next Fire Engines record is a 33⅓ twelve inch priced at £2.50. 'Lubricate Your Living Rooms', recorded and released by Pop: Aural on their Accessory label, described as background music for active people. The best background music for these accelerating complicated times is high in incident. Music contrived to calm the listener invariably irritates. Noise as stimulant is far more effective and useful.

When you're getting made up to shoot out for a crazed night at the nearest niterie, what records do you play? Eno muzak or Human League, Radio 2 or Black Uhuru, Durutti Column or Cabaret Voltaire? Now you'll have something scientifically made up for this very special occasion, that sets you up to rave, that gets the skin tingling.

"We never really wanted to do a normal type album in the first place. We still think singles are really important. This record is like our songs with the words taken away and the lengths extended. It's meant to be exciting background music. It was Bob Last's idea and he wanted to use us and we were quite into being used in this type of way. It's not the first Fire Engines LP."

Of course many will take it, if they take it at all, as the first Fire Engines LP, not something a little different.

Rock consumers (formerly rock punters) tutored by the media are reluctant to accept and use anything slightly different, they're rarely stimulated to dance with different ideas, different approaches, different surfaces.

"It's not actual songs. It's just something else to do, it's not some big important massive thing. It's just a record, it's to be fucking played. It's not like *this is our first LP and we mean this* type of thing. It's none of that. It's not our first LP, it's not our LP . . . it's an amalgamation between Pop: Aural and Codex Communications using the Fire Engines and it's just that and it's brilliant."

It is too.

Get up and use it.

It's because everyone's well starched by the established rock routines, happy to play along with that conceit and deceit, the done things, the 'dues paying', that it's hard to write about new groups in the tiring rock press. So much suspicion of all these new life forms, their quick ways of working, their pagan attitudes. And you have no chance of seeing or hearing these groups, because of the way things are, and so receive the unbridled enthusiasm of the still-excited pop writer, which is cynically dismissed as hype, and the filtered boasting and advertising of the group, which is accepted as dry theory, and nothing else.

It seems like all talk, no action. And Julie Burchill once remarked that as soon as a new group comes to the rock papers they've 'sold out'. (Actually *I* go *to* these groups).

"That's like saying that if you get a farm in the country, all that commune crap stuff, that you're getting away from it all. But you're not, you're still part of it all, of everything. It's just copping out. Pathetic. The way things are working for us and for what we're doing now we have to do these things. We wanted to do this thing because it's part of what's happening to us. You have to use it. It's like judo, use your opponents' strength against them."

Let's face it, these days rock papers are opponents.

Switch moods

Perhaps by submitting to music paper interference. Fire Engines have made their first real mistake. I hope it hasn't come to that! But they seem uncomplicated and unaffected and hostile enough to ride all these ludicrous, looming (don't think about them too hard) obstacles.

Need I dwell . . .

What a way to start! This year . . . I'll race you.

Hang on!

Fire Engines are coming . . . "We play what we wanted to hear."

Fire Engines have glamour, soul and are in such a state. "We're not accomplished musicians or anything like that."

Fire Engines are claiming . . . "We don't think very far ahead."

Fire Engines are fashioning . . . "We're against plans and solutions and ambitions and making a career out of this."

Fire Engines are famous . . . "We wouldn't mind some money . . . we want to do other things."

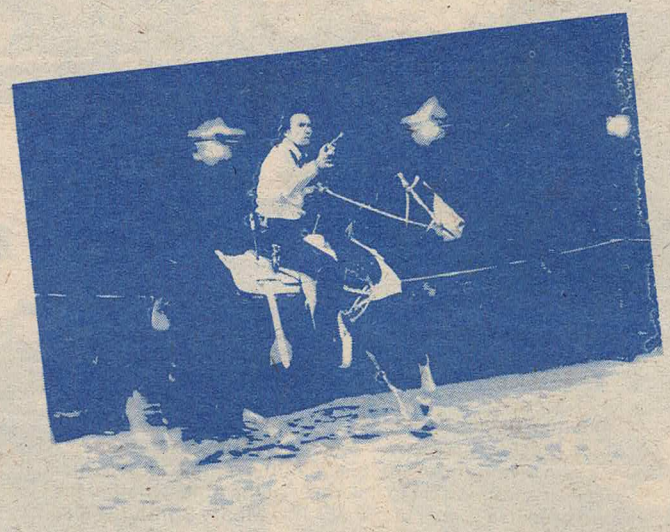
Hang on! "We'll change. It's only natural."

It turns me on. You know what I mean. The light catches them. The Fire Engines are lovely. Get up! Go and see for your fucking selves.

Use me!

SILVER SCREEN

THE BEST OF 1980



1 Sir Henry At Rawlinson End (Directed by Steve Roberts): "Vivian Stanshall's extraordinary Sir Henry looms onto the sylvan screen through a crepuscular fog of rural mist, boiling lard and a comforting fug of crumpled filter tips and optically induced hallucinations. Character and plot are drawn from a literary confusion of time and imagery; there's exorcism, sex and violence, dialogue of wit and scope, a sublime concoction of renaissance dilettante mixing latinisms, metaphors and drinks with a virtuosity not seen in cinema verite since Olivier's Henry V. Above all else it is Stanshall's hold on vivid language, from the most appalling pun to the most graceful sentence, that stamps the class into the film. *Sir Henry* is a comic masterpiece. Straight up. Five stars and no soda." — **Max Bell** ***(8.11.80)***

2 The Shining (Stanley Kubrick): "The real 'horror' in Kubrick's film is not the Overlook Hotel or whatever lurks there, but the terminal disintegration of Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall's marriage. Arriving as it does trailing uncharacteristic loose ends and rough edges, *The Shining* is another remarkable film from a remarkable film-maker. To paraphrase something Brian DePalma once said about Alfred Hitchcock, Kubrick offers us an extraordinarily controlled grammar and an incredibly rich vocabulary. God knows how many moments there are in *The Shining* that are minor masterpieces of filmic theory and practice. Shine on, Mr Kubrick, you crazy diamond." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(11.10.80)***

3 Bronco Billy (Clint Eastwood): "Beneath the benign barrage of platitudes you can sense the film's fascination with quaint ol' Southern notions of decency and fair play for one and all, also its very carefully qualified regret at their being wiped off the face of modern America. *Bronco Billy* is something of a quiet triumph for Eastwood, and shows him playing a more understated and yet much richer comic role than he managed in the unconvincingly robust *Every Which Way But Loose*. It's a charming, heart-warming and totally splendid film, the like of which I haven't seen for far too long." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(26.7.80)***

4 The Tin Drum (Volker Schlondorff): "Choosing to stick with his three-year-old body through the rise and fall of the Third Reich, wily dwarf Oscar Matzerath plays on his child-like appearance to absolve him from adult responsibilities — from his pint-size position, grown-ups appear absurd and stupid. *The Tin Drum* is both funny and sad, its lovingly recreated pre-war border town of Danzig populated by powerless people whose cowardice might evoke sympathy, but it's never condoned." — **Chris Bohn** ***(21.6.80)***

5 The Elephant Man (David Lynch): "It's not just an account of how Victorian England's consuming, often hypocritical obsession with 'improving' unfortunates affected someone like Joseph Merrick. If Edgar Allan Poe were alive and agonising today, he'd surely envy it as a tale of mystery and imagination to rival his own." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(18.10.80)***

6 Breaker Morant (Bruce Beresford): "Beresford's view of the Empire is predictably scathing — and why not? Thousands of film hours have been wasted over the years celebrating the dubious triumphs of the so-called Pax Britannica. But plump and cumbersome though Beresford's targets are, he's careful not to reduce them to caricature. The sense of tragedy that finally overwhelms the film is genuinely troubling. The best film from down under since Fred Schepisi's angry *Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith*, *Breaker Morant* proves that the Australian film industry has emerged from a period of financial insecurity to find a strong second wind." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(1.11.80)***

7 Black Jack (Kenneth Loach): "Not only that extreme rarity, a genuinely fine British film, *Black Jack* is also that unique children's film — totally uncondescending. Mid-18th Century Yorkshire is faithfully evoked by Chris Menges' naturalistic photography and the disparate characters — all of whom speak in engagingly colloquial regional dialects — are as shabby and rotten-toothed as anyone in Dick Lester's *Musketeers* movies. It's a rewarding experience, believe me." — **Monty Smith** ***(1.3.80)***

8 Messidor (Alain Tanner): "Despite appearances (and Tanner's deceptively neutral, distanced style), *Messidor* is a fierce, withering film — not without its moments of impish, tickling light relief but primarily an irate attack on complacency, humbug and hypocrisy. The Swiss cinema tears the roof off the sucker? Yes indeed." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(1.3.80)***

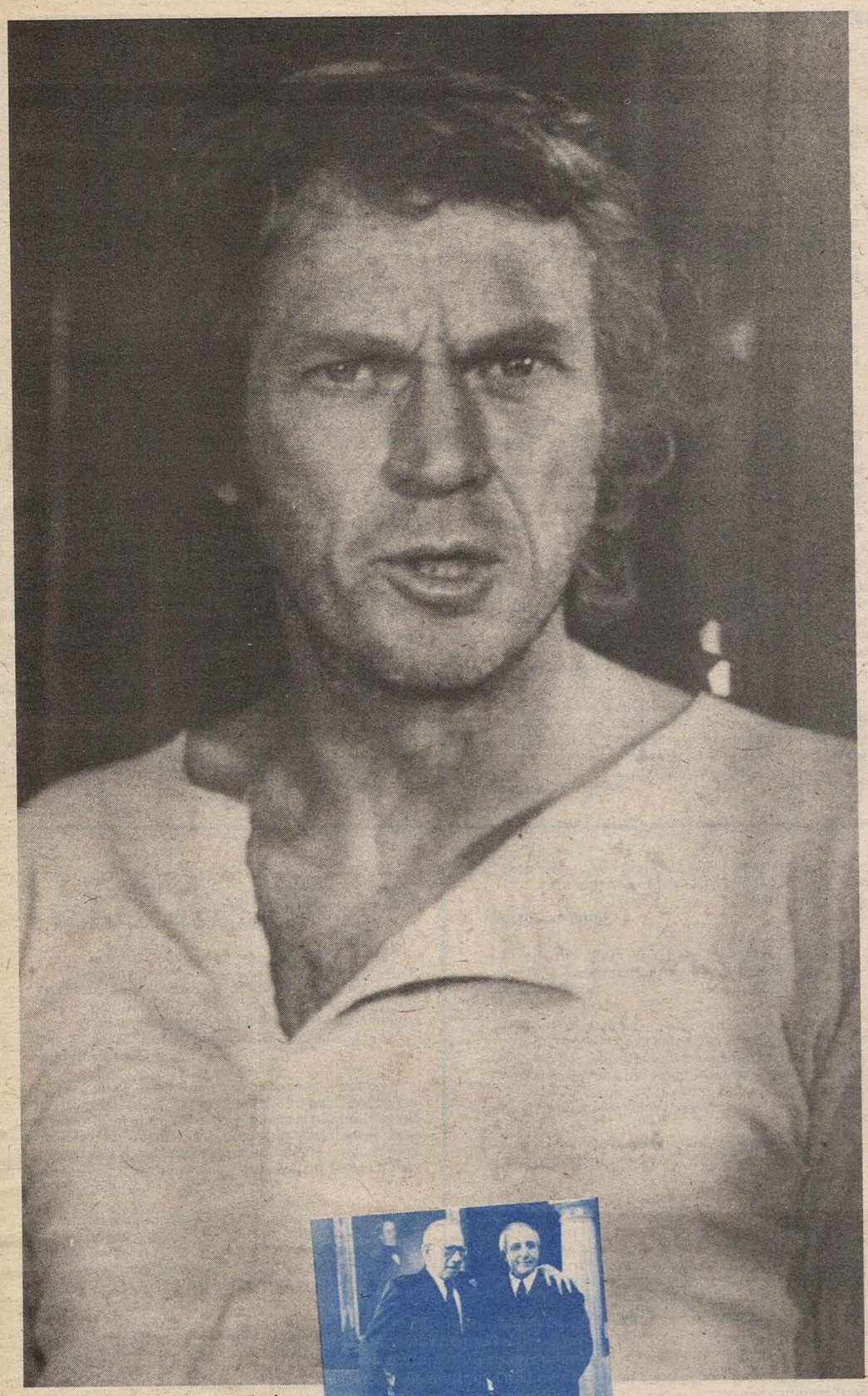
8 Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead (George A. Romero): "Despite its heavy emphasis on horror slapstick, *Zombies* is full of pertinently witty little observations on the foibles of American consumerism and the offhand violence of a society whose inhabitants have easy access to weapons. Fortunately, they're presented brazenly enough to make them palatable. Whether America survives this onslaught from the mindless will be decided in the third part of Romero's projected trilogy, *Zombies In The White House*. So what's new?" — **Chris Bohn** ***(5.7.80)***

10 Bad Timing (Nicolas Roeg): "Maybe the critical establishment would have reacted better to a Nicolas Roeg *Flash Gordon* (he was the original director, but got the sack for reasons unknown). *No one* seemed able

SILVER SCREEN FILMS OF THE YEAR

1 **Sir Henry At Rawlinson End** (Directed by Steve Roberts)
2 **The Shining** (Stanley Kubrick)
3 **Bronco Billy** (Clint Eastwood)
4 **The Tin Drum** (Volker Schlondorff)
5 **The Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
6 **Breaker Morant** (Bruce Beresford)
7 **Black Jack** (Ken Loach)
8 **Messidor** (Alain Tanner)
Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead (George A. Romero)
10 **Bad Timing** (Nicholas Roeg)
11 **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
The Tempest (Derek Jarman)
13 **Close Encounters — Special Edition** (Steven Spielberg)
14 **Tom Horn** (William Wiard)
15 **Kagemusha** (Akira Kurosawa).

Films selected by Max Bell, Chris Bohn, Angus MacKinnon, Neil Norman, Ian Penman, Neil Spencer and Monty Smith.



to interpret the forceful analysis of *Bad Timing* — it was far too truthful about sexual politics for either the neurotic Left or the repressed Right. Even the Nic Roeg fans revolted — the stylistic and generic avenues of his previous films must have given them some kind of comfort. *Bad Timing* confronted the sex machine head on — Theresa Russell and Art Garfunkel pushed their characters to metaphoric extremes that broke your honest heart or tried your puritan patience. The wrong time to release a film that dares to show us how we terrorise one another? You always hurt the one you love." — **Ian Penman** ***(19.12.80)***

is probably the key to the film's success, and it's here that the true strength of Sellers' performance can be felt. He has given Chance a sense of great pathos unseen since Buster Keaton; which may seem like a grand claim but really isn't for such an unforgettable role." — **Paul Rambali** ***(19.7.80)***

11 **Being There (Hal Ashby)**: "If there was any justice Sellers would have got the Oscar he was nominated for, but as his humble, honest, very simple Chance finds out (were he able to comprehend it) justice is always in short supply. The old-fashioned idealism at the heart of a cynical modern spoof

11 **The Tempest (Derek Jarman)**: "An atmospheric, visually compelling and unequivocally modern manifestation of what by all accounts was the bard's parting blast to the world. But the incarnation has as much to do with the spoken as the visual; the actors actually *talk* the lines rather than incanting them as sacred texts. Roll over Shakespeare and pay attention, you'd have liked this one." — **Neil Spencer** ***(21.6.80)***

DEREK JARMAN

14 **Tom Horn (William Wiard)**: "Like Pike Bishop in *The Wild Bunch*, Tom Horn knows instinctively that he's obsolete and, like Pike, he'll have no truck with the New Order of commerce and complicity. It's a remarkable film, dour and touching at the same time, a weighty addition to the noble art of the Western and Steve McQueen retains his immense magnetism, even if his immobile features remain as inscrutable as ever — it's impossible to tell, most of the time, whether his face is frozen in a grin or a grimace." — **Monty Smith** ***(21.6.80)***

15 **Kagemusha (Akira Kurosawa)**: "Just as his 16th Century characters are held virtual hostage to highly ritualised codes of conduct on the battlefield and off, so Kurosawa presents them in a similarly formal, often exaggerated, stylised fashion. He traps them in amber, arranges them across the screen like polished pebbles on a Go board. The film doesn't moralise so much as generalise, giving particular events a general and enduring significance. It's also a definitively tragic tale brilliantly, compellingly told." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(6.12.80)***

'81 THE real big one this year will be Martin Scorsese's **Raging Bull**, a no-punches-pulled biopic of middleweight boxer Jake La Motta, played to the hilt and beyond by the incomparable Robert De Niro. Otherwise, keep your legs crossed for Robert Altman's **Popeye**, Lily Tomlin as **The Incredible Shrinking Woman**, Steven Spielberg's **Raiders Of The Lost Ark**, John Cassavetes' **Gloria** (starring Gena Rowlands), Brando and George C. Scott in **The Formula**, and Sidney Poitier's **Stir Crazy**, starring Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. And there'll be many more by the year's end — we hope.

13 **The Special Edition Of Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (Steven Spielberg)**: "*Special Edition* increases its angle of attack on the American Dream, and so avoids many of the original film's incongruities. Direct comparisons with *Star Wars et al* are pointless. Spielberg is offering substantial, psychologically sophisticated popular cinema, his peers witless comic-strip spectaculars. Few directors have had or seized the chance to revise one of their films so extensively, but even fewer could have carried it all off so triumphantly." — **Angus MacKinnon** ***(27.9.80)***

POLITICS

"Madness make a mistake and they say things which start a backlash because they weren't said in the right way. They said they didn't care who came as long as they had a good time. Well, they're there, and what can be done about it?"
Charley Anderson (The Selecter).

"It's just kids like this that vote NF and stuff. But because they do we're supposed to tell them to fuck off. Whereas I'd rather have it like this, sitting talking about it, the way everyone else I know does."
Suggs.

"The only way blokes can touch and come into contact with each others' bodies without fear of being labelled 'gay' is through violence: it's part of the sexual repression which has caused a lot of violence and frustration."
Michael Furbank, 'skinhead artist'.

"I am a socialist — and I think any well-meaning person will have a socialist bent — but it's not something you go into too much, not with me anyway. It's a personal, private thing."
Jah Wobble.

"I'm often asked whether I'm using a set of nasty words to shock people, and I'm always surprised, because I take for granted that rude words don't shock any more."
Ian McEwan.

"I think I've become political in spite of myself — my natural inclination is just to have a good time."
Robert Wyatt.

"One reason I've joined the Communist Party is because I've realised that ideas which come through in culture, in music, by themselves have no effective power to change things for the better. They can indicate things, or bear witness, but they can't change them."
Robert Wyatt.

"A big skinhead came up to me once and said, 'I used to be a member of the British Movement, right? But tonight I've seen unity, fuck them!'. And I told Dave that we were just smiling because we'd done something."
Ranking Roger.

"It's very hard for me to preach because I'm in a position where I've done very well — I have been a success. So when people ask 'How can you relate to working-class kids?', all I can say is 'I was one'."
Bryan Ferry.

"Anyone that's nice and comfortable in their way I can understand, because I know they want to hold on to what they've got. But a radical, with the holier-than-thou pitch, what *they* want for society . . . bullshit!"
Ralph Steadman.

"Obviously, if you have that many snooty affluent people, there's gonna be a whole network of other people who'd like to burn them to the ground!".
Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys).

"Americans are so obsessed, and have been taught to be obsessed, with their own comfort and lining their own little cocoons, and they become very apolitical. And this kind of apolitical, self-indulgent, hollow way of existing is the kind of thing that paved the way for Hitler . . ."
Jello Biafra.

"Maybe if the Iranians really think we're evil, the devil, then perhaps we are. We could be rushing headlong into Armageddon."
Don Roeser (Blue Oyster Cult).

"The first thing that happened to me when I got to Berlin was that I really had to face up to it, because all the people I had as friends there were naturally extreme leftists. Suddenly I was in a situation where I was meeting young people of my age whose fathers had actually been SS men."
David Bowie.

"My idea of a good time is seeing a world revolution and no-one knowing what to do, when everyone dumps the cars and starts looting. It'll threaten me but I'll enjoy it very much. Don't worry, I've got my fair share of tommy guns stashed away. I'm waiting."
Toyah Willcox.

"Look rich because Thatcher wants you to look poor, she really does. And she's got through! I've never seen so many bank clerks in my life . . . black suit, white shirt, black tie — whether they like it or not they're part of the Thatcher regime."
Malcolm McLaren.

"Have you heard Stevie Wonder's new single? All about Zaire and stuff. That makes me sick. It's like Jane Fonda and the anti-nukes lot. That's so fake to me. Who cares what they think? That's not what they're about if they're singers or actresses or whatever. And to go around like their world view is so important. Everybody's world view is so important to themselves. But to advertise it in specific terms — I find it offensive. I find it obscene."
Robert Palmer.

"To me the ideal of the Euro-man is the ultimate in human dignity, in the way that in the ancient world the Romans regarded the Greeks. But in a present day context the Euro-man still doesn't exist."
Jean Jacques Burnel.

"With Vietnam you not only had no business being there but you fouled up, you lost, which is a very hard thing for a young country like the USA to live with. They're not used to it and *that's* a funny story."
Sam Fuller (film producer).

"There was a bit in the *Daily Mirror* recently about Colonel somebody or other who said that when we went down our nuclear safety holes before the bomb dropped he suggested that people bought ferrets. So that when the holocaust arrived the ferrets, y'see, go out and bring in rabbits. Thereby you can eat . . . doesn't occur to him that these rabbits are either going to be dead or so rotten with radiation that it doesn't matter."
Viv Stanshall.

"God definitely votes Tory. Jesus is a liberal and The Holy Spirit's probably an anarchist."
Wilko Johnson.

"I think we should kidnap the Ayatollah, cut off his beard, put him in a spacesuit and send him to Mars."
Stevie Nicks (Fleetwood Mac).

MIAOW!

"We have done what Rock Against Racism couldn't do, because they're so busy patting themselves on the back being nice little trendies."
Pauline Black (The Selecter).

"You're walking down the street and everyone's speaking cockney and everything seems great . . . but I never want to start writing songs like 'We're going down the pub', know what I mean?"
Suggs.

"How would you feel if someone holding a loaded 45 in his right hand, and a half-finished bottle of wine in his left hand, stumbled over towards you at four in the morning, put the arm with the bottle around your shoulder, shoved the muzzle of the 45 into your neck, and cocked it?"
Leonard Cohen on Phil Spector.

"We used to be track repair men, song repair men. If you've got a duff demo or song and £300 you'd come to us and we'd make it into a presentable record. The last repair job we did was for The Jags."
Trevor Horn (Buggles).

"Most of the RAR people I've come across, they find it really hard to talk to a black person."
Jah Wobble.

"He's making a solo album. I think he wants to be the next Steve Forbert"
Joey Ramone, about Tommy Ramone.

"You know that first chord in 'Rock'n'Roll High School'? He worked on that one chord for ten hours straight. I couldn't take it. I phoned up my mother and said 'Ma, I can't take this no more. I'm not suited for this life'."
Joey Ramone, about Phil Spector.

"The fact is that London punk was copied from New York punk in 1976. English punk was created in that year when Malcolm McLaren tutored his associate in the clothing business, Bernard Rhodes, and the two bands they immediately formed, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, in the styles which Malcolm brought back to England from me (Television) and the New York Dolls (who were already famous there)."
Richard Hell.

"He's always fucken' moanin' . . . 'Aw, Mensi. I carn 'andle all this pressure, all them kids dependin' on me, aw Mens, wha' am I gonna do?' Wanker!"
Mensi on Pursey.

"There's this thing building up about him hating The Police, and I'm just dying for the next meeting, because I'm going to get him. There is no way I'm going to be drawn into a slagging match. The next meeting I'll get him to love me. And that's the ultimate cruelty."
Sting on Costello.

"I mean, we're supposed to be nutty, but The Specials — they frighten *me* sometimes."
Chas Smash.

"Rock music has become pessimistic for its own sake. It's very myopic. People like The Pop Group seem to twist themselves into little ideological circles because they're preaching gloom and despondency, yet they want you to dance at the same time."
Steve Walsh (Manicured Noise).

"And Los Angeles, that's where it all happened. The fucking place should be wiped off the face of the earth."
Bowie.

"Numan? I think what he did — that element of 'Man Who Sold The World' and 'Saviour Machine' type things — I think he encapsulated that whole feeling excellently. He really did a good job on that kind of stereotype, but I think therein lies his own particular confinement. But that's his problem, isn't it?"
Bowie.

"There's nothing I enjoy more than being onstage and slagging men off."
Barbara Gogan (Passions).

"If I'm upset about anything, it's not making a good solo album with Sid and making him a big star. He had charisma, he had a certain Mickey Mouseness about him, the ability to make a fool of himself. Give him 'White Cliffs Of Dover' and he'd sing it, give it to Rotten and he'd spend a fortnight in the closet thinking about it."
Malcolm McLaren.

"In a way I suppose we challenge the Jimmy Pursey working class stereotype — the rock press love that working class image."
Steve Dagger (Spandau Ballet).

"John Rotten really wanted to learn to play guitar so he'd have a better idea of what the Pistols were doing. So he came over to my place in Clapham and I taught him a few chords. I can remember now meeting him on Clapham Common sitting there looking all lost with his acoustic guitar."
Chrissie Hynde.

"London is supposed to be permissive, London is supposed to be freedom, London is traps, London is boxes, London is chained in bondage, in fact. And if a band from thick paddy land — and that's not true — comes along and tells people these things they're not going to be too pleased."
Bono (U2).

"The music press has never ever come to terms with black music in this country, they've never reflected it properly. Now you get them raving about the huge soul stars of the '60s — well they never wrote about them at the time either."
Chris Hill.

"Did you hear about the hustler yesterday? The police were just about to pick her up when she got onto him first and beat him up! It's nice to hear about it being the other way round for a change."
Anonymous Lady of The Night, Bristol.

"I never slept in New York, went into a few comas though."
John Cooper Clarke.

"It's just sad that England sees itself as important, it's become the most unimportant place. In Europe they really are beginning to forget about it."
Malcolm McLaren.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY WORK

"We're not *that* exceptional or unusual. A lot of other people could make music that was just as stimulating if they really wanted to. It's not that difficult, believe me."
Jah Wobble.

"If I want to go and see a hard worker, I'll go and watch somebody dig a road, right? Rock'n'roll has never had much to do with hard work."
Jah Wobble.

"We try to approach things in a direct way. Rock'n'roll and what it's become can't do that anymore — which is why we don't play rock'n'roll, which itself is just idiots flashing their willies and egos in public."
Jah Wobble.

"I think a lot of people just hate the *idea* of us, rather than the actual band."
Julian Cope (Teardrop Explodes).

"Every record I've ever made — bad, good or inidifferent — is totally autobiographical. That's the only way I can write." **John Martyn.**

"I hated 'Brass In Pocket' with a vengeance. Fuckin' Ada. I hated it so much that if I was in Woolworths and they started playing it I'd have to run out of the store."
Chrissie Hynde.

"I hate the idea that some people think of us as a band without any real human element. I want to have loads of passion in our stuff. That's the reason that I really like people like Scott Walker. There's a lot of soul in his stuff."
Julian Cope.

"Before the emergence of punk, The Who were the only band who actually sat round a table to decide 'Should we go on or not? Would we be doing music a favour if we just fucking *stopped?*'. We actually considered that."
Pete Townshend.

"That's just crying out for a Bell flanger, Dave!"
Martin Hannett.

"I used to draw in pubs for a pint. In England, they love it; in America, it's like a smack in the mouth. They like it in a way, but if you get rude they become quite bitter. Sometimes my style is not too kind, but it's the nibs, they don't work very well . . ."
Ralph Steadman.

"It was about oral nasality in the police force. It involved scenes of unparalleled nasal carnage. There were episodes where policemen actually farted their legs off, a la Douglas Bader. And aeroplanes fell out of the sky. They ate prisoners in the Andes. The Black Marias had crashed and the Normals had escaped from the identikit and *Lo!* they had multiplied. It was a very horrible routine."
Ted Milton (Blurt), describing the Blue Show, one of his theatrical endeavours.

"It's not really interesting to me if I don't try to be dangerous. I don't consider that legitimate art at all. I think art should be used as a weapon or else it's not legitimate art."
Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys).

"It's so hard to get an idea that is great visually without being poncified with lights and smoke and that."
Suggs.

"I guess I've learned what hypesville actually is, and what it's all about, and where you draw the line between what is hype and what is allowing somebody their fair dues, as having *worked* for something."
Hazel O'Connor.

"I want the guy to get killed in a car crash and then be brought back to life by his amplifier. The amp starts glowing and suddenly he bursts through the speakers, triumphant, alive again! But the others said that was too ridiculous."
Albert Bouchard (Blue Oyster Cult), about a song he wants to write.

"Yeah, the film was a cack, a real cack. Everybody who was involved in that film — when they meet each other now, they look away. Yes, it was one of those. Oh well, we've all got to do one and hopefully I've done mine now. It was my 32 Elvis Presley movies rolled into one."
Bowie, on *Just A Gigolo*.

"What I write is so inadequate . . . the worst joke God can play is to make you an artist, but only a mediocre artist."
Bowie.

"I don't relish the thought of a housewife doing her hoovering and whistling 'A-Bomb In Wardour St'. Can't really see the point in that. But if she listens to 'Private Hell' and packs her hoover away and says 'I ain't going to fuckin' do any more hoovering' then that's a good impact if you ask me."
Paul Weller.

"Sex is the laughter of genius, it's the bathroom of your mind."
Malcolm McLaren.

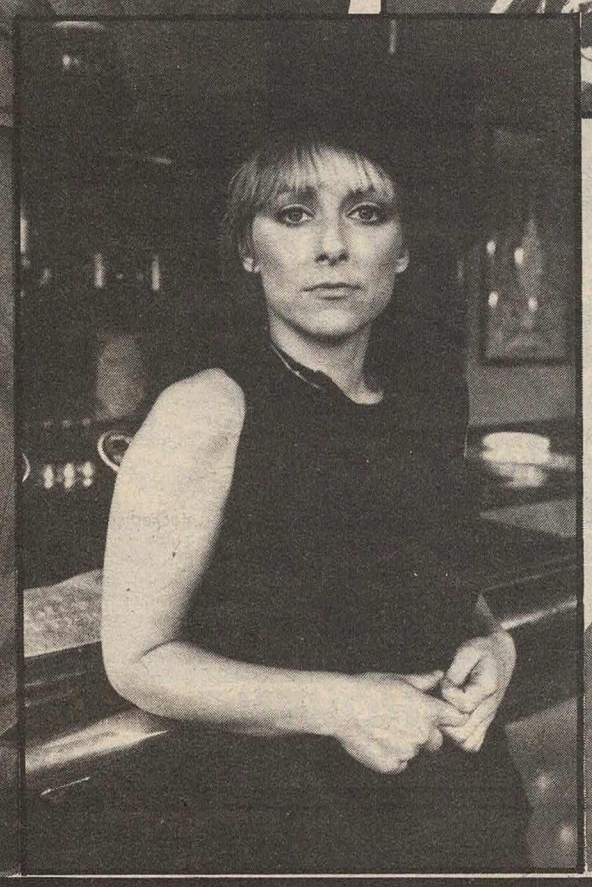
"One night after we'd done a gig it was really funny, this kid came up to me and said, 'I like my girlfriend to have orgasms when we sleep together but . . . erm . . . she doesn't fake orgasms.' And he started to tell me about his sex life basically, y'know, 'I really want her to have a nice time in bed and I want her to have orgasms'. I felt like Marge Proops."
Lesley Woods, (Au Pairs).

The feeling of a guy in the first world war who's just about to run out the trenches and he knows his life is going to be gone in ten minutes and he thinks of that fucker back in Westminster who put him in that position. That's the feeling we're trying to perfect . . The Killing Joke."
Jaz.

"We had everything stacked against us. There we were, two guys with a tape recorder and a stupid name playing songs that apparently no-one was interested in. There was no way we could pretend to be rock'n'roll stars . . . and now we find ourselves in that position, in this country at least."
Andy McCluskey (Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark).

QUOTES OF THE YEAR

Compiled by Andy Gill and Gavin Martin.



Left: Pete Townshend by Pennie Smith. Bowie, McLaren and Madness pics all by Anton Corbyn.

Above left: Julian Cope by Mike Laye. Above: Adam by Santo Basone. Left: Kate Corris by Paul Cox. Right: Jah Wobble by Jill Furmanovsky.

FASHION AND TRIBALISM

"How can I be a rude boy without me hat?"
Compton Amanor (The Selecter).

"I'm the rudest and most horrible of all the rude boys."
Compton Amanor.

"Yeah, they come in wearing straw hats, with clay pipes in their mouths, and pogo to Clifton Chenier."
Roy of Wild Wax Show, talking about 'Hillbillies'.

"It's getting to be like the early '70s again, where you had the hippies into all their weird music and the soul types into all their stuff. Things seem to have come full circle and got back to the same old stage again."
Julian Cope (Teardrop Explodes).

"I used to go on wearing a boiler suit and Dr Martens *in defiance* of fashion, d'you know what I mean?".
Pete Townshend.

"You'd get these kids coming up after a gig and saying 'Oh, great to have intellectually stimulating music here, last week it was terrible, Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band, and everybody just dancing', and, believe me, if we could've played like Geno Washington, and for his audience, we'd have done it, no question."
Robert Wyatt.

"Zombies could be the next big thing. It's based on what I know from punk — you know how punks were considered outrageous, noisy and snotty. Well, Zombies are kids who don't eat, go around blank, and take pills."
Spizz.

"Most punks would never start trouble over religion or anything like that, because punk practically is a religion."
Belfast punk fan.

"A COMPETITION! A COMPETITION! THE FIRST PERSON TO SPOT A ROCK HIPPY WINS A PRIZE! Look in the toilets, there's probably a few still in there drugged up from last night. Anyone with a leather jacket and a Motorhead 'T' shirt counts! . . . A WINNER! TWO WINNERS! We found one asleep at a table — he thought the Stray Cats were on tonight! And Tony from Brixton just found John Peel hiding in the karsey."
Chris Hill (Funk DJ).

"It's very different tonight. People are actually watching them. Usually they're too busy watching each other."
Girl at Spandau Ballet gig.

"The best thing about our audiences is that they're usually a mixture of the terminally unhip and the terminally hip. So you'll get a guy in a suit and tie standing next to someone with a nail through his head."
Lux Interior (Cramps).

"It's hard to give you an idea what was going on at our first gig in '75 — we had a tape loop of a steamhammer, Richard playing clarinet in a jacket covered with fairylights and it just ended with the audience invading the stage and beating us up."
Chris Watson (Cabaret Voltaire).

"No-one can tag us and they hate it. The only thing they can call us is hooligans. That's what we are. We're actually football supporters only we're doing it in a band instead."
Jimmy Lydon.

"We met in a club during the heyday of punk when I was looking fairly absurd in a pair of woman's tights as a top pulled over my head. I had a 3 amp plug round me neck and a baked bean can on me head. You (Phil Oakley) came up to me and said, 'What happens if I plug you into the mains? Does your head light up?"
Ian Marsh (Human League).

"We had a pair of underpants thrown at us once. And we had one bloke come up and do a strip; we just walked offstage and left him up there."
Anonymous Girlschool.

"A book I like a lot is *The Crazy Mixed Up Nude*. Out of it I got 'Big Shot' which typified for me the kind of man that would actually go to the Playboy Club and reckon the birds would be airbushed into some kind of magnificence."
Viv Stanshall.

"The English audience demand a lot more from you which is good. If they could carry that sort of demanding attitude through to when they start to work then society could change properly. If they demand so much at gigs then they shouldn't go back and let the teachers or bosses order them around."
Paul Weller.

"There was all these lascivious leerers at the front of the stage with their hands groping towards you, tits being shown and that. One moment this one was screaming 'I want your tits' and the next moment I looked down and she was shaking hers at me."
Kate Corris (Mo-dettes).

■ *Continues over*

DID I SAY THAT??

"I only got into rock'n'roll for a bit of fun and to see the world for a couple of years".
Bill Wyman.

"A lot of people seem to think it's like some sort of commercial exercise in the music business. Sort of the whole Buggles thing is, hey man, let's take all the formulas that have ever made hit singles, put them into one big pot, smelt them down and produce one horrible bit of plastic".
Geoff Downes.

"We disagree a hell of a lot, we have very bad arguments, but we're always drawn together in the final analysis — and I've only just realised what a good family PiL is. I'm very happy with that; I feel part of something."
Jah Wobble.

"I could walk around naked in some parts of San Francisco and no-one'd touch me."
Pearl Harbour.

"None of us have ever been *near* an art school!"
Julian Cope (Teardrop Explodes).

"If I was having a problem playing a decent guitar solo, I could whirl my arm a couple of times and it would have about the same effect as a well-played guitar solo. And that *da-da-rrraaanggg!* gesture that I do: every now and then I do it, and I think, 'Christ, I'm fucking glad *that* belongs to me'. It gets me out of so much trouble!"
Pete Townshend.

"Beg pardon? Could you repeat that question again?"
Roky Erickson.

"I'd advise you to ask all your questions again. He's woken up."
Roky Erickson's wife.

"The time to worry is when everybody likes you. When everybody likes you you've had it."
Adam Ant.

"Could you imagine us at 30 leaping around the stage?"
Suggs.

"I'm not rejecting culture, I've just never been aware of it in the first place."
Billy Mackenzie (The Associates).

"We've long blown it in terms of fashion. We're already too damn old for a start. We're old in albums, we're old in years, we're probably old in attitude."
Andy Partridge.

"I don't seriously think I could offer anybody else any advice at all. It would be about as profound as Alfred E Neuman."
Bowie.

"When was the last time I wrote a rock song? Can you remember? I'm damned if I can."
Bowie.

"If someone is hated by a lot of people then there must be some good in them."
Kevin Rowland.

"I think there's a lot of parallels between a Dickies show and watching a wino eat a live chicken."
Leonard Graves (A real Dickie).

"From now on I want to be known as Lorretta and have babies."
James Honeyman Scott.

"Music follows a second best when I'm so wrapped up in politics. Half an hour before I go on I get my guitar out of the closet and have to try and remember how to play it."
Joan Baez.

"What people mistrust about me is that they think I'm an intellectual."
Brian Eno.

"I've grown up and come to terms with my foibles. Now I don't have any desire to be a machine."
John Foxx.

"I think Michael Jackson's made greater cultural breakthroughs than anyone else who's around at present."
Brian Eno.

"My mother was a big fan of Harry Belafonte, she had all his records and Belafonte was singing bluebeat and ska 20 years ago! So don't try and tell me I don't know anything about that type of music!"
Doug Feiger (The Knack).

"The last time we had to do interviews, after they were all over, I just locked myself away and cried. When I read it I was embarrassed by it all."
Chrissie Hynde.

"It's not the pressures, it's the drinks we can't stand."
Paddy Garvey (Buzzcocks).

"I have no illusions. I know how low the standards are. I know why the album did well; we got our timing right. The market was wide open for a band like ours with a girl vocalist and solid straight ahead rock songs."
Chrissie Hynde.

THE COSMIC I

"When I was three I said to my mother: you be Sue, I'll be Don and he (my father) will be Glen. Don't step over that line and we'll be friends. I said that to my mother when I was three. I sent my mother home my navel. What else could I do? She appreciated it, she went along."
Don Van Vliet.

"As it happens, I'm another real dullard, as it were. I even go to the library on Saturday afternoons and get a load of books out — how fascinating, eh? I don't go out that much, I lead a pretty quiet life these days. Quiet and quite boring."
Jah Wobble.

"I'm 28 years old an' a grown man an' I don't like bein' spit on!"
— Dee Dee Ramone.

"One of the weirdest things that's happened to me over the last three or four years is that all of a sudden I've initiated this process, not so much of growing up as not caring about looking a bit of an idiot, saying the wrong thing or being told you're wet."
Pete Townshend.

"No-oo, ah'm not frightened of goin' to hell. The Devil, see . . . he's mah friend. Just as long as ah'm good, ah'll be alright. See, them at the hospital, they tried to keep me in there but they didn't realise mah power. How could they?"
Roky Erickson.

"I have this great long chain with a ball of middle-classness at the end of it which keeps holding me back and that I keep sort of trying to fight through."
Bowie.

"It's not infrequent I wake up on a chilly morning and wish I was in Kyoto or somewhere and in a Zen monastery. That feeling lasts well over five or six minutes before I go and have a cigarette and a cup of coffee to shake that off."
Bowie.

"I once stayed up for a year and a half. Between the ages of 25 and 26½ I didn't get no sleep at all . . . lost all my friends though."
Capt. Beefheart.

"My real name is Preliminary Drawing but people find that a bit of a mouthful."
Sketch (Linx).

"I've been more miserable in the past three years than at any other time in my life."
Ian Dury.

"I'd just been in a conversation about repression and it was beginning to bug me and I just left all my clothes in the gents and walked through the room with nothing on."
Peter Gabriel.

"I didn't want to be a singer. No, I wanted to be an air stewardess and I still do, I think it would be great. A change, 'cos I'm not really cut out for this business, you know what I mean. Plus I'm stuck with this manager and this strange group and they've all got reputations and I'm only this schoolgirl.'
Annabelle Lu Wong (Bow Wow Wow).

SECRET OF LIFE

"People feel the need for a certain sort of order in their music and the ways it's made and presented. That reassures them, just like it does in life and in their relationships."
Jah Wobble.

"I liked their first album a lot, but one of the problems I have, see, playing albums at home, is that our house is quite small and Clash music needs to be played pretty loud, and I can't stand listening on headphones. And it disturbs the kids. I could never play 'God Save The Queen' or any of that stuff; the kids would actually start to cry, get disturbed, get out their painting-by-numbers books and switch on *Magpie* to define reality. So I'd just stick it on a cassette in the car and blast myself while driving around."
Pete Townshend.

"Adolescents stand with one foot in the adult world, and yet are economically dependent and have no real freedom. Their lives are circumscribed in every way, and they're just beginning to learn a whole set of rites that they either desperately want to acquire or are determined to reject. One way or another, it's a very interesting time, and yet nobody takes it particularly seriously — they say, 'Oh, it's just a time of change'."
Ian McEwan.

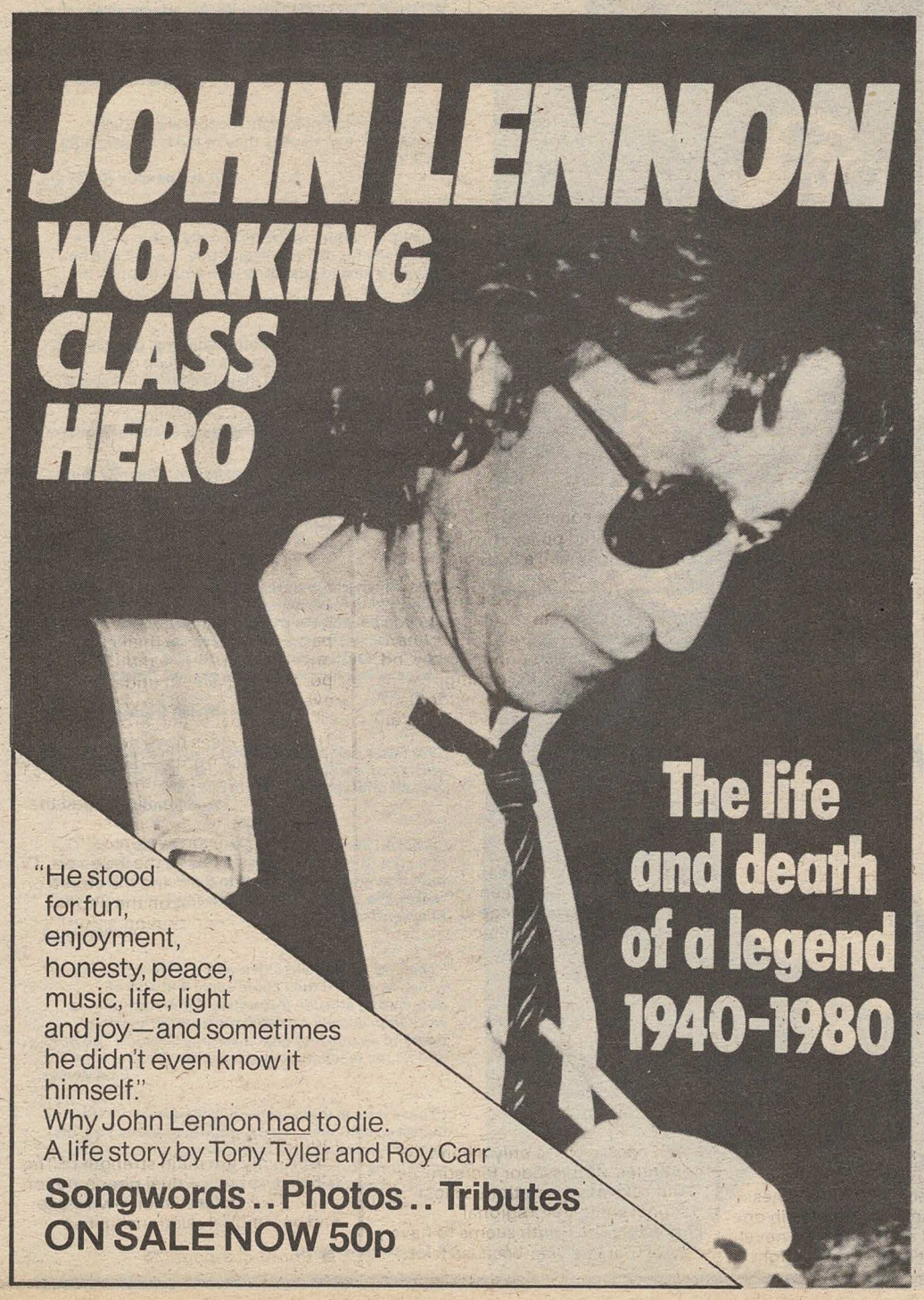
"A journalist's idea of pop is always different from other peoples'. They say The Ramones are a perfect pop group too, but if you play The Ramones to somebody out on the street they'd say *'Jeesus,* what's this? Give me Abba'. Pop's what sells."
John O'Neill (Undertones).

"I have a beef in my heart about the things they've done in this world. Since I was born I've been aghast, stunned . . . Why didn't they put Band-Aids on the flaw? Why didn't human beings study and fix these things? I don't know."
Captain Beefheart.

"Basically a rasta is a man who keeps himself to himself and knows everything that's going . . . I can only explain it in old-fashioned terms, you see things and you don't see things, you hear things and you don't hear things. You say things but you didn't say anything . . ."
Astro (UB40).

"In other words it makes no sense whatsoever."
Robin (UB40).

"Did you know that they put all the calendars in the world — the Aztecs and The Mayans and The Chinese and The Christian — into a computer and the last time they agreed was the year zero and the next time they agree is the year 2000, Christmas Eve. I mean — so what?"
Robert Palmer.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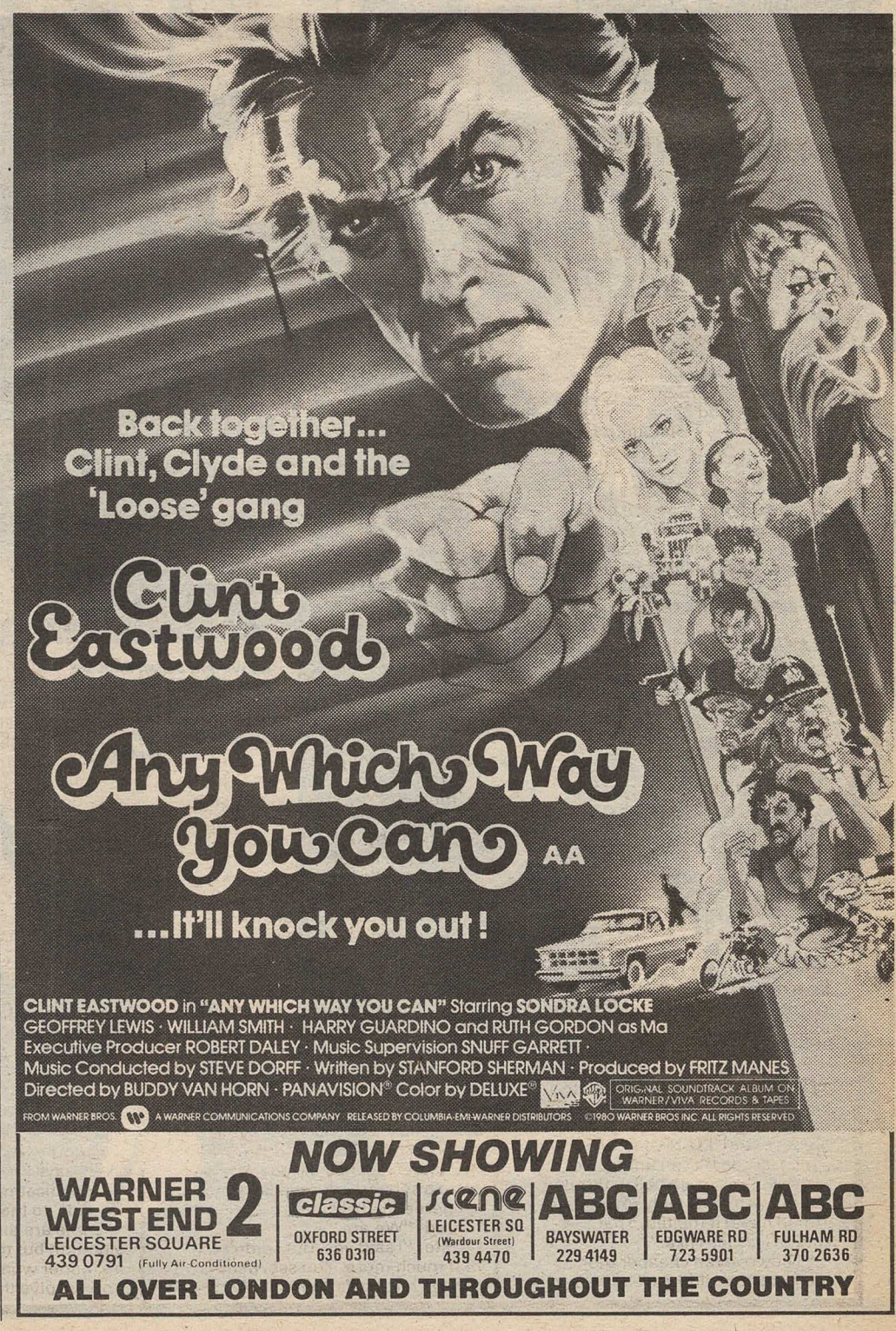
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ALL OVER LONDON AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

HAIR TODAY

The Bouffants That Broke The Box Office

A Boffo Success Story By Cynthia Rose

Wacky poses, everybody! L–R: Fred, Kate, Keith, Ricky, Cindy. Pic: Adrian Boot

BRINGING KICKS FROM THE STICKS of Hicksville, Georgia, to the jaded musical demi-mondes of New York, Europe, and Japan had already made The B-52s the Dance Band Most Likely To at the beginning of last year.

Fashion-conscious folks in the States were making themselves feel chic by buying up copies of 'The B-52's' like hotcakes — and it bit into the American hot hundred when the music was still attracting only a miniscule amount of airplay.

Then late last winter the B's filled the live music spot on America's prime-time cult comedy show *Saturday Night Live* with renditions of 'Rock Lobster' and 'Dance This Mess Around'.

"It was incredible luck," recalls frontman Fred Schneider. "Just that one appearance changed everything. The album did better than it had all the previous six months and went right into *Rolling Stone's* top twenty."

Suddenly The B-52's were one of the biggest bands in America. When they returned to Athens, Georgia, their birthplace as a band, B-girl Kate Pierson heard 'Planet Claire' blasting out of a college fraternity house. "When *we* lived in Athens," she marvelled, "that place would have had bricks thrown at it."

Before their TV stint, the B's had sent their one video (a year-old effort made in Holland on the set of an old science fiction film) out to Australia, for Molly Meldrum's two-hour long, twice weekly rock video show. It gave them what Fred calls "amazing exposure", as did the "really good" radio situation Down Under. While 'The B-52's' sat it out in the upper reaches of the American charts, the band toured Australia — "having a great time". After that came the recording of 'Wild Planet'.

"Between the album and all the travelling," says Kate, "we've only been home a few months at a time. We feel FRAYED COMPLETELY; we've just toured nine weeks and played almost every night, which hasn't left too much time to bop." (Kate gigged again five hours after delivering this assessment and was last sighted the following morning at 4am on the dance floor of London's Kilt Club.) But the B's have been able to catch a few favourites on their travels: Jame Brown ("phenomenal!") and James Blood Ulmer in New York; Iggy Pop at Bookie's 870 in Detroit; fellow Athenians Pylon and The Method Actors back home. They're also extremely fond of two acts who supported them on tour during 1980: Kid Creole and Japan's Plastics.

Now managed (like half of Manhattan's properties) by Gary Kirfirst, the B's would have evolved into a press agent's dream. There was so much to take pictures of, so much to describe. 'Wild', 'wacky', 'tacky', 'kitschy', 'camp', 'cultish', "60s-derived', 'a-go-go' . . .

All their improvisations — musical, sartorial, conversational — just seemed so right for 1980. Into an atmosphere where the party seemed over, the B's brought their own candles and lit them all over again.

GONE TOMORROW?

YET NO ONE seemed interested in the idea that their music might actually be holding up because they were something other than a deliberate caricature.

"We said it a million times," Fred shrugs now. "But we have *always* dressed this way. We don't try to capitalise on our clothes any more than on some sort of '60s thing. We're just concerned with getting people up on their feet."

"We're more likely," says Kate, "to go out thrift shopping, all buy high heels, and end up having a soccer game in the mud. Clothes you don't have to care about . . . I had this dress called 'LOOK-CAN-DRESS' which came in a can and you could squash it all up in a ball without it getting wrinkled. Only my mother ironed it and it melted. That's the kind of clothes I like."

"They're even cheaper than buying paper clothes," adds Fred, whose good friend Robert Molnar back in New York has just patented paper panties and dresses you can wear fifty times and then throw away. "You pay a quarter for a Goodwill shirt, wear it ten times, and throw it away. It's kind of recycling — you know, we don't dress up in minks and tuxes and then get onstage to perform partly for political reasons."

Ah! The second consistent feature of most B-52's write-ups: a dismissal of their work as partytime escapism, presumed by definition to be 'apolitical'. In person the affable, ex-activist B's have always waxed so eloquent and knowledgeable about *real* human politics that this particular adjective sets off mini-shock waves of incredulity in most who've really talked to them.

"Well," says Fred thoughtfully, "we certainly have our views and we talk about them when people ask us. And we have a lot of hidden political references in the songs, even if we're basically trying to entertain.

"We *all* have definite political ideas," says Kate firmly, "without trying to tell anyone what to think. Someone recently asked me if we were a subversive political group 'underneath it all' and . . ."

Fred: "We *are*."

Kate: "I said yes. But I didn't tell him much more. You see, people are always hitting us with this 'American trash aesthetic' — and *we won't take it*. I mean, we don't use that term and the supposed 'trash' that we're interested in is good trash!"

Fred: "Things everywhere are so trashy that you can either constantly complain or try and laugh it off."

Kate: "You can use it; try to make your life better by using rejected things, not just be surrounded by it and let it pull you down. I mean, without being too pretentious, you can look at a K-Mart Shopping Centre as a modern cultural museum and learn something from what's there and what that means."

The group unite in citing the recent American election as a possible source for the chill breeze of xenophobia they feel is blowing through the British rock press. On election eve they were trailing dispiritedly onstage in Florida. "They had this TV set on the side of the stage and just before we went on, while Kid Creole were onstage, we were all watching along with the theatre crew. By the time we went on we knew what was happening and it was real depressing."

"People were voting for pie in the sky!" says Fred, who spent election year dedicating 'Party Out Of Bounds' to the Republican Party. "People are tired of being in a messy situation but they're gonna be in one no matter what and things are never gonna solve themselves overnight. People just convinced themselves Reagan would pull some magic strings and unveil a beautiful new nation.

"And he's just for the bankers and the wealthy, not them elderly or the poor. He doesn't care about *human* rights — so it's not gonna be a good day for civil rights! The things he said in the '60s . . . 'If the students want a bloodbath then we'll give 'em one' — all that. It's unreal."

"He also said 'a nuclear war is winnable'," adds Kate. *"Quote of the year!"*

SUCCESS HAS meant that The B-52's haven't been seeing too much of the college circuit, where they say they detect a current "mood of hopelessness". But continuous travel on an international scale has cheered them up about the future of the '80s; an inspired Kate bursts spontaneously into a Dinah-Shore-style ditty about 'One World', and says that the more the band see on their travels, the more possibilities for world unity they sense.

"Of course we're only a band," continues ambassador Pierson. "And I like manifestations of lost national character, regional character. The South seems to have a lot of that this year because a lot of the old buildings are being torn down.

"Before air conditioning they built porches on all the houses and people would sit out — if you drove past on a Saturday or a Sunday people would have their chairs out on the porch. If they didn't have a porch they'd sit out under a tree, but everywhere would be whole groups of people just sitting around talking. The new houses have no porches — just flat brick fronts — and you know they're all in there with the air conditioner on high. It changed the whole social scene because everyone's inside, isolated."

Fred: "They have the video on, TV with the sound off and the stereo on, and they're talking on the phone with the air conditioning going!"

Kate: "I think there's gonna be a big swing in the '80s towards everyone being in couples and away from communal living and socialising. People seem more hostile towards differences, so those who feel different band together in gangs. Soon maybe it'll be the gangs against the couples! Gangs will be the only option outside monogamy!"

Certainly the main strength of The B-52's has been a dual phenomenon — on the one hand their own close and communal relationship has

■ *Continues page 35*

KEEPING A JOE PROFI

JOE STRUMMER EXPLAINS HOW TO GO FORWARD WITH YOUR BACK AGA

IT WAS just me, Joe Strummer . . . and the King of Corsica. We bought a few beers and pulled up some chairs. But it wasn't too hard to see that Joe was uneasy, that he had something on his mind.

Trouble was, the King was full — the way that Soho pubs always are at that time of day — and Joe had to take a seat with his back to the door. And that was making him uncomfortable.

He says this is how they got Wyatt Earp in the end. The day the townsfolk told him to relax, he'd cleared the last gunman out of town, Earp took a drink in the saloon, back to the door. He never did finish that drink.

Well the guns might not be out for The Clash, even if the reviewers have been using 'Sandinista!' for target practice. But according to Joe "there's a lot of people would like to see us take a dive." Scorned by diehard punks for some supposed betrayal of the true faith, and sneered at by others for following a rock'n'roll stereotype — attacked for changing too much and changing too little — small wonder Strummer feels beset by negativity. It gets him down. But he'll fight back.

"We might not be so 'hip' and mean so much to all this jerky 'push back the frontiers of modern music' scene — but on a world-wide scale we've fucking done a lot, and given hope to a lot of people. I live here, and I walk these streets, and I'm not gonna get pushed outa town. I was thinking about going to live in Birmingham, or Australia, all these crazy ideas. But I thought 'Shit, I've always walked these streets, so why the fuck should I stop now?' I've only wrote the best songs I could . . ."

Say what you like about The Clash's fourth album — it's a complex, sprawling affair and we've all got our own opinions as to how much and which parts really succeed — one fact remains clear. Joe Strummer is still one of the most valuable characters around. He speaks with warmth and candour, as honest and clearsighted a spokesman as we're likely to get. So before you clamber aboard that anti-Clash bandwagon, listen in to the things he's got to say.

Over the King of Corsica's lunchtime noises, we begin the conversation with a brief retrospective

What kind of 1980 was it for The Clash?
Really tough, actually. I remember at the beginning of 1980 we planned to have some fun with singles, a Clash Singles Bonanza, fire them off like rockets all through the year. And then we ran into that 'Bankrobber' business. When we passed them (CBS) the tape they said "We're not putting it out", so we shut down communications in a fit of pique, and that dragged on for the whole year. So there goes the Singles Bonanza.

"We've had a tough time touring as well. I've been attacked by a mob this year, suffered at the hands of a mob.

Kids pissed off by 'London Calling'?
Yeah, that's right. In Berlin, there's some German skinheads and they were saying "Oh, my grandmother likes The Clash". Understandably, they were pissed off about that. But in Hamburg these kids attacked us, going "You've sold out, you've sold out". But I figured that *they* hadn't come to that conclusion, it was rather a trendy supposition that they thought "Oh, we'll follow that". I don't think they worked it out using their own brains.

A tough year. I mean, it's changed my mind a lot. That Hamburg thing was a kind of watershed, y'know?

You were physically attacked?
Oh yeah, for sure. It was like nothing you've ever seen. They were all down the front, and if they could grab hold of a microphone lead they'd pull, and it was a tug o'war. And then it started getting really violent — and that was my fault in a way. How much can a man take, y'know? I was playing and I saw this guy, sort of using the guy in front of him as a punch-bag, trying to be all tough. So I rapped him on the head with a Telecaster, I just lost my temper. And there was blood gushing down in front of his face. It wasn't much of a cut, but it looked real horrorshow. And the *howl* out of the audience — you shoulda heard it. From then on it was jump in and punch.

After that, after I'd been taken down the cop station and charged with assaulting a German citizen by striking him over the head with a guitar, I began to think that I'd overstepped my mark. And that's what I mean by it was a watershed — violence had really controlled me for once. I became very frightened that violence had taken me over. So since then I've decided the only way you can fight aggro in the audience is to play a really boring song.

Also, we kinda made a few decisions this year. Like, we've been going on loads of tours and we just can't do it any more. I don't mind about the physical stress and strain. But financially it makes no sense. We're gonna have to work something else out.

Is 1981 going to be any better?
Yeah, I'm resolved to enjoy it more. I feel that

...ILE

...AINST THE WALL

groups like Madness enjoy what they've achieved. And we're not allowed to do that, in the amount of flak that we receive. Like, a gang of punks that I see in the street, they're more likely to jeer than say 'Hi'. I'm gonna try and enjoy it more. I mean, what the hell, we work really hard.

Why do you think those kids are hostile to you?
Obviously they just turn on to the sound, and they wanna hear, y'know, DA-DA-DA, that burst of energy. And there's nothing wrong with that, but there's plenty of groups doing it. And that's what I always say to them: well, you got the Upstarts doing it, lots of groups. I mean, The Ramones probably don't get people coming up to them and saying "You've sold out", right? But, I wouldn't listen to a Ramones LP unless you tied me to the chair.

Tell us about your new stuff, 'Sandinista!'.
We've carried straight on. We've done what the hell we've wanted to do. I mean, there's no 'musical direction', y'know? People in America, they go *(mimics earnest interviewer)* "What musical direction?". And I always think: can't they see we're just a bunch of idiots who'll do whatever we wanna do?

'London Calling' went in about five musical directions
Yeah well this time we've probably gone in about 36 different directions. We've tried things we weren't sure that we could do.

Why so many songs?
Well we sat down, right, and after a while it became apparent that we were beginning to sit on a pile of tracks. So we thought, let's see how far we can push 'em — CBS that is — as far as price goes. Originally we were intending just to make the usual double, and we weren't bothered about counting the tracks. And then we found it was gonna be a jam fitting it all on a *treble,* a tight fit. So we decided to go treble.

And I remember thinking: is this some kind of bloated arrogance? I could imagine some US group doing it, Styx or Foreigner, all them overblown outfits. But then I figured that if we could get it for the same price as one, then fucking more power to us.

But it only counts as one to CBS, your commitment to them?
Yeah, that's the trouble with having it at a single price . . . Basically, after we'd recorded all this we had to decide: are we gonna take them to court, or are we gonna put a record out? And it's really hard when you've put your life and soul on to a bit of tape to think it's gonna stick on the shelf for another year, and when it comes out it won't be worth nothing because times have changed — especially in the nature of the lyrics. I'm not writing moon-in-June stuff that'll sound the same in 50 years.

Why that title, 'Sandinista!'?
I was singing this song 'Washington Bullets' and I didn't have 'Sandinista' written down, and I got to a verse about Nicaragua. I just came out with it, I just shouted it out. And when I got out of the vocal booth Mick said "That's the name of the album" and I started thinking about it. I only found out about the Sandinistas through a friend of mine in San Francisco sending me literature — I'd never read it in the daily rag — so we figured we might as well use that space, it'd be printed everywhere. You could have some hip phrase like 'My Hair Is Backward', y'know what I mean, but I feel it's more use like this. It's something to find out about.

Are people going to like the album?
I don't think your average punk rock fan should bother to buy it, not if he wants sort of amphetamine rock. Maybe he should get the others, the new Subs or Rejects LP would be a better buy if he wants amphetamine rock. It's *music,* y'know? . . . The music's gotta change. I wish people would understand that more, and allow for it.

(More about that in a while. Talk turns to the independent companies, and Joe's belief that they represent the future . . .)

. . . Well I mean, I speak as one on the end of a spear, a giant corporate spear, y'know? I'm being roasted in the flames. There wouldn't have been any blues records if it hadn't been for independents in America in the '20s. And I think that's what's happening today. Like, look at CBS. I mean *we're* a walking disaster area once we get near them anyway. They don't *deserve* to do better. They go out to lunch, they have meals that you or I would probably freak out if we saw them on the table. Seriously!

These independents, the good ones, they're the ones who are really in touch. I hope the majors just die away. I think it would be amusing if CBS moved into the place just vacated by Rough Trade.

What would you say, then to a young group who are offered a major deal?
I'd say *don't take an advance.* A lot of groups know this already, cos they're smart. But we weren't so smart when we started out. I know it now though, through bitter experience. If you wanna take a contract, great. But make sure they ain't gonna tell you what to do, they ain't gonna give you a producer you don't want, they ain't gonna hype or hang around the studios, all this bullshit that goes on, they ain't gonna tell you what to wear. We've never had any of that..

But as for the advance, don't take it, because it seems like easy money at the time, but you just spend the whole thing on touring, gear, studio. And it ain't money for nothing cos you *owe* it to them. You dig yourself into a hole. It takes a lot of guts to dig yourself out.

I'd also like to say to anybody signing a contract with CBS, we walked into this trap that we can't get out. They've got this trap, it works like this: this is the contract *(picks up a newspaper)* with this many pages, right? And here it says "This is three years plus two years company's option". And you think, "five years, it's a long time, but I can make it". Back here, on *this* page, it says "If at any time the company decide to call on seven extra LPs blah blah, they can". So you think you're signing a five-year contract, and it turns out you're in there for fucking ten LPs.

That might explain why so many groups split up. I mean, we were really tempted, I tell ya. We looked at each other and said: "How far are we prepared to take this? Are we prepared to destroy the group?" And we just couldn't do it, but we were really thinking seriously. Me and Mick Jones, we were really at the end of our tether.

So is there life after CBS?
Well *(laughs)* I can't answer that: it's so far in the future I don't know if we're gonna be here still. We have talked about this of course. I wouldn't wanna be involved in a big bullshit scene like Apple, where they said "Right, we're gonna start our company and we're gonna help new talent and it's gonna be wonderful" and of course it all turns out to be a load of freeloaders.

Y'know, I've got a mate who was fucked up by Apple, a bloke called Tymon Dogg, he sings a number on 'Sandinista!' ('Lose This Skin'). He was, like, the one they signed and couldn't do anything with. Paul McCartney wrote him this song and it went like this (mimics prissy pianist doing inane ditty): *"Good golly, Miss Pringle / You make me go jingle"* — and this guy's, like, one of the heaviest songwriters I ever met!

But CBS — I just think it's really criminal. They're a business, a giant corporation. They're protected by the courts of law, they've got *sixty lawyers.* And yet they stoop to a trick like that and that's how they run their business. Like, if I was to get one in here and go "Don't you think that's a bit nasty?" they'd go "No, I don't see anything wrong". They're just — And then society moans about how people go cat-burglaring and shop-lifting, and yet this is the protected code of business. It's such hypocrisy.

(Conversation wanders from businessmen to Bernie Rhodes 'ex Clash manager' to Johnny Rotten to PiL's live album).

Huh, a live album. It's just a joke. I don't mind that they go on about "Rock 'n' roll is dead and it's gotta be killed off"; that's just a load of words, what does it actually mean? Does it mean that I'm not allowed to write a song, or what? Julie Burchill, too is really into this "stab the dinosaur". It's all so boring.

We've always resisted the idea of a live album. I mean, don't you think CBS have been on to us? In fact we've turned up at a gig and there'd be a mobile parked outside the gig. And all the gear would be miked up by the time we hit the venue for the soundcheck in the afternoon, and we come in and we go "What's all this about?" "Oh, CBS'd just like to get a live" and we'd just say "Get the mikes outa here, get that truck outa here". We've just refused to have anything to do with it.

You know that thing we were saying about PiL and Burchill; "Rock 'n' roll's got to die" — I agree if they mean overblown masturbation on stage, passe drivel. But they never define their terms. Don't they earn *their* living from the rock-buying public? They do.

That aside, PiL are moving away from rock as it's *sounded* for years.
PiL sounds to me like Uriah Heep on mandrax, that's the first thing I said when I heard them. But I'm no bloody expert on their music. Levene's a brilliant guitar player. He pretends he doesn't know any of them rock 'n' roll solos but he does. I know, I've seen him play 'em.

Music's gotta change though. Cos who wants punk to be like heavy metal? There's no difference, and who'd have thought that would ever come to pass?

Are The Clash innovative, musically?
Musically? I think we're learning to be, yeah. We're not afraid to play around. What we're doing now is experimenting. But I'll only put on a record if it's worth listening to. I hate music that's so concerned with being 'new' that it forgets to have any soul, y'know? We experiment, but with those limitations: it's gotta be worth listening to.

I'm sure a lot of groups don't bother to apply that. They want to be smarty-pantsy and they don't think what fucking use is it to a stoker in Aberdeen, is it going to make *him* feel better, or what?

But innovative . . . we are in some ways. Like we were one of the first groups that dared play reggae. We've really fused some stuff. We are interested in mixing it up. I've gotta say that hearing stuff like 'Banana Republic' from The Boomtown Rats — it just makes me feel *ashamed.* And hearing 'The Tide Is High' — those two make me ashamed about white reggae, make me wanna puke.

Of course, the other innovation is politics
Yeah, and on that score we're getting a lot more political in our old age. As I get older my politics are clarifying themselves, becoming more pointed, more potent . . .

My politics are definitely left of centre. Yet I believe in self-determination. I don't believe in Soviet Russia, at all, because there's hardly any choice. You've still got a ruling class riding around in big cars. Our bass player went to Moscow to see for himself and he said that people walk around like this *(heads down).* Tourists and party members have special shops, but your normal Joe Russian isn't even allowed in the bloody shop, never mind that he's got no dough to spend in them.

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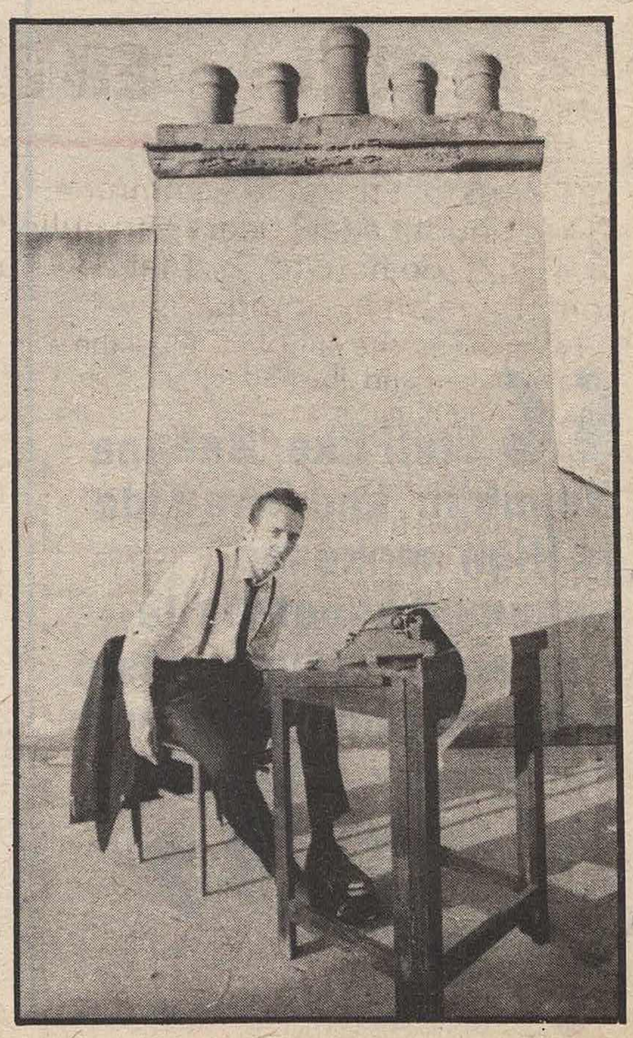
"I'm getting more political as I get older. And there's got to be a plan and a party. . .I'm getting kinda religious and all. I really don't believe that we just get born and die and that's your one shot and that's it."

INTERVIEW: PAUL DU NOYER
PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH



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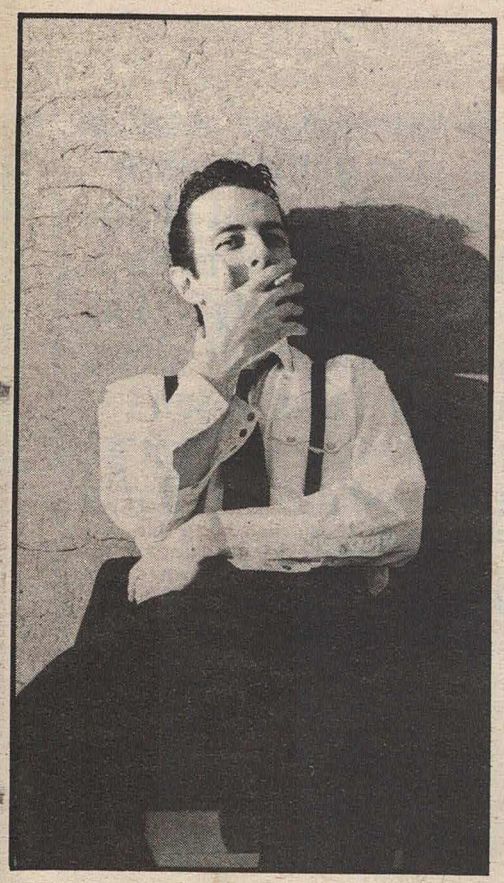


"Stuff like 'Banana Republic' and 'The Tide Is High' make me ashamed about white reggae . . . I hate music that's so concerned with being 'new' it forgets to have any soul."

And where's that at?

I believe in socialism because it seems more humanitarian, rather than every man for himself and I'm alright Jack and all those arsehole businessmen with all the loot. But you can't bring socialism in with orders. I mean, look at the fucking Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. They just massacred and butchered the whole bloody country to make them do what they were told. That's ten times worse than the shit we've got going on here.

When I left art school, I took a dive: no future, no skill, nothing. So I just laboured and doled, fucked off around the place. Took a job when I was really skint, if I could get one, got fired every time for late timekeeping. The usual.

And I made up my mind from viewing society from *that* angle. That's where *I'm* from and that's where I've made my decisions from. That's why I believe in socialism. When I was on my uppers, every door was slammed in my face. Once I asked a lady outside a sweetshop in Hampshire to buy me a bar of chocolate. I'd been hitching all day and I was really hungry. And I just thought I'd turn round and try society on. And this lady came along and I said "Would you give me the rest of the money for this bar of chocolate?" And she just said "No, why should I?" Things like that annoyed me.

D'you want a drink?

Nah, let me get it. I'm supposed to be the big pop star around here.

INTERVAL

I really think that we've got to devise a plan for this country. I'm not interested in the others, really. I mean, we put out records world wide, but 'home is where the heart is', it's really true. We spent a month in New York, recording in Jimi Hendrix's studios, and when we got back the sun was shining on Leicester Square, y'know? It felt great to be back, just to stand there.

We've gotta devise some kind of plan. Cos all these groups like the BM, they're using patriotism to recruit. And that's my number one guideline: if anyone gives me a patriotic pitch I know he's an arsehole, I know he's a rip-off merchant, I know he's trying to have one over on me.

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel".

It's true! It really is!

And yet there's something genuine there, too.

Mmm. I've only been able to detect it in myself in the last couple of years. Whereas before, I'd been shat on by the system, as it were, and seen it from the underside — any patriotism at all made me wanna throw up. As far as I saw it: we're all earthlings, not English or French. And if we ever discover a new civilisation, that's gonna get more in perspective. I mean, just think of us all on this planet, fighting and shooting each other. You crack up thinking about it. That's how I used to think. I still do, mind, but I do feel patriotic, y'know, when England does something good. But what about Northern Ireland, how can you feel patriotic with all that going on? We gotta sort something out.

It's complex, but with The Clash you're accused of just sloganising problems — maybe you can't do anything else in a two-minute rock song?

I think that criticism belongs to someone else, perhaps Tom Robinson in his early days, or groups who followed our line, tried to crash in on our territory. Cos I always understood that you have to be *personally involved*. Or, you have to feel for something before you can write about it. If you really feel for something then you don't write slogans, you write truths. You're really on the ball. Obviously in a rock song the situation's gotta be simplified down from, say, a grand scale debate, when you can take into account all the nuances. But I just don't see why subject matter has to be so bloody *bland* . . .

But, y'know, I'm getting more political as I get older. And I think there's gotta be a plan, and a party. I mean, I've always hated parties because I don't believe in toeing the party line. But there must be some way that we can get ourselves together here, not let Thatcher walk all over us. Like, Foot's going on about unilateral disarmament — and what the fuck have we got to lose by disarming? As soon as they start the argy-bargy Russia's gonna dump missiles on us straight away anyway, I think Britain should show the way now. Kick Thatcher out. Get Foot or Benn in. Disarm.

Everybody's taken it for granted these days about doomsday. And all these fuckers getting bunkers together. I mean, big deal.

I'm getting kinda religious and all. I really don't believe that we just get born and die and that's your one shot and that's it. I really feel that we're individual spirits and souls.

What? But getting religion is usually the point where people get off being concerned about social matters, the here-and now world.

But I'm not talking about 'born again' and 'saved'. All I know is that we gotta clear this mess up, here and now, by physical action. And I also know, I don't 'think', I *know* that when we die we go on. There's a difference between saying "I'm born again, Jesus is here to save me, and that's all I'm gonna talk about for evermore. Amen" Bollocks! That ain't the case. I'm interested in every bloody thing, like how much people work for and why they should bloody bother, and who the fuck's getting the profits, y'know? I'm into Karl Marx, really heavy . . .

(Joe runs quickly — and accurately — through Marx's Theory Of Surplus Value).

But there's no education going on in Britain at the moment. I mean, when I was at school I hated the entire thing, the boring way they put it over. And yet nowadays, now I'm 28, I find myself vitally interested in going to buy books that they were trying to give us at the school, but they just didn't put it right. There's something basically wrong somewhere.

We've got to educate the young, otherwise they'll just grow up with all this shit and see no way out. Then it just takes the fucking BM to come along and go "Blame it all on the blacks", and in fact it's not the blacks, it's the white rich people that are to blame, the white fat cats. The Stock Exchange and Wall Street. And yet, what does that skinhead from East Ham know about the Stock Exchange? And yet that's what's killing him off, and he doesn't know anything about it."

And now . . . the dreaded Clashbag. A collection of questions, posed by anonymous members of the *NME* team, hastily scrawled and thrown into a plain brown envelope, to be drawn at random by the man himself. Starting with —

Are you any nearer to opening the club you've been talking about for three years?

That's easy to answer — no *(laughs)*. We did have a place sussed out, the Lucky Seven, but the landlord wanted to turn it into a snooker hall, and when it came to fighting them over that, we really couldn't beat their aces, because a snooker hall makes no noise — the clink of balls — and we were proposing mayhem. It was no contest really . . . I dunno, perhaps I haven't got the clout I thought I had. Perhaps you need a ring of businessmen who can beat them at their own game.

What should unemployed kids be doing with their time?

I found my life was a drag until I linked up with other people by forming a group. Our life was full from the moment we decided to do something. Whereas before we'd just been lying around Squat City. And I'd say if anyone was unemployed and bored out of their minds they should sit down and figure out what they think'd be great, then go out and try make it happen — cos there's plenty of other people out there.

To *connect* with other people and communicate with them, that's when things really happen and are really exciting. Like the beginning of punk, the whole place seemed to be crawling with people who had some idea of what they wanted to do. It's too easy just to throw years of your life away.

When I was younger I thought time was eternal, but growing up I begin to know how long a year is, and it ain't that long.

What can audiences and bands do about the British Movement threat?

Well, speaking for the bands, I'd say a very practical way they can help is by being very careful that what they write isn't misconstrued. Like, some people write a song slagging off the NF and they write it from the stance of 'I'm a Nazi and I'm a bloody idiot', but sometimes people don't quite get the subtleties and that's dangerous — I know I've done it.

And as for audiences, being British we have this thing where you leave people alone, that cool behaviour, not like Italians. And I think audiences have got to shake themselves out of it. An audience of 2,000 people will cheerfully let 30 people ruin the show. They don't want to get involved. But they're gonna have to get involved.

Favourite bands?

I saw The Stray Cats just the other week, and they were really great. Just three guys playing their hearts out, no hype about it. I think 'Runaway Boys' is a great record — perhaps it even tops 'Ace Of Spades'! But apart from Stray Cats and Motorhead *(laughs)* . . . At the moment I'm really into Gregory Isaacs, great voice. So many of those reggae guys can really *sing*. We all shout over here, and they sing.

What painters/art movements have influenced The Clash?

Paul Simonon's our resident artist, he left art school the last. I used to enjoy pop art. They had a great exhibition about ten years ago at the Hayward Gallery, and that was mind-boggling. Paul though, obviously he's really into Jackson Pollock. He's really into customising his bass. He'll unscrew his scratchplate and lay it on the floor; he kinda walks around it for an hour, and then he just goes *flick* with a bit of blue, and then another hour, and then *flick* with a bit of red — he's an artist.

The Clash: What went wrong/what went right?

What went wrong was we didn't realise exactly what the structure of the business was. And what went right was that we could handle that, and not give in.

Many things went wrong in the early days. Like that day we turned up for rehearsals and Terry Chimes said he was leaving. I could have hit him over the head with a spade . . .

And then we fell out with Bernie *(Rhodes)*. Bernie lost control of us. His scene was not to give us any money in case it ruined us, which is the way you deal with kids — which he thought we were. But he underestimated us. Like people say Bernie wrote our songs, but that's not true at all. All he said was "Don't write love songs, write something that you care about, that's real." And it's a pity we fell out with him cos we made a good team.

But he got really funny when The Clash all started to happen. We wouldn't see him from week to week. If he wanted to communicate he'd just send a minion — inferring he was too busy elsewhere to deal with us.

You know 'Complete Control' which Mick wrote about the record company, in fact we got the phrase off Bernie one night in that pub in Wardour Street, The Ship. I remember him going — he'd obviously been talking to Malcolm and was trying to be the master puppeteer — going 'Look, I want *complete control*, I want complete control'. And we were just laughing at him.

But what went right was that we didn't explode, or implode. It was desperately hip at one point, when the Pistols jacked it in, everyone was going "Of course they did, man. That's the ultimate end to the ultimate group." And I was thinking, that's just a cop-out.

What happened to the TV show you were planning to launch?

I haven't found anyone who's interested. I think The Clash exist very much outside the society of this town — I mean the people who run the TV, even the music industry. We're really outside of it, no communication with anybody. Like, things happen, and I read about it afterwards. When they have a big bash and it says "Anybody who was anybody was there", I find out about it when I buy the paper the following week! And I think that's pretty good for us, it helps us appreciate the realities of the situation rather than be lulled into any false sense of 'everything's cool man, let's have a party'. I'm glad we're outsiders in that respect. But this is where it falls down, whenever it comes to getting anything together, getting a businessman to take you seriously. It's very difficult.

And you won't do *Top Of The Pops*.

There's this farce that's been going on for ten years, where they take the group into the studios to re-record the backing track for *TOTP*, they take the BBC engineer down to the pub for a drink, meanwhile they swop the tapes with the original tapes of the single, and they throw away what they just pretended to record. I mean, this goes on in 12 studios in London every week, the same charade is played out — which we haven't had to go through not having been on the show, nor ever going to be either.

Last question: how have The Clash stayed together, when everyone else splits up?

Hooray! Something good, something I can boast about! It's not often you get a question like that. I feel a warm glow all over me, I really do. It's like I was saying: walking out is a cop-out. And that's the way we've always thought, and that's why we haven't done it. It gets rough a lot of the time, but we've just been really open with each other. And we know that to say bollocks and storm off is a cop-out. We've often *felt* like it.

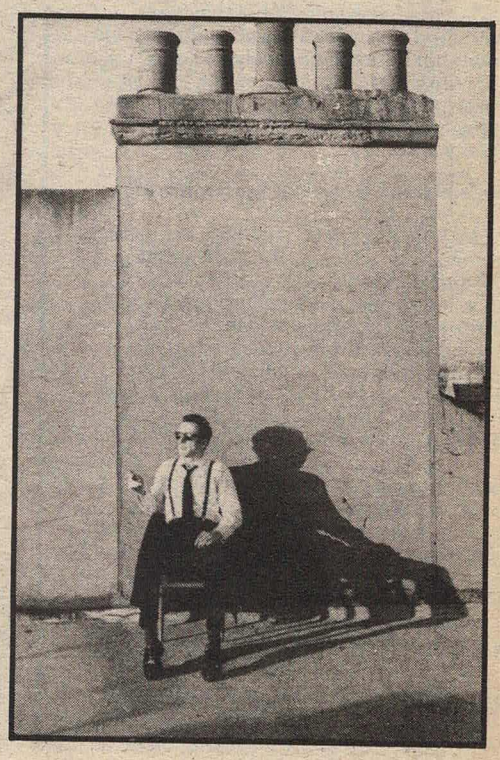
And perhaps there's another reason, I know this helps. Sometimes you think "That's it! That's the last straw! I never wanna hear the word Clash again!" Then you go home and you think "Hang on a minute. We're not gonna leave it to *The Jam*, are we?" *I* know The Jam aren't the be-all and end-all, and I'm gonna stick around to prove it.

THROWN OUT the pub at closing time, we make our way to an Italian cafe on the edge of Soho. Pessimistically, Joe ponders the commercial rewards of a life in showbusiness. The Clash's stance on record prices — such as insisting that a triple album be sold for the price of a single album — is not shared by their record company. Accordingly, the financial sacrifice involved falls largely on the group. When they sell 200,001 copies of 'Sandinista!' in Britain, then their total royalties will amount to 30 pence. Publishing royalties will also be payable on the basis of a single album. Recently Joe was refused a mortgage.

Nor have the LP's prospects been greatly helped, he feels, by its December release date — just in time to get buried by the Christmas rush. "There's only two categories of people that put records out in December," he says, stirring and staring into a cup of *cappucino*. "That's lunatics — and superstars."

And which category are you lot, then?

Joe laughs quietly. "The first," he replies. "Definitely the first."



SINGLES

REVIEWED BY GAVIN MARTIN

THE GAP BAND: Burn Rubber On Me (Why You Wanna Hurt Me) (Mercury 12"). I was very sceptical when this was thrust upon me complete with an earnest recommendation. 'Oops Upside Your Head' was a whoopee cushion of effects from the bottom of the barrel so surely this belonged in the dumper as well.

Talk about shattered preconceptions! Either the forthcoming album 'Gap Band 3' is a stormer or else this extract is one of those rare inexplicable gems that appear from the unlikeliest of sources — Magazine's 'Floorboards', Cliff Richard's 'We Don't Talk Anymore', etc.

Whatever, it's a lethal brew of clipped rhythm guitars, percussion that should have Tony Thompson trembling on his throne and the best no-nonsense moog utilisation since Stevie Wonder's 'Superstition'. The main Gapmen aren't great vocalists but they share the chores splendidly and after a few plays the tapeloop at the back of your head has captured the chorus-line — a huge dose of full-blooded anger and bitter pangs of frustration.

Think of a cross between Earth Wind and Fire and 'Mighty Real' Sylvester and you're coming close. Think of a record that caresses, carouses and pierces the senses and you've got only one record to choose from this week.

HEATWAVE: Gangsters Of The Groove (GTO). At half three in the morning I was tempted to yell 'minor classic' in this record's company and I see little reason to revise that opinion in the sanity of daylight. 'Gangsters' slides in like a Wimpy on goose grease, but it's a damn sight more tasty. Men in sharp seersucker suits going through synchronised dancesteps appear in the mind's eye and the cool impeccable harmonies will make you withdraw any derogatory remarks which that picture invites. The type of track one would expect as an Impressions B-side had they formed in '79 rather than '59.

THE JOE JACKSON BAND: Beat Crazy (A&M). Poor Joe fades further from public prominence with each successive release — yet the title track from Jackson's latest LP shows that he's been a real prophet all along. 'Beat Crazy' predates the rise of Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow by a few months and comes wrapped in a wobbly restrained tribal offbeat and a lyric that evokes McLaren's dewy-eyed manifesto — zany hedonistic youths brightening up dull concrete thoroughfares.

This idea was first expounded by lapsed junkie/vegetating beatnik William Burroughs in his book *Wild Boys* and as such deserves nothing but contempt anyway. The Joe Jackson Band, moral and sedate as ever, aren't sure whether to welcome or slate this phenomenon, so the persona of a passive disorientated observer is adopted in the wispy quavering vocals of bassist Graham Maby. It would undoubtedly get the nod in an on-going disco dancing situation but off the dancefloor it sounds too much like self-conscious time-killing adult pop.

AK BAND: Pink Slippers (Battle Of The Bands). I was going to buy my mum a pair of pink slippers for Christmas, but then I heard the AK Band's single.

WEST END: The Servant (Continental). A purgative blast from an ill-fitting crew of ex-engineers and dilettantes of the '77 punk scene. West End includes people previously involved with Joy Division, Gary Numan, Gloria Mundi and Magazine. A ragbag of 'pros' with expertise and no ingenuity who sound like 10cc recording a Clash song. A dry complacent rut.

RAY CHARLES: Compared To What (London). Ray Charles is not messing around, he's back with a cliched social clout, a great arrangement that drives like an articulated lorry and an old lyric that gives a vision of the whole damn US continent like an abridged novel by Steinbeck or Twain. These days Ray's inevitably more of a John Wayne than a James Brown but that's his prerogative. This record has quite a few things to commend it, not least of which are the vocals which shame most of his contemporaries.

HOLLY: Hobo Joe (Erics). No relation to Buddy or Ivy, this croptopped Liverpudlian is a former Big In Japan who now wants to come on like a benign Iggy Pop, spitting into the eye of a fan heater rather than a hurricane. 'Hobo Joe' is an inconsiderate melange of The Boomtown Rats and 'Hunky Dory' Bowie and a good case for nuclear fan heaters.

STRUGGLERS: Night Fever (Doggy Doo). A coarse, gritty offering from Belgium. Struggler strike an uneasy compromise between the crudity of trad punk and the bulldozing terminal disco pioneered by PiL. The singer does very little to accommodate himself with the rest of the group, who work with a tact and determined unevenness which suggests a taste of exploration and a propensity for improvement. They could start by firing the vocalist.

HIGH INERGY: Hold On To My Love (Motown).
BT EXPRESS: Stretch (Excaliber).
RAY PARKER JR. AND RAYDIO: It's Time To Party Now (Arista).
High Inergy are sadly typical of the fare Motown seem to have on a treadmill these days — a hopelessly enfeebled girl singer taking the vocal over a disjointed mess where nearly every languid lick of over sessioned session music that has appeared on any Motown record in the past 12 months apologises for its presence.

Kool And The Gang's masterly 'Celebration' notwithstanding, disco records that send out endless invites to a perpetual party are the most stultifying of the lot. They're predictable to the point where routine overrides excitement, concerned with the process of 'partying' rather than what the process signifies. BT Express make the mistake with an ill-mannered growl and an underlying lewdness. Ray Parker just makes the mistake, as he's been quite happy to do for ages.

A SUDDEN SWAY: Don't Go (Chant). The most accomplished and ingenious independent release of this week's batch, even though it's being promoted as a B-side to the archaic melodrama of 'Jane's Third Party'. A Sudden Sway are from Peterborough and have produced a slow-burning brood which shuffles around softly and irresistably. It's modern anti-poetry delivering a tremulous warning of sorts, prompted by fear and searching for hope. As it curls into a mellow corner — eerie and ambient — it draws decorative and engaging shapes. Deserves a little care and attention in return.

NAZARETH: Live EP (Nems).
SAILOR: Don't Send Flowers (Epic).
Two best forgotten ghosts from opposite ends of the mid-'70s singles spectrum.

Nazareth were grinding rock blood brothers to Slade who made a few hit singles before disappearing into the album bargain bin market. Five years on and they're back on the scene thanks to the wave of heavy metal hysteria and retrogression. These days they're bit fatter, a bit uglier and a bit more moronic. Just like their followers.

The Sailor myth was daftly exaggerated about 18 months ago as some began to tag them as a crucial revolution pop catalyst. Their return to the marketplace should dispel such folly, though it does little to recall their weedy vignettes of old. Sailor are now well and truly Americanised, augmented by a female singer and living out a sub-Fleetwood Mac fixation.

FAMILY FODDER: Savoir Faire (Fresh). 'Savoir Faire' spins, twirls and twists, it's flighty and superficial pop. Sadly, the compounded fusilage of keyboards, guitar and vocals is far too shrill and trebly. The chanteuse doesn't know whether to be Debbie Harry or Poly Styrene. As she's unable to trap the captivating aura of early Blondie and as the band aren't geared to the reckless pitch of X-Ray Spex it ends up sounding twee. Trop gauche, mes amis.

THE PLUGS: Crackin' Up (Plugpop). The Plugs are cheeky Hertfordshire bumpkins with an obvious leaning towards Piranhas type disposability. However, they give this Bo Diddley song enough attrition, skaful jerks and off-the-cuff humour to keep the index finger away from the nostril for three minutes and as many plays.

THE 4 SKINS: I'm Mad (Grove).
LENNY KAYE: Child Bride (Mer).
The government, taking pills, Iran and heroin are just some of the things that get The 4 Skins' collective goat. The glut of New York bands so hopelessly in awe of rock and roll mythology is one thing that drives me up the walls. The 4 Skins (so named because of the different skin pigmentation in this multi-racial combo, doubtless any ambiguity is pure coincidental) are one of many bands who look no further than The Ramones or the parapet of their local rat's pisshole to generate the supposedly awesome power of rock and roll. Little wonder then that 'I'm Mad' is an unimaginative battering ram of tiresome apathy.

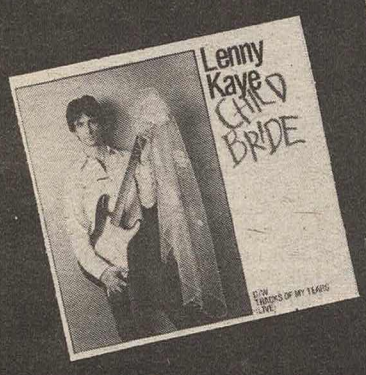
Lenny Kaye has played a bigger part than most in American punk mythology. In the '60s he canonised an era of acid-scrambled eggheads, in the '70s he made his own contribution by playing lackey to Patti Smith on her surrealistic ego-trip to the depths of despondency and depravity. In the '80s he decided that musical mimickry is a better way of flattering anglophiles than literary praise. Perhaps he's just passing time before Patti unleashes her next masterplan, but a cross between The Damned and Nick Lowe which develops into an ill-focussed attempt at glorifying Chuck Berry's major *faux pas* hardly seems the best way of doing it.

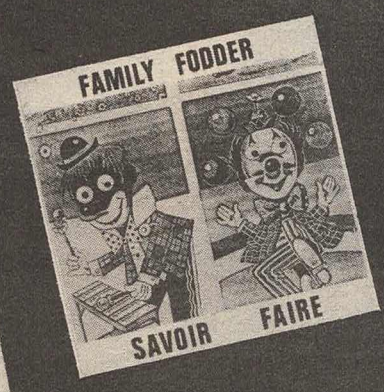
DONNA SUMMER: Cold Love (Geffen). Donna is an unbelievably voluptuous woman and when she's at her best, well Vesuvius would have to run for cover. The photogenic Harry and the enigmatic Jones become mere wallflowers in comparison. But I fear Giorgio Moroder did the world a grave disservice when he cut off her supply of magical elixir and released her from that magnificent citadel in deepest Munich where he captured her every orgasmic moan and passionate purr.

Enter the black knight in the shape of David Geffen and the discovery of some new vices. Now Donna wants *"another shot of rock and roll"* — how could she be corrupted so quickly? Donna, do you really want to be the new Ellen Foley?

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE: Heaven Gets Closer Every Day (Chicken Jazz). This charmingly named Edinburgh four-piece have had a bumpy ride over the past six months; the victims of a contracting Virgin at a crucial stage in their development. It's only now with this single that they've started to plot a proper course for themselves. 'Heaven' lacks immediate impact and is bereft of hooks or even a hook. But hear it a few times and its cohesive narration begins to make sense; the slapped percussion is resourceful and the orthodox guitar construction in inventive. 'Heaven' is a grower and APF are growing up.

THE REDDINGS: Remote Control (Epic). Six bloody years I've waited for Dexter Redding to release a follow-up to his sincerely beautiful 'God Bless' solo single. It's taken him and his brother Otis III and cousin Mark Lockett little more than three minutes to give my expectations a real kick in the teeth.





Japanese disorient themselves

PECKER
Instant Rasta With Jah Pecker Rastafari *(Better Days — import)*
KYLYN
Kylyn/Kazumi Watanabe *(Better Days — import)*
YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
Public Pressure *(Alpha — import)*

A RECURRING sci-fi theme is of aliens from another galaxy with the power to duplicate every aspect of Earth culture. But, as Capt Kirk has discovered on his travels, space beings might be able to pretend to be earthlings, but the real thing always eludes them.

The eagerness with which the Japanese strive to become a living parody of Western cash 'n' carry Kulture could be viewed as a sorry manifestation of this theory. As, for the time being, music remains a highly profitable world currency, the Japanese appear pledged to securing a major sharehold. To this end, they are effectively re-processing every commercially viable trend so as to be adept in manufacturing near-perfect facsimiles, and to achieve this no expense is spared, with the most aspiring students being packed off to boot camp (usually the USA).

For the making of 'Instant Rasta' (!) though, a Japanese contingent was airlifted to Trenchtown and given the run of Channel One and Tuff Gong. At the former studio, the ubiquitous Sly 'n' Robbie squad furnished the *riddems* whilst over at Tuff Gong, The Wailers did the honours. Throughout, the visiting team — fronted by Japan's seasoned percussionist, Pecker — tread with extreme caution to the extent of being mere sidemen on their own project.

The overall production is somewhat austere, so devoid of flashy *treatments* that it borders on the smooth-as-satin musak concept so prevalent amongst current Japanese recordings. Save for Naoja Matsuoka's Kraftwerkian keyboards, when the visitors make their presence known it's with little success: Pecker's brief, but nonetheless ludicrous, attempt on 'Beggar Suite' to simulate a toast comes over like a zonked Trini Lopez ordering a Teriyoki takeaway, whilst clumsy and agitated free-form trombone and clarinet solos fail to achieve the desired results that could have easily been created dub-wise.

And yet, despite such instrumental gaffes, there are strong signs that, if executed by more skilled and adventurous soloists of the calibre of Miles Davis, Wayne Shorter, even James 'Blood' Ulmer, then reggae music could be expanded into an entirely new and exciting dimension. The Japanese connection didn't pull the caper off this time, but that's not to say someone else won't succeed given the right conditions.

One of the cuts on 'Instant Rasta' is 'Kylyn'. Written by the Yellow Magic Orchestra's keyboardist Ryuichi Sakamoto, it also appears on an album by a group of the same name fronted by gifted guitarist Kazumi Watanabe. For the completists, Sakamoto's involvement extends to not only producing and performing on the album (in tandem with YMO's second keyboard operator Akiko Yano and drummer Yukihiro Takahashi), but composing almost half of the material. Though 'Kylyn' will undoubtedly find its way into the jazz-funk browsers, its rampant eclecticism extends well beyond such categorisation, veering away from stock chuga-chuga plastic cocktail-shaker rhythms to reveal flashes of genuine passion — especially from the three hornmen — throughout 'Sonic Boom' and 'E-Day Project'.

A consistently adept soloist, Watanabe can almost be excused for a momentary lapse into teeth-nashing guitar strangling ('Milestones') and one meaningless song sung in very high voices ('I'll Be There'). Such deficiences are more than compensated for when, on Yano's 'Water Ways Flow Backwards Again' and his own 'Akasaka Moon', Watanabe pits an acoustic guitar against the lush etherealism of Sakamoto's keyboards, who reveals a more sensitive profile than the kind of mischievousness he exhibits throughout the remainder of this meticulously-crafted programme and the Yellow Magic Orchestra's current showcase.

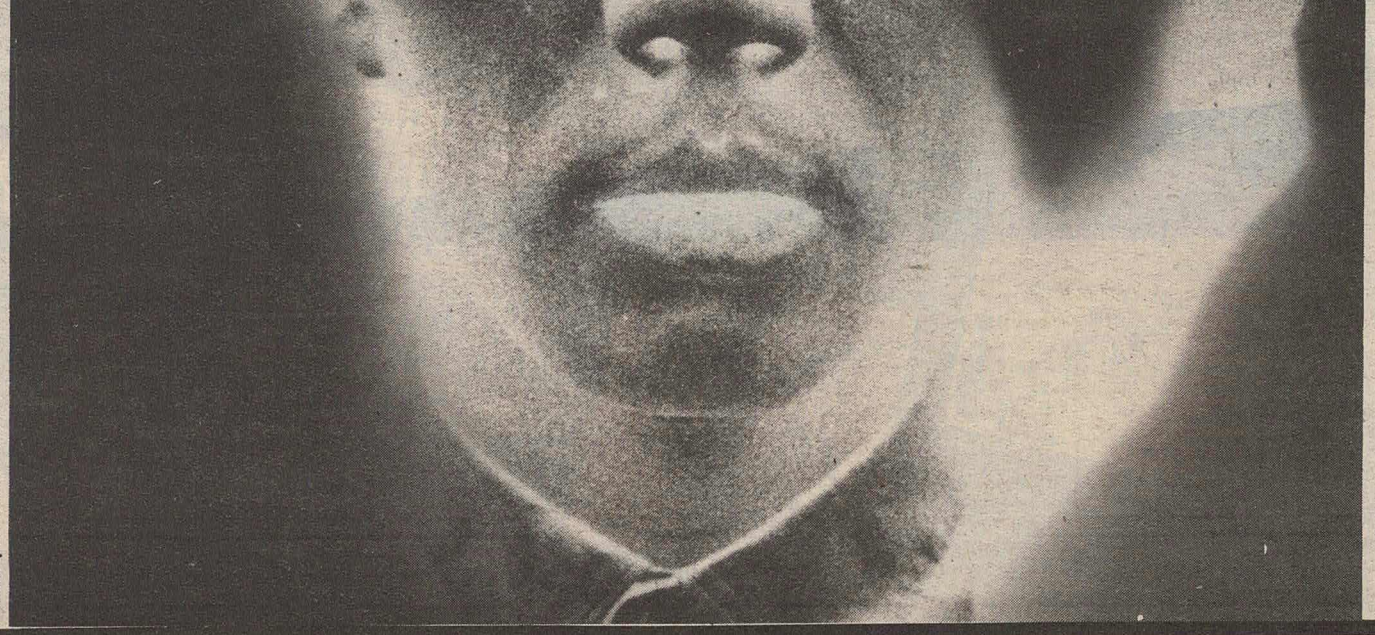
'Public Pressure' is a prestige job. Whereas recorded 'Live In Japan' albums are essential status souvenirs for celebrated visitors, the YMO demonstrate to their supporters club that the traffic is not one way by assembling extracts from dates taped, last year, in London (The Venue), LA and New York. Drawing heavily on their Japanese-only release 'Solid State Survivor' ('Rydeen', 'Day Tripper' and the title track) and their first British A&M LP ('Tong Poo', 'Cosmic Surfin'' and 'La Femme Chinoise'), the set is rounded off with two new titles, 'The End Of Asia' and 'Radio Junk'.

Whilst not diverging from their familiar framework of reference, the YMO not only maintain the same degree of expertise that has made them the first Japanese 'pop' group with an international following but, in concert, shred the corresponding studio versions. This is achieved via Takahashi's inspired fizz-pop drumming and the group's ability to rise above the remotest impression of their conducting a high-tech electronic hardware demonstration.

The YMO have managed to construct extremely vivid aural imagery from the flimsiest fabric, yet the incongruity is that their *raison d'etre* is undermined by having to give their recitals in traditional rock gig environs when in reality it should be staged in airport lounges, power stations and the Brent Cross Shopping Precinct. For this is the sound of the ITT shareholders' meeting — the music to de-stabilize Latin-American countries by!

I have heard the future of rock 'n' roll and so will all of you once they manage to bring the price down.

Roy Carr



YMO pic: Peter Anderson.

Pic: Kevin Cummins.

In glorious '77: Sid Viscous, Jean-Paul Sartre and Steve Strange *(did anyone check this? — A J P Taylor).*

Pretty vacuous

THE SEX PISTOLS
The Heyday *(Factory Records Documentary Cassette)*

MORE POST-Pistols product for the necrophiliac who has everything. Of all the material released since the group's effective self-destruction, this new Factory artefact — two sides of taped interviews with Vicious, Lydon, Jones and Cook — probably counts amongst the most novel. It might even make better listening than some of the posthumous (Rotten-less) music itself. But it's hardly the sort of thing you'll want to play more than once, and at a price of £2.99 that makes 'The Heyday' suitable for only the most dedicated cultural historian or gullible consumerist punk.

The first interview is with Sid in 1977, conducted by journalist Judy Vermorel, and it shows him living up to his legend, mumbling cynical contempt for anyone and anything. The negativity of his conversation is so consistent it amounts to a perverse idealism, a refusal to swallow what he's fed. Sadly, that fierce independence eventually collapses under the weight of its own nihilism — until he's left expressing hatred of all films, all books, mouthing lines like "Nothing has anything to offer . . . I don't like anything particularly", a pathetically isolated character who freely admits he's expecting to die soon.

The Steve Jones and Paul Cook talks are shorter, but equally true to the now familiar stereotypes. Whether it's Paul reminiscing his confusion over the Bill Grundy episode, or Steve slyly owning up to stealing his equipment, the pair come across as amiable, ordinary Joes without too much idea about what's happened to their lives, or why, but happy to take it as it comes.

Not surprisingly, it's JR who appears the most astute and perceptive. even if no significantly new ground gets covered. Listlessly, he and Vermorel discuss education ("Teaching you how to fail") plus a few thoughts on EMI. You've almost certainly heard it all before. To tell the truth, it's difficult to see why anyone should want to buy this cassette at all.

You can't even dance to it.

Paul Du Noyer

BERLIN BLONDES
Berlin Blondes *(EMI)*
YELLO
Solid Pleasure *(Ralph)*

TWO BANDS, two albums, neatly illustrating the pratfalls and real possibilities of contemporary synthesiser-based music. Both outfits are trios, augmented by two or three other musicians, but there the similarities end.

Berlin Blondes (Scottish, I believe) are one of those bands trying to hitch a ride on the tail of Numan's comet; theirs is the usual bag of semiotic tricks, the semaphore of synthi-lore — all the attendant myths of art, science, decadence and the like, with which young men probably more suited (sic) to the function of clothes-hangers bedeck their meagre musical musings.

In small doses, this kind of thing's okay: 'Framework', which opens, for instance, isn't too bad as synthi-pop goes, and it's almost possible to overlook inadequacies which later glare out irredeemably — the slurred, "languid", utterly pretentious vocal phrasing, and the generally unimaginative copped-licks attitude underlying the whole enterprise.

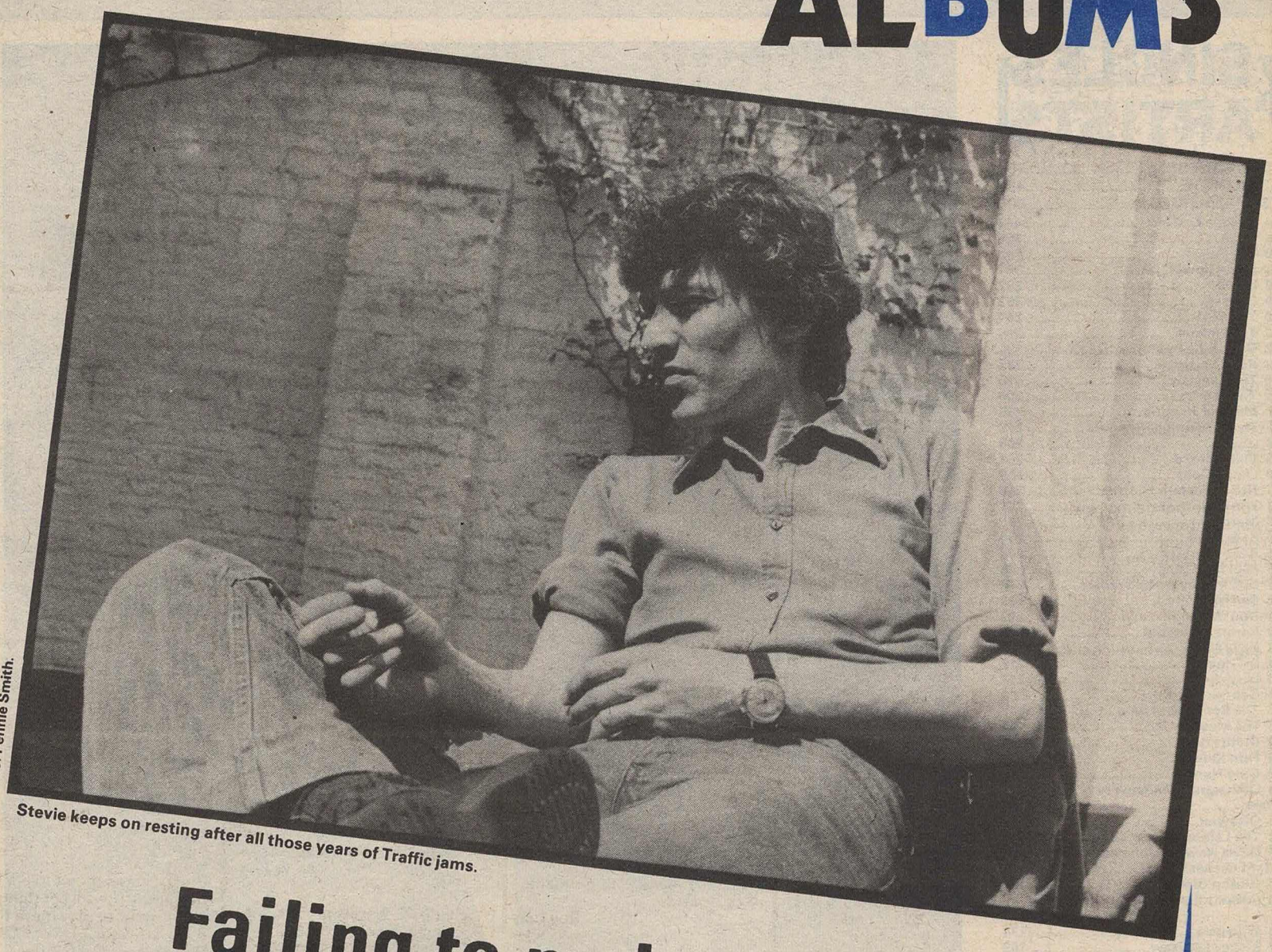
A few song titles just to put you in the picture: 'Astro'; 'Science'; 'Mannequin'; 'Neon Probe' ...

'Berlin Blondes' is little more than posing by numbers, an album more definable in terms of fashion than music. Just because we're dealing with synthesisers, it doesn't mean that all the compositions should sound as though they're written by computer: Kraftwerk had

THE WALL
Personal Troubles & Public Issues *(Fresh)*

DISREGARD the title: The Wall are only interested in the big wide world in so far as it confirms the obsessions in their own heads — *"don't tell me about Iran coz I've got my own war"*, goes 'Fight The Fright'. The big slag-off at the heart of

ALBUMS



Pic: Pennie Smith.

Stevie keeps on resting after all those years of Traffic jams.

Failing to make a splash

JOHN WETTON
Caught In The Crossfire *(EG Records)*

POOR Johnny Wetton and his post coital blues. It happens to all the world's over-30s when it occurs to them they are no longer the generation in question and don't recall anymore how to intuitively do 'It'.

A man like Wetton could even "temporarily" end up playing for Wishbone Ash because that kind of cock-eyed breast beating seems to be somewhere proximate to the Lost Knowledge. Wetton was always a player of discernment, part of the English school of high manners and romance, first with Family, then Roxy (circa 'Country Life' and 'Love Is The Drug') before cashing his chips with UK, the thinking man's ELP.

'Crossfire' is of the same early '70s mould, possibly the dimmest time in the 30 year history of the rock art. With the beat gone, the tune gone, there was only artisanship left. Pride in the craft, meaningless virtuosity. This is where Wetton finds himself today, caught in the crossfire of a generation possessed of fresh inspiration and his own flagging, uncertain drives. Does he simulate cock happiness or does he own up to that melancholy state of being and the dissolution of the inside self?

On 'Crossfire' he does both. But more frequently we find him galloping to the tape with his silly songs of confusion banged together with the old blue screaming guitar and thump bass. Despite a modicum of moderne in the Policed repeat vocals and some flanging of six strings, it's a feeling of staleness which pervades most of the album.

Andrew Tyler

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that down pat long ago, and in a way which the Berlin Blondes couldn't hope to equal. Or comprehend, it it comes to that.

Yello are from Switzerland, and their album 'Solid Pleasure' covers a vast area, both musically and emotionally, with a panache and assurance completely lacking in the Berlin Blondes. The mad bubble-pop electronic dance of 'Bimbo', for instance, is both more technically accomplished and more *fun* than anything on 'BB'. The same goes for the mutant latin strains of 'Downtown Samba', and the perfectly silly 'Bananas To The Beat' — unlike the Berlin Blondes, Yello are blessed with a pleasing lack of self-consciousness; they don't need to shore their ideas up with any particular pose, and aren't afraid to act the fool when it suits them and the music.

On the other hand, they're capable of producing synth-scapes as moving as 'Magneto', 'Reverse Lion', 'Stanztrigger' and the lengthy 'Blue Green', and let them stand or fall on their own merits (no product-and-pose matching twin-sets here, for sure).

And what of those tracks that just don't fit in any category, like the strange 'Assistant's Cry'? How could the Berlin Blondes ever hope to produce anything like them? They can't, and never will, because they've laid faulty foundations, and their edifice, such as it is, will crumble along with the rest of them when the current Numan-boom outlives its novelty-usefulness.

Yello's won't because theirs is built of sterner stuff. It's not just another set of clothes, not another visit to the barber's.

Andy Gill

STEVE WINWOOD
Arc Of A Diver *(Island)*

STILL A stripling at 32, Steve Winwood emerges once more from the depths of rural Gloucestershire to offer interested parties his first bona fide solo album.

It's six years since The Spencer Davis Group's teenage R&B rebel and Blind Faith's reluctant, unprepared superstar hauled a reformed Traffic off the road for good, years in which Winwood has worked quietly and consistently, mostly on albums by fellow Islanders like John Martyn and Marianne Faithfull.

Winwood's own track record has hitherto been limited to 1977's 'Steve Winwood', a cautious album made with friends and familiars. High hopes that, freed from the pressures of touring and the relative restrictions of a working band, he might begin to exploit his considerable multi-instrumental abilities to the full have somehow been thwarted. Whether hampered by his own perfectionism or over-indulged by Island's distinctly laissez-faire attitude towards one of their earliest and most valuable signings, Winwood simply hasn't delivered as many were convinced he would.

Disregarding for a moment Winwood's achievement in writing, playing, recording and producing every note of 'Arc Of A Diver', the album evinces little quantifiable development in the man's music since 'Steve Winwood' or any latterday Traffic record. It stands in relation to Winwood in much the same way as 'Hotter Than July' stands to his not so distant soul cousin Stevie Wonder; it's pleasing, generally satisfactory, at times outstanding but basically safe. A no-risk undertaking.

The attractions of 'Arc Of A Diver' are, however, manifold. Rare in these strange days of vain revolt and regimented gesture and style is the album that has no pretensions to be anything more or less than a collection of songs sweet and (not always quite so) simple.

And what songs — they're seams from the motherlode. Like Jack Bruce, Winwood is lucky enough to possess not only an innate and incomparable melodic gift but also one of the great white soul voices of his generation. Unlike Bruce though, he seems to have difficulty organising his talents. Song structure (or lack of it) is, I'm afraid, something of a problem here.

Take 'Spanish Dancer' — a swaying, swirling sort of trance piece that hedges and hovers on layers of bright, mysterious synthesizers and busy sequencers. The song girds itself up for a middle-eight, but really just sets its pace, finds its space and stays there. Delighted with the mood he's evoked, Winwood appears reluctant or unable to do anything with it.

The same goes for 'Night Train', another galloping groove in the vein of 'Time Is Running Out'. This is more prime Philadelphia time than four-square disco (an area itself explored with some success on 'Second-Hand Woman'), and it certainly shifts. The long intro is architecturally perfect, echoplexed guitars and keyboards vaulted over the rhythm track: a breathtaking cathedral of sound. Big, splashing piano chords pave the way for Winwood's vocal, but again the song doesn't evolve and eventually almost caves in on itself under a spasmodic guitar solo. The momentum and motion are there, but not the management.

'Slowdown Sundown', engagingly shambolic at the outset and reminiscent of both the early Band and Ronnie Lane's work since he left The Faces, and 'Dust', a vulnerable, ruminative ballad with some spry changes, are each pretty much your standard Traffic stash: quintessentially English counterpoints to the Americana of 'Night Train' or 'Woman' or, if you prefer, country to their town. Winwood's synthesizer orchestrations are sometimes a touch too lavish, and his use of the instrument as a straightforward substitute for harps (cf the Wondrous break on 'Sundown'), guitars and horns is disappointingly conservative.

But Winwood could sing a *Morning Star* editorial and still make emotional amends — which is just as well since the album's lyrics, four by Crusaders' collaborator Will Jennings and two by one George Fleming, are mostly rhyming doggerel of the worst possible kind. Fleming's lyric to 'Woman' is particularly unfortunate, displaying as it does a rank misogyny that ill befits the warmth and compassion inherent in Winwood's singing. Jennings' compendium of cliches on 'While You Still Have A Chance' is equally appalling, although Winwood somehow manages to electrify such sentiments, placing them in a brisk, breezy setting and declaiming as if his soul depended on it. (Come back, Jim Capaldi, all is forgiven. No, on second thoughts, don't bother.)

Unsurprisingly, it's the album's best lyric that elicits Winwood's best music. Viv Stanshall's title song is a splendidly arcane paean to (I think) a musical Muse, rich and wonderfully resonant in its imagery. Winwood rises to the occasion, intuitively sensing and painstakingly emphasising the lyric's complex metre and allusive meaning in the bold, emphatic mid-tempos that suit him best. This is a superb performance, finely wrought and beautifully achieved, one that relegates the rest of the album to secondary status. Stanshall's writing obviously challenges Winwood, and that's a situation he should thrive in more often. The combination is winning, just as it was on 'Dream Gerrard' and 'Vacant Chair'. Please repeat at the earliest possible convenience.

Steve Winwood's place in popular music is assured, but these three-yearly broadcasts are not enough to maintain his reputation intact. Either we expect too much of the Winwoods and Wonders or we over-estimate them — whichever, both musicians seem destined to remain tantalising under-achievers. I hope Winwood makes me eat my words. Please pass the salt and sauce.

Angus MacKinnon

'One Born Every Day' is *"outrage, it just bores"*; the band don't want to turn the world upside down, rather themselves inside out.

Unfortunately, their music isn't appropriate to this emotional contortion. They've taken punk and shoved it four years on — or is it backwards? Energy is read as muscle, anger as paranoia. Like Killing Joke, The Wall are supremely confident that their vision must equal reality. But at least KJ, old-fashioned as they are, give a slightly modern edge to their pulsating misery; whereas the Wall aren't so much outdated as unconvincing.

The vocals, however upfront, come over as ghostly and uncommitted. Some stirring intros (thanks to drumming from Rab and bright guitar from Nick Ward) just end up as part of the slight, if bloody-minded, flow. The harsh lyrics have a similar ring of inauthenticity: subjects like mercury poisoning, unwanted pregnancies and cancer serve as merely window dressing.

One or two of the songs are downright reactionary. 'Career Mother' would love to run on class hatred when it's really a misogynistic splutter. Even 'Ghetto', the best song, never lifts the band out of an utter predictability. The same goes for the production: its live, transparent ethos increases the feeling of a band hungry for credible music but with no idea of how to achieve it.

Certainly, Wall-style introspection is the last way to go about it: only band on a par with Joy Division can make an interior journey and wrench some subversive violence from the melancholy of the experience.

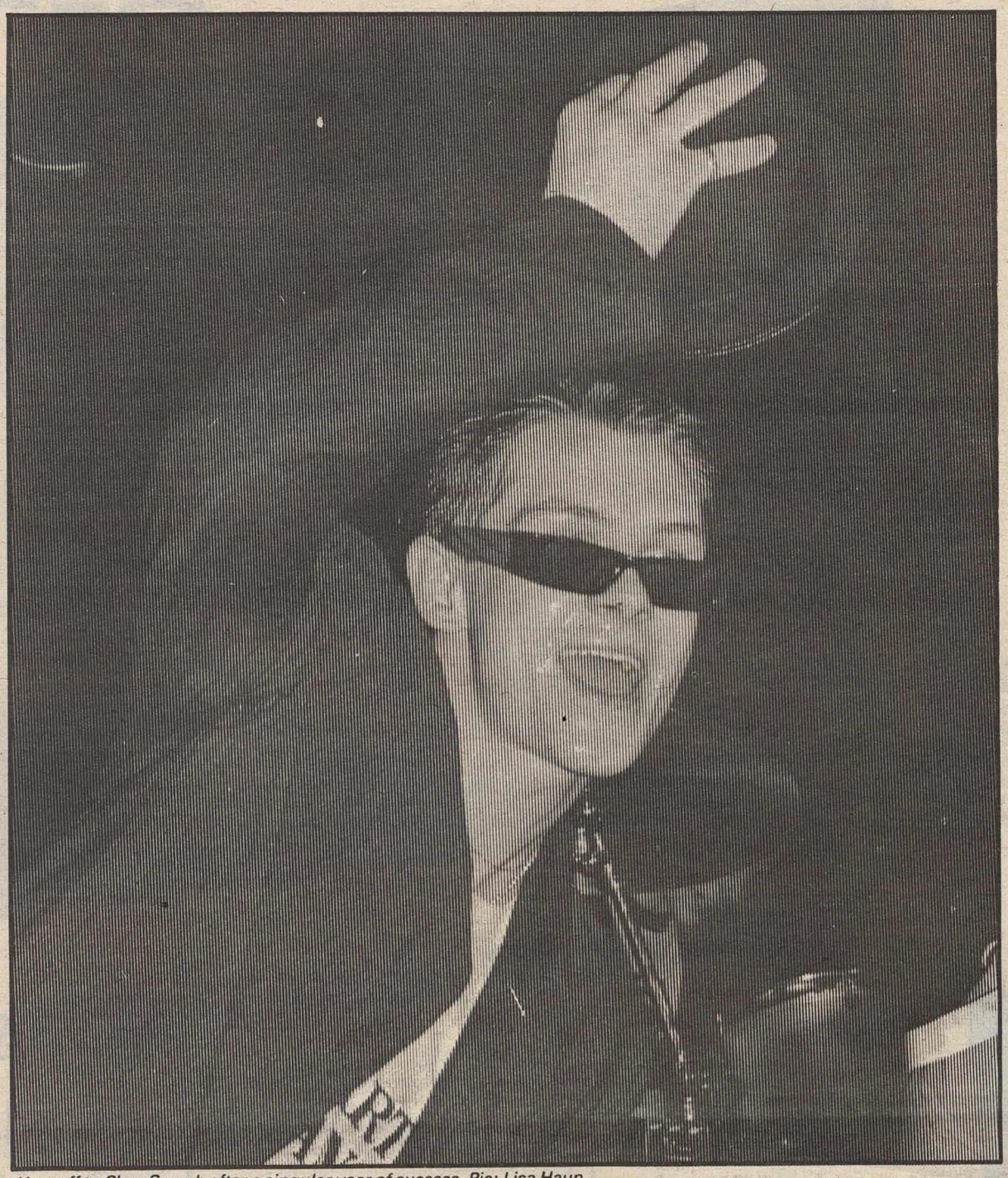
In the interests of science, it should be added that since the album was recorded, The Wall have gone through drastic changes of personnel.

Paul Tickell

DATA CONTROL

SINGLES ARTISTS

1	MADNESS	556
2	BLONDIE	490
3	DIANA ROSS	408
4	Sheena Easton	402
5	Abba	398
6	The Police	395
7	David Bowie	387
8	UB 40	382
9	Odyssey	353
10	The Beat	341
11	The Nolans	336
12	Detroit Spinners	326
13	Roxy Music	322
14	The Specials	319
15	The Jam	305
16	Michael Jackson	285
17	Dexys Midnight Runners	276
18	Queen	269
19	Cliff Richard	263
20	Liquid Gold	259
21	Hot Chocolate	258
21	The Pretenders	258
23	Matchbox	256
24	Kate Bush	250
25	Kenny Rogers	246
26	Paul McCartney	245
27	Bob Marley & The Wailers	242
28	Bad Manners	233
29	Don McLean	227
30	Barbra Streisand	225
31	Kelly Marie	219
32	Dr. Hook	218
33	Lipps Inc	214
34	George Benson	213
35	The Boomtown Rats	212
36	The Mash	204
37	Status Quo	200
38	Fern Kinney	193
39	Gary Numan	192
39	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark	192
41	Ottawan	187
42	The Lambrettas	184
42	Olivia Newton-John and Electric Light Orchestra	184
44	Gibson Brothers	183
45	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway	179
46	Whispers	174
47	Stacey Lattisaw	169
47	Marti Webb	169
49	Stevie Wonder	167
50	Leo Sayer	163
51	The Clash	162
51	Jermaine Jackson	162
53	The Vapors	161
54	Gap Band	157
55	Johnny Logan	154
56	Electric Light Orchestra	153
57	Peter Gabriel	152
58	Randy Crawford	151
59	David Essex	147
60	Brothers Johnson	145
61	Adam & The Ants	143
61	The Tourists	143
63	Dennis Waterman	140
64	The Piranhas	136
65	Mike Berry	135
66	Kool & The Gang	132
66	Billy Preston & Syreeta	132
66	Styx	132
69	Crown Heights Affair	130
69	Stephanie Mills	130
71	Change	128
71	K.C. & The Sunshine Band	128
71	The Korgis	128
74	Teena Marie	127
75	Elvis Costello	126
76	John Lennon & Yoko Ono	124
77	Hazel O'Connor	122
78	Leon Haywood	118
78	Jona Lewie	118
78	Elvis Presley	118
81	Jon & Vangelis	114
81	Sky	114
83	Joe Jackson	112
83	Jimmy Ruffin	112
85	The Captain & Tennille	110
86	Barbara Dickson	105
87	Rainbow	104
87	B. A. Robertson	104
89	Booker T & The MG's	103
89	The Undertones	103
89	Narada Michael Walden	103
92	Keith Michell	101
93	Tom Browne	100
93	Judas Priest	100
95	Rodney Franklin	96
96	Genesis	95
97	Martha & The Muffins	94
97	Motorhead	94
97	Pink Floyd	94
100	Average White Band	93
100	The Rolling Stones	93
100	Spandau Ballet	93
103	Billy Joel	89
103	Bobby Thurston	89
105	Sweet People	87
105	Village People	87
107	Coffee	85
108	Black Slate	83
109	The Shadows	82
110	Air Supply	81
110	Rod Stewart	81
112	The Regents	80
113	The Ramones	78
113	Splodgenessabounds	78
115	Joy Division	76
116	Eddy Grant	75
117	Thin Lizzy	73
118	Fiddlers Dram	69
119	The Selecter	68
120	Siouxsie & The Banshees	65
121	Buggles	64
122	Sheila B. Devotion	62
122	Shalamar	62
124	Saxon	60
125	Yellow Magic Orchestra	59
126	Sugar Hill Gang	58
127	Black Sabbath	57
127	Darts	57
127	Rose Royce	57
130	Dollar	56
130	Olivia Newton-John & Cliff Richard	56
132	New Musik	55
133	Linx	54
134	Mystic Merlin	49
135	Grace Jones	47
136	Azymuth	45
137	Split Enz	44
137	Whitesnake	44
139	Sad Cafe	42
139	Squeeze	42
141	Ian Dury	41
141	Rush	41
143	The Stray Cats	40
143	Young & Co	40
145	Shakin' Stevens	38
146	Gillan	37
146	St. Winifred's School Choir	37
148	Rupert Holmes	36
149	Surface Noise	32
150	The Three Degrees	31
151	AC/DC	30
151	The Bee Gees	30
153	Chic	29
154	The Jacksons	28
155	Gene Chandler	27
156	Gilbert O'Sullivan	26
156	Positive Force	26
156	Stiff Little Fingers	26
159	Neil Diamond	25
160	The Bodysnatchers	24
160	Secret Affair	24
162	Earth Wind & Fire	22
163	Chas & Dave	21
163	Donna Summer	21
165	John Foxx	16
165	Rick James	16
167	Barry Manilow	15
167	Tony Rallo	15
169	Joan Armatrading	14
169	Nick Straker Band	14
171	Junior Murvin	13
171	The Ruts	13
173	The Skids	12
173	Ultravox	12
175	Jefferson Starship	11
176	Fleetwood Mac	10
176	Light Of The World	10
176	Shakatar	10
176	Sue Wilkinson	10
180	Showaddywaddy	9
180	UK Subs	9
182	The Sex Pistols	8
182	XTC	8
184	George Duke	7
184	Roberta Flack	7
184	The Manhattans	7
184	Mike Oldfield	7
184	Rah Band	7
189	The Dooleys	5
189	Dave Edmunds	5
189	The Moody Blues	5
192	Kurtis Blow	4
192	Gladys Knight & The Pips	4
192	Olivia Newton-John	4
192	Billy Ocean	4
192	Brenda Russell	4
197	Elton John	3
197	Phil Lynott	3
197	Manhattan Transfer	3
197	Sister Sledge	3
197	Bruce Springsteen	3
202	Iron Maiden	2
203	Bette Bright	1
203	Fatback	1



Hats off to Chas Smash after a singular year of success. Pic: Lisa Haun.

Madness shake a (baggy trouser) leg

NINETEEN EIGHTY might have been the year of the great pop single, the year of Joy Division, Grace Jones, Bow Wow Wow, the Ants, Spandau Ballet, Teardrop Explodes and the Bunnymen. But you'd never have guessed it from a gaze at the upper reaches of this year's singles chart points table.

1980 was also the year of a dubious new punk resurgence and the year of the wretched re-birth of heavy metal. But — thankfully — you'd never have guessed *that* from the upper reaches of this year's singles chart points table.

The two best-selling singles were almost predictably bland and banal, slushy and sentimental. The chart is topped by a fawning folkie who has now perfected the art of the one - hit - every - ten - years wonder. See you again sometime around 1990, Mr. Don McLean.

However, setting aside the mediocrity of the top ten singles — the odd gem like 'Funkytown' and 'Upside Down' excepted — the chart was still a pretty good place to be in 1980.

Week in, week out, we looked and listened to Top Thirties where roughly a third of the top-selling singles were of a new-wavish nature. This entails, of course, the likes of Hazel O'Connor and The Boomtown Rats. But it also means Madness, Dexys Midnight Runners, UB40, The Jam, The Specials, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Bad Manners and Elvis Costello, all with singles firmly entrenched in the list of the year's hundred best tunes as decided by the great British public.

Madness confirmed their pedigree as one of the most consistent pop bands of the past few years by emerging as the top singles act overall by dint of their four superbly crafted hits, 'My Girl', 'Work, Rest And Play', Baggy Trousers' and 'Embarrassment'.

They were accompanied into the top twenty by four more bands who emerged around the same time last year: UB40 (8), The Beat (10), The Specials (14) and Dexys Midnight Runners (17) with Bad Manners poking their tongues in at 28.

Perhaps the biggest surprise is the comparatively low standing of The Jam, undoubtedly one of Britain's most popular bands.

But the biggest of the *whatever - happened - to's* are those now in the basement that only a couple of years ago were well established in the upper reaches of the chartpoints chart. Is there anyone out there to shed a tear for Chic (no 153), "The Sex Pistols" (182), Elton John (197) and Sister Sledge (197)?

SINGLES

1	CRYING (Don McLean)	227
2	WOMAN IN LOVE (Barbra Streisand)	225
3	9 TO 5 (Sheena Easton)	222
4	Funkytown (Lipps Inc)	214
5	No Doubt About It (Hot Chocolate)	208
5	Working My Way Back To You (Detroit Spinners)	208
7	Theme from MASH (The Mash)	204
8	Feels Like I'm In Love (Kelly Marie)	202
8	Upside Down (Diana Ross)	202
10	Use It Up And Wear It Out (Odyssey)	201
11	Baggy Trousers (Madness)	194
12	Dance Yourself Dizzy (Liquid Gold)	193
12	Together We Are Beautiful (Fern Kinney)	193
14	Ashes To Ashes (David Bowie)	188
15	D.I.S.C.O. (Ottawan)	187
15	Geno (Dexys Midnight Runners)	187
17	Xanadu (Olivia Newton-John & Electric Light Orch)	184
18	Don't Stand So Close To Me (The Police)	183
18	Coward Of The County (Kenny Rogers)	183
20	Could You Be Loved (Bob Marley & The Wailers)	173
21	Jump To The Beat (Stacey Lattisaw)	169
21	Take That Look Off Your Face (Marti Webb)	169
23	I'm In The Mood For Dancing (The Nolans)	168
23	The Tide Is High (Blondie)	168
25	Master Blaster (Stevie Wonder)	167
26	Back Together Again (Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway)	166
27	King/Food For Thought (UB 40)	165
28	More Than I Can Say (Leo Sayer)	163
28	Winner Takes It All (Abba)	163
30	My Girl (Madness)	162
31	And The Beat Goes On (Whispers)	161
31	Over You (Roxy Music)	161
31	Turning Japanese (The Vapors)	161
34	What You're Proposing (Status Quo)	160
35	Atomic (Blondie)	159
36	Brass In Pocket (The Pretenders)	156
36	Start (The Jam)	156
38	What's Another Year (Johnny Logan)	154
38	When You Ask About Love (Matchbox)	154
40	If You're Lookin' For A Way Out (Odyssey)	152
41	One Day I'll Fly Away (Randy Crawford)	151
42	Call Me (Blondie)	150
43	Too Much Too Young (The Specials)	149
44	Silver Dream Racer (David Essex)	147
45	Super Trouper (Abba)	146
46	Oops Upside Your Head (Gap Band)	145
46	Stomp (Brothers Johnson)	145
48	Enola Gay (Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark)	142
48	Special Brew (Bad Manners)	142
50	Going Underground (The Jam)	141
51	I Can Be So Good For You (Dennis Waterman)	140
52	Sexy Eyes (Dr Hook)	138
53	Babooshka (Kate Bush)	137
54	Games Without Frontiers (Peter Gabriel)	136
54	She's Outta My Life (Michael Jackson)	136
54	Tom Hark (The Piranhas)	136
57	Fashion (David Bowie)	135
57	Sunshine Of Your Smile (Mike Berry)	135
59	Let's Get Serious (Jermaine Jackson)	134
60	Dreamin' (Cliff Richard)	133
61	Babe (Styx)	132
61	With You I'm Born Again (Billy Preston & Syreeta)	132
63	Coming Up (Paul McCartney)	131
64	Carrie (Cliff Richard)	130
64	Never Knew Love Like This Before (Stephanie Mills)	130
64	You Gave Me Love (Crown Heights Affair)	130
67	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime (The Korgis)	128
67	Give Me The Night (George Benson)	128
67	My Way Of Thinking (UB 40)	128
67	Please Don't Go (K.C. & The Sunshine Band)	128
71	Dog Eat Dog (Adam & The Ants)	127
71	My Old Piano (Diana Ross)	127
73	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outta Jail (The Specials)	125
74	Starting Over (John Lennon & Yoko Ono)	124
75	Eighth Day (Hazel O'Connor)	122
75	Mirror In The Bathroom (The Beat)	122
75	Modern Girl (Sheena Easton)	122
78	Behind The Groove (Teena Marie)	120
79	Don't Push It Don't Force It (Leon Haywood)	118
79	Cupid (Detroit Spinners)	118
81	It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef (Elvis Presley)	116
82	Rock With You (Michael Jackson)	115
83	I Hear You Now (Jon & Vangelis)	114
83	Toccata (Sky)	114
85	Someone's Looking At You (The Boomtown Rats)	113
86	Hold On To My Love (Jimmy Ruffin)	112
86	I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down (Elvis Costello)	112
86	It's Different For Girls (Joe Jackson)	112
89	Poison Ivy (The Lambrettas)	110
89	Do That To Me One More Time (The Captain & Tennille)	110

1980 CHART POINTS

Pix: David Corio, Michael Putland

The stars that beat the recession L-R: Sting, Bryan Ferry, Michael Jackson, Debbie Harry, Diana Ross.

Compiled by
DEREK JOHNSON
Commentary by
ADRIAN THRILLS

Pix: Claude Gassian, Tom Sheehan

Sting in the tail as Jackson pips The Police

ALREADY ACCLAIMED as the most successful black album ever released in Britain, Michael Jackson's 'Off The Wall' has now emerged as the top LP of 1980.

In an exceptionally low-scoring year in terms of chart points, the Epic album captured the No. 1 spot by just 29 points, pipping The Police's 'Regatta De Blanc' by a short head. The winning total was only 722, significantly less than Blondie's 'Parallel Lines' 12 months ago (994 points) and 'Saturday Night Fever' (959) in 1978.

The low points totals would seem to indicate punters are indulging in a far wider range of sounds these days and indeed a, ahem, record total of 251 albums figured in the *NME* Top Thirty over the year, compared with 221 in 1979 and 211 the previous year. In spite of the welcome increase in choice and variety, the fact that both this year's top albums were actually released way back in the mists of 1979 serves as something of a reminder that the innate conservatism of the record buying public lives on.

Incidentally, if last year's points are tagged onto this year's totals, The Police album narrowly nudges ahead with 999 points to MJ's 997. Sting and his cohorts are also elevated to the overall albums topspot for 1980 when their two albums come into the reckoning: 'Zenyatta Mondatta' and 'Outlandos D'Amour' are in the list at 14 and 35.

The most successful album released in 1980 was Roxy Music's 'Flesh And Blood', which takes the No. 3 place. Roxy also claim the distinction of having topped the chart for the longest period in 1980, 'Flesh And Blood' having spent a total of seven weeks at No 1 in four separate spells.

Apart from The Police, no other act has two albums in the year's Top Thirty. Madness come closest, with 'Absolutely' clocking in at 35 and last year's 'One Step Beyond' set nutting its way into the upper echelons of the list at No. 6. Last year's album-chart winners Blondie have slipped dramatically, despite another good year in the singles. They have three albums in the list, but the highest of these, 'Eat To The Beat' only just scrapes into the top twenty.

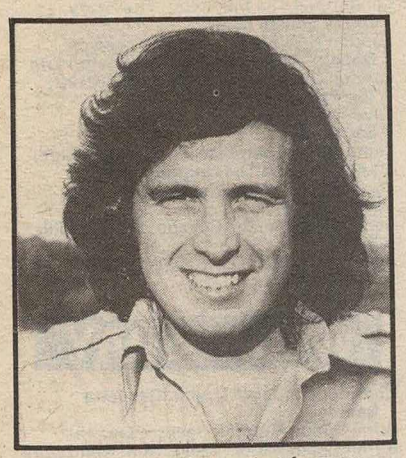
The shifting sands of taste and trendsetting have banished the likes of Ian Dury and The Boomtown Rats while there are also plenty of popsters who have done less well than they no doubt thought they would: The Jam's 'Sound Affects' made only No. 129, The Clash's 'London Calling' only 113, and even Dire Straits, who once bored us all so successfully with their album-orientated-snooze-rock, can only sneak in at 136 with 'Making Movies'.

The legacy of 2-Tone made strong inroads early in the year and lasted well enough to put The Beat, Specials and UB40 into the annual fun thirty alongside perennial hit-paraders Madness. But the marked failure on a commercial level of 'More Specials' — in only at No. 114 — could be a sign of things to come.

In the lower reaches, surprise chart visitors such as The Dead Kennedys (No. 181) and the UK Subs (163 and 192) made real punk an unlikely bedfellow to the typically bland fare that made up much of the albums list, while Joy Division and UB40 both made the top hundred on independent labels: 'Signing Off' even reached No. 1 during October to put it at No. 30 overall, while 'Closer' nips in at No. 93, somewhat eerily with the same number of points as John Lennon and Yoko Ono's 'Double Fantasy'.

A growing feature of the chart again this year is the large number of compilations — almost a quarter of the total entries come into this category, the highest placed being Rose Royce's 'Greatest Hits' at No. 5.

There are, of course, some current hit albums like 'Super Trouper' and 'Double Fantasy' which won't be reflected to the full in our 1980 table and are still selling in vast quantities even as we write. No doubt they will figure strongly in the 1981 chart. Watch this space — same time, same channel — in twelve months time!



Don McLean shows that famous toothpaste smile

ALBUMS

1 OFF THE WALL (Michael Jackson) 722
2 REGATTA DE BLANC (The Police) 693
3 FLESH & BLOOD (Roxy Music) 566
4 Sky 2 546
5 Greatest Hits (Rose Royce) 433
6 One Step Beyond (Madness) 388
7 Duke (Genesis) 366
7 Give Me The Night (George Benson) 366
9 Pretenders 342
10 Manilow Magic (Barry Manilow) 341
11 The Magic Of Boney M 330
12 I Just Can't Stop It (The Beat) 326
13 McCartney 2 (Paul McCartney) 320
14 Zenyatta Mondatta (The Police) 304
15 Me Myself I (Joan Armatrading) 300
16 Guilty (Barbra Streisand) 286
16 Twelve Gold Bars (Status Quo) 286
18 Diana (Diana Ross) 284
19 The Specials 280
20 Eat To The Beat (Blondie) 267
21 Xanadu (Soundtrack) 264
22 Uprising (Bob Marley & The Wailers) 258
23 Scary Monsters (David Bowie) 229
24 Emotional Rescue (The Rolling Stones) 227
25 Never Forever (Kate Bush) 226
26 Tell Me On A Sunday (Marti Webb) 223
27 Peter Gabriel 217
28 Breaking Glass (Hazel O'Connor) 215
29 The Last Dance (Various Artists) 214
30 Signing Off (UB40) 208
31 String Of Hits (The Shadows) 203
32 Tears And Laughter (Johnny Mathis) 195
33 Back In Black (AC/DC) 187
34 Absolutely (Madness) 186
35 Deepest Purple (Deep Purple) 185
35 Outlandos D'Amour (The Police) 185
37 The Game (Queen) 184
38 Sometimes You Win (Dr Hook) 182
39 Greatest Hits Vol 2 (Abba) 175
40 The Wall (Pink Floyd) 171
41 Get Happy!! (Elvis Costello) 168
42 Bee Gees Greatest Hits 158
43 Gold (The Three Degrees) 153
44 Kenny (Kenny Rogers) 147
44 Short Stories (Jon & Vangelis) 147
46 Magic Reggae (Various Artists) 143
47 Hot Wax (Various Artists) 142
48 Hotter Than July (Stevie Wonder) 141
49 Champagne & Roses (Various Artists) 139
49 I'm No Hero (Cliff Richard) 139
49 Super Trouper (Abba) 139
49 Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits 139
53 Glass Houses (Billy Joel) 136
54 Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC Cast) 135
55 Heartbreakers (Matt Monro) 134
56 Ready & Willing (Whitesnake) 133
57 Barbara Dickson Album 132
58 Mounting Excitement (Various Artists) 131
59 Greatest Hits (Rod Stewart) 130
60 Telekon (Gary Numan) 129
61 Bobby Vee Singles Album 128
62 The River (Bruce Springsteen) 125
63 The Love Album (Various Artists) 123
64 Just One Night (Eric Clapton) 120
65 Organisation (Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark 118
66 Heaven & Hell (Black Sabbath) 115
66 Now We May Begin (Randy Crawford) 115
68 Light Up The Night (Brothers Johnson) 114
68 20 Hottest Hits (Hot Chocolate) 114
70 The Very Best Of Don McLean 112
70 Too Much Pressure (The Selecter) 112
70 Vienna (Ultravox) 112
73 Searching For The Young Soul Rebels (Dexys Midnight Runners) 111
73 The Crystal Gayle Singles Album 111
75 King Of The Road (Boxcar Willie) 109
75 Permanent Waves (Rush) 109
75 Snakes & Ladders (Gerry Rafferty) 109
78 Video Stars (Various Artists) 107
79 Autoamerican (Blondie) 102
80 Hypnotised (The Undertones) 101
81 Star Tracks (Various Artists) 100
82 Just Supposin' (Status Quo) 96
82 Kings Of The Wild Frontier (Adam & The Ants) 96
84 Triumph (The Jacksons) 95
85 Foolish Behaviour (Rod Stewart) 92
85 Paris (Supertramp) 92
87 Wheels Of Steel (Saxon) 90
88 September Morn (Neil Diamond) 89
89 Golden Collection (Charley Pride) 88
89 I'm The Man (Joe Jackson) 88
91 Iron Maiden 87
92 Shine (Average White Band) 86
93 By Request (Lena Martell) 85
93 Closer (Joy Division) 85
93 Double Fantasy (John Lennon & Yoko Ono) 85
93 Saved (Bob Dylan) 85
97 Down To Earth (Rainbow) 84
98 Glory Road (Gillan) 83
98 Little Miss Dynamite (Brenda Lee) 83
98 20 Golden Greats (Diana Ross) 83
101 Parallel Lines (Blondie) 82
102 Drama (Yes) 81
102 Sports Car (Judie Tzuke) 81
104 Jazz Singer (Neil Diamond) 80
105 Ace Of Spades (Motorhead) 79
106 Making Waves (The Nolans) 78
107 21 At 33 (Elton John) 76
108 Nobody's Hero (Stiff Little Fingers) 74
109 Barry (Barry Manilow) 71
110 Black Sabbath Live At Last 70
110 ELO's Greatest Hits 70
110 Inspirations (Elvis Presley) 70
113 London Calling (The Clash) 69
114 More Specials 68
115 Tusk (Fleetwood Mac) 67
116 Chart Explosion (Various Artists) 64
116 Empty Glass (Pete Townshend) 64
116 Kaleidoscope (Siouxsie & The Banshees) 64
119 Chain Lightning (Don McLean) 63
120 I Am Woman (Various Artists) 62
121 Facades (Sad Cafe) 61
121 Faces (Earth Wind & Fire) 61
123 Can't Stop The Music (Village People) 60
124 British Steel (Judas Priest) 59
125 Country Legends (Various Artists) 57
125 Love Songs (Elvis Presley) 57
127 The Photos 54
128 No Place To Run (UFO) 52
128 Sound Affects (The Jam) 52
130 Contractual Obligation Album (Monty Python) 49
130 Live In The Heart Of The City (Whitesnake) 49
132 Living In A Fantasy (Leo Sayer) 47
133 The Nolan Sisters 46
134 Chinatown (Thin Lizzy) 45
134 Dr Hook's Greatest Hits 45
136 Making Movies (Dire Straits) 44
136 Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz 44
138 Hanx (Stiff Little Fingers) 43
138 Loud And Clear (Sammy Hagar) 43
138 The Absolute Game (The Skids) 43
141 Just For You (Des O'Connor) 42
142 Good Morning America (Various Artists) 41
142 Midnight Dynamos (Matchbox) 41
144 A Touch Of Love (Gladys Knight & The Pips) 40
144 Kenny Rogers Singles Album 40
144 Peace In The Valley (Various Artists) 40
147 Country Number One (Don Gibson) 39
147 Fawlty Towers (Soundtrack) 39
147 Metamatic (John Foxx) 39
150 Women And Children First (Van Halen) 37
151 Another String Of Hits (The Shadows) 36
151 Ska'n'B (Bad Manners) 36
153 One Trick Pony (Paul Simon) 35
153 Radio Active (Various Artists) 35
155 Elvis Aron Presley 34
155 The Up Escalator (Graham Parker & The Rumour) 34
157 Change Of Address (The Shadows) 33
158 The Best Of Chic 32
158 The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle (Soundtrack) 32
160 Fame (Soundtrack) 31
160 Very Best Of Elton John 31
162 Levitation (Hawkwind) 29
163 Classics For Dreaming (James Last) 28
163 End Of The Century (The Ramones) 28
163 Let's Get Serious (Jermaine Jackson) 28
163 Live Crash Course (UK Subs) 28
163 Semi Detached Suburban (Manfred Mann) 28
163 War Of The Worlds (Jeff Wayne) 28
169 Flogging A Dead Horse (The Sex Pistols) 26
169 Remain In Light (The Talking Heads) 26
169 The Summit (Various Artists) 26
169 Travelogue (The Human League) 26
173 Black Sea (XTC) 25
174 Live 1979 (Hawkwind) 24
175 Astaire (Peter Skellern) 22
175 Defector (Steve Hackett) 22
175 Eagles Live 22
178 Sometimes When We Touch (Cleo Laine & James Galway) 21
178 17 Seconds (The Cure) 21
178 20 Golden Greats (Mantovani) 21
181 Bat Out Of Hell (Meatloaf) 20
181 Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables (Dead Kennedys) 20
181 On Through The Night (Def Leppard) 20
181 Reality Effect (The Tourists) 20
181 Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway 20
181 Sunburn (Various Artists) 20
187 All For You (Johnny Mathis) 19
187 Crepes & Drapes (Showaddywaddy) 19
187 Metal For Muthas (Various Artists) 19
187 Rock'n'Roll Juvenile (Cliff Richard) 19
191 Sounds Sensational (Bert Kaempfert) 18
192 Brand New Age (UK Subs) 17
192 Greatest Hits (KC & The Sunshine Band) 17
192 Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark 17
195 Best Of Barry Manilow 16
195 Flex 16
195 Loonie Tunes (Bad Manners) 16
198 QE2 (Mike Oldfield) 15
199 Make Your Move (The Captain & Tennille) 14
199 Setting Sons (The Jam) 14
199 Strong Arm Of The Law (Saxon) 14
199 The Age Of Plastic (Buggles) 14
199 Wet (Barbra Streisand) 14

SINGLES CHART-TOPPERS

Blondie ..... 7 weeks
Police, Abba ..... 4 weeks
Jam; Olivia Newton-John & ELO; Barbra Streisand ..... 3 weeks
Pretenders; Kenny Rogers; Liquid Gold; Johnny Logan; The Mash; Don McLean; David Bowie; Randy Crawford ..... 2 weeks
Pink Floyd; Madness; Specials; Fern Kinney; Dexy's Midnight Runners; Hot Chocolate; Lipps Inc; Odyssey; Diana Ross; Jona Lewie ..... 1 week

ALBUM CHART-TOPPERS

Flesh & Blood (Roxy Music) ..... 6 weeks
Zenyatta Mondatta (Police); The Magic Of Boney M; Greatest Hits (Rose Royce); Super Trouper (Abba) ..... 4 weeks
Pretenders; The Last Dance (Various Artists) ..... 3 weeks
Tears And Laughter (Johnny Mathis); McCartney 2; Xanadu (Soundtrack); Give Me The Night (George Benson); Hotter Than July (Stevie Wonder) ..... 2 weeks
Greatest Hits (Rod Stewart); Greatest Hits Vol.2 (Abba); Regatta De Blanc (Police); String Of Hits (Shadows); Duke (Genesis); Peter Gabriel; Emotional Rescue (Rolling Stones); The Game (Queen); Signing Off (UB 40); Telekon (Gary Numan); Never Forever (Kate Bush); Scary Monsters (David Bowie) ..... 1 week

HOW TO CHART THE TABLES

THE CHART POINTS TABLES are compiled from the singles and albums Top Thirty charts published weekly by *NME*. Every week throughout the year, points are awarded on the basis of 30 for a No.1 placing, 29 for a No.2 — and so on, down to one point for a No.30 position. The resulting lists are a guide to chart consistency and popularity during the year — although, of course, they don't necessarily reflect actual sales figures.

Olivia Newton-John appears in the table three times — with Cliff Richard, with ELO and as a soloist. By the same token, **Cliff Richard** and the **ELO** each appear twice — in their own right, and with Olivia Newton-John.

If all their various entries were added together, ELO would move up to 11th place, Cliff Richard to 15th and Olivia Newton-John to 29th. However, it is logical to show these entries separately, otherwise some points are duplicated.

For this reason, **Roberta Flack** is also shown as a soloist, as well as with Donny Hathaway; and **Thin Lizzy** and **Phil Lynott** appear as separate entries as do **Michael Jackson** and **The Jacksons.**

DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

GELDOF GANG GO GIG GALLIVANTING

THE BOOMTOWN RATS begin a new jaunt around the UK this weekend, timed to coincide with the release of their new album 'Mondo Bongo' and kicking off in Southampton (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). And really, it's just as well that they have chosen this particular period for their tour, 'cos there ain't much else happening right now.

The first week of the New Year is traditionally the quietest of the year on the gig circuit — and next week won't show much improvement, either. In fact, things don't start getting back to normal until well into the second half of January. And the current listings aren't helped by many venues and bands forgetting to tell us about their bookings in time for our pre-Christmas deadline.

Other events to bring to your attention this week include Lindisfarne's club tour of the South, starting in Aylesbury on Saturday, then visiting London venues on Sunday, Monday and Wednesday ... The Frankie Miller Band continuing their British trek — which started in early December — at London (Saturday), Dudley (Monday) and Reading (Tuesday) ... The new-look Sweet headlining a London one-off on Sunday ... And the second half of the Rock Week at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall (Thursday to Sunday).

THURSDAY

Belfast The Pound: **f-Stop/The Trial**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
Birmingham Davidson Hall: **The Relatives**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Letchworth Leys Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cravats**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Den Hegarty & The Random Band**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until January 10, except Sunday)**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Zeus/East Side Stompers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet with Digby Fairweather**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Polecats/The Jets/Blue Cat Trio**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Passage/Crispy Ambulance/Biting Tongues**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brian Brain/The Rest**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Preston Warehouse: **The Accelerators**
Shoreham-by-Sea Community Centre: **Yakety Yak/The Cruisers/Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Stockport Starlight Suite: **The Pedestrians**

FRIDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
Castle Douglas Town Hall: **Wayward Skylabs**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crewe Earl of Crewe: **Vermilion Hair**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Yakety Yak**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Valves**
Hailsham Crown Inn: **The Pulsaters**
Hopwas Chequers: **Victorian Parents**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Tosh**
Leeds Hare and Hounds: **The Relatives**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Cheaters**
Liverpool Whispers Bar: **Stun The Guards**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Local Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sunfighter/MPH**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Meteors**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Herod's Race/Julian Stringle's Young Dixie**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Jabula/Kabbala**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Cohn & Son**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Sound / The Cravats / The Jump Club**
London Victoria The Venue: **Live Wire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Icarus/Dr Mix & The Remix**
Maidstone Mote Park Pavilion: **The Performing Ferrets/Those Helicopters**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Never Never Band**
Southend Zero 6: **Light Of The World**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Lindisfarne**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Whitefire**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Cheaters**
Bury The Twist: **The Relatives**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **The Amyl Dukes**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Asylum**
Chorley Tatton Community Centre: **New Order/PR5**
Derby Alfreton Leisure Centre: **Yakety Yak**
Dumfries White Hart: **Wayward Skylabs**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Frenchways**
Grantham Sporting Club: **Al Cohn & Son**
London Acton Town Hall: **Misty In Roots**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Frankie Miller Band/The Oral Exciters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Bluesblasters**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Kable Kar/Press Gang**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Salt / The Screaming Ab Dabs**
London Fulham The Cock: **Chantoussie**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Five Pliers / Last Orders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretty Things / 720**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Models / London Vintage Jazz Orchestra**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cosmotheka**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Beryl's Backroom Boys**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Basement 5 / Redbeat / Dislocation Dance**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Sore Throat / No Meen Feet
Luton Baron of Beef: **Shader**
Neath The Lamb: **The Tunnel Runners**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Never Never Band**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Pictures**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Sinatras**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **The Charge**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Soft Asylum**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Partizans**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bank Hall Club: **Knife Edge**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Victorian Parents**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Asylum**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazzband & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Acton Kings Head: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group / ⅜A.M.**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bluesblasters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **720**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Kan-Kan / Calling Hearts / The Big Combo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / Catchermann**
London Fulham The Cock: **The MGA Band**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Italian Parcels**
London Marquee Club: **Lindisfarne**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers / Pete Neighbour Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Sweet / Duran Duran / The Dumb Blondes**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Orange Juice / Josef K / Blue Orchids**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Talkover / Strictly Business**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Relatives**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Troubleshooter**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Southend Shrimpers: **The Flatbackers**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo and Juliet's: **New England**
Bolton Aquarius Club: **J.G. Spoils Rock Band**
Boston Folk Club: **Dave Fletcher & Bill Whaley**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Chorlton Lamplight Club: **No Mystery**
Dudley Technical College: **Frankie Miller Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ilford Room At The Top: **Mike Carr Trio**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
Liverpool The Dovecot: **Stun The Guards**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Al Cohn & Son**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lindisfarne/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Fulham The Cock: **Riff Raff**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Geoff Castle Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Stanley Turrentine/Tony Ashton (for two weeks)**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Cravats/Zeitgeist**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Things/Dr. Filth**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Wine Bar: **The Relatives**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Active Gliders**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Afraid Of Mice**
Watford Bailey's: **Ritz (for a week)**
Widnes Blue Anchor: **Dead On Arrival**

TUESDAY

Bimingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Boomtown Rats**
Dundee University: **Jim Wilkie Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Performing Ferrets**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Rough Justice**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kan-Kan**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Levi Dexter & The Rip Cords**
London Fulham The Cock: **Side Street**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suttel Approach**
London Hampstead Three Horsehoes: **Maria Barton**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Boots For Dancing**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Robinson Donald Thompson Trio/Eric Beaton Trio**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Prize Guys/Poseur**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club; **Local Heroes/The Nuggets**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The MGA Band**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Frankie Miller Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Al Cohn & Son**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **The Plugs**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **The Performing Ferrets**
Cheltenham PLlough Inn: **Roadsters**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Halifax Foggy's: **The Cheaters**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Klones/Square One**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lindisfarne**
London Clapham 101 Club: **A Popular History Of Signs/Blancmange**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon/Red Rage**
London Fulham The Cock: **Strength**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel Basement: **Department S**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Commodore Jazz Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Cohn & Son**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The MGA Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Cheats'/the Suggestion**
Manchester Rafters: **The Renegades/ Durutti Column/Thunderboys**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Panthers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Preston The Bridge: **The Relatives**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stoke Bowler Hat: **Vermilion Hair**

TOUR NEWS

☐ **THE PASSAGE, Crispy Ambulance** and **Biting Tongues** play London's ICA tonight (1) as part of 'Rock Week Plus', the third in a series of shows sponsored by Capital Radio. **The Sound** headline tomorrow (2), while **Basement 5** appear Saturday (3) and **Josef K** tops the bill on Sunday (4).

☐ **ROXY MUSIC** have added another date to their short UK concert tour later this month. It's a second night at Leicester Granby Hall on Sunday, January 18, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £5.

☐ **SECTOR 27** play a special one-off date at London's Marquee, the band's first gig since the cancellation of their October tour due to Tom Robinson's illness. The gig will be Sector 27's last appearance in this country for at least two months, as the band head for the States next week to support The Police on tour before playing a string of dates in their own right. A new single, 'Total Recall', will be released by Fontana on January 9.

☐ **GLEN CAMPBELL and Tanya Tucker** are to appear at the London Apollo on Tuesday, April 28 (one show) and Wednesday, April 29 (two shows). The duo's Irish concerts, which were to have taken place on those dates, have subsequently been switched and the Dublin Stadium concert now takes place on May 5, while the Belfast Grosvenor Hall gig is on May 6. Tickets for the Apollo gig may be purchased by postal order only, from The Kruger Organisation, PO Box 460, Brighton BNL 5BB. Tickets are priced at £10, £8.50, £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £2 (standing), all postal orders to The Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd.

☐ **HARRY CHAPIN,** whose album 'Sequel' has just been released on Boardwalk, commences a U.K. tour tonight (1) at Croydon's Fairfiled Theatre. Tomorrow he appears at the Reading Hexagon (2) and then moves on for gigs at Manchester Apollo (3), Southport Theatre (4), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (5), Dublin Stadium (7), Cork Savoy (8), Birmingham Odeon (10), London Dominion (11), Leeds Polytechnic (12), York University (13), Newcastle City Hall (14) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (15).

☐ **ROSE ROYCE** — who've been virtually inactive since last winter, when lead singer Gwen Dickey left to pursue a solo career — are expected to return to the UK for a series of spring concerts with their new lead vocalist Richee Benson. And the management of the new 2,000-capacity Rock City venue in Nottingham has confirmed that negotiations are "in the pipeline" for the group to appear there. Meanwhile, among bookings definitely set for Rock City are **UFO** (January 15), **Toyah** (30), **Hazel O'Connor's Megahype** (February 7), **Alex Harvey Band** (12), **Bad Manners** (14), **George Melly** (16), **The Stranglers** (19), **After The Fire** (20) and **Gordon Giltrap** (27).

☐ **RIO & THE ROBOTS** have London gigs at the Hog's Grunt, N.W.2 (January 5 and February 18), Convent Garden Rock Garden (January 8), Royal Free Hospital (16), Camden Dingwalls (26), St. Thomas Hospital (February 6), Kensington Royal College of Art (13), Chelsea College of Art (25) and Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic (27). Out of town, they visit Canterbury College of Art (January 15), Uxbridge Brunel University (18) and Hitchin College of Education (24).

☐ **BARRY ANDREWS'** new band Restaurant For Dogs have London gigs this month at Islington Hope & Anchor (15), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (16), Fulham Greyhound (17), Clapham 101 Club (23) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (24).

☐ **MONEY,** the Derby heavy-rock outfit, commence a lenghty tour at Coventry's General Wolf Club on January 24.

☐ The 'Battle Of The Bands' talent contest final, originally scheduled for the Finsbury Park Rainbow on February 1, has now been rescheduled for the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, March 1. Bands taking part include **EMF** (Coventry), **Asylum** (Liverpool), **Nerves** (Newry), **Xena Zerox** (Portsmouth), **Time Flies** (Ealing), **Carl Green and The Scene** (Stockton on Tees), **Louis and The Look** (High Wycombe), **Pretty Boy Floyd** (Glasgow), **Arrowmatic Tors** (Grimsby), **Ohibo Paronti** (Aberdare), **100% Proof** (Manchester) and **Cobra** (Ipswich).

☐ **SAXON,** who completed their 35-date UK tour with two Hammersmith Odeon concerts just before Christmas, have now re-scheduled the two dates they had to postpone in November when singer Biff went down with 'flu — at Bradford St George's Hall (January 20) and Blackburn King George's Hall (21). These are sandwiched between two extra dates which they've slotted in at Halifax Civic Theatre (19) and Portsmouth Guildhall (22). These will be their final British appearances before they set out on a massive European tour.

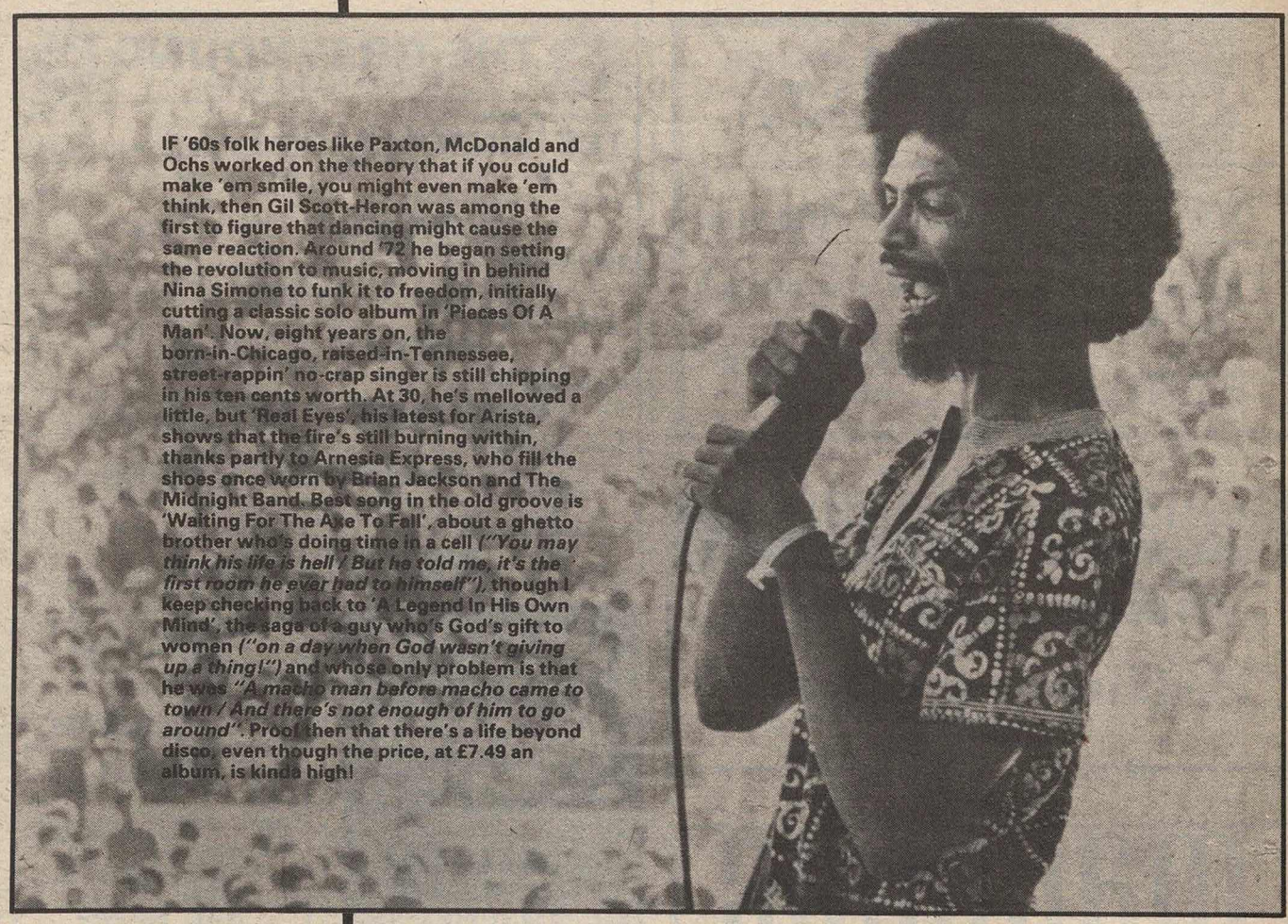
☐ **LIMELIGHT,** who were Saxon's special guests on their autumn tour, are beginning their won gig series in support of their self-named debut album. So far set are Burton 76 Club (this Friday), Castleford Trades Hall (Saturday), Hatfield Stonehouse Club (Sunday), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (January 9), Nottingham Boat Club (10), and Burton-on-Humber Youth Centre (16), with more being finalised.

☐ **LINDISFARNE,** who open their London club tour this weekend, are now set to begin their 40-date provincial tour at Norwich East Anglia University on January 16 — and they'll be supported throughout, including the London gigs, by Trimmer & Jenkins. Full details of their UK tour are expected next week.

☐ **PRESSURE SHOCKS** are lining up a five-week college and club tour, starting at Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic on February 19, with the rest of their schedule to be announced in a week or two. It's in support of the Nottingham reggae band's debut album, due out at the end of this month.

☐ **BUDGIE,** who were on the road continuously throughout the autumn, are lining up another series of dates for February. First confirmed are Carmarthen Trinity College (3), Warwick Royal Spa Centre (5), Salford University (6) and Lincoln Drill Hall (17).

IMPORTS



IF '60s folk heroes like Paxton, McDonald and Ochs worked on the theory that if you could make 'em smile, you might even make 'em think, then Gil Scott-Heron was among the first to figure that dancing might cause the same reaction. Around '72 he began setting the revolution to music, moving in behind Nina Simone to funk it to freedom, initially cutting a classic solo album in 'Pieces Of A Man'. Now, eight years on, the born-in-Chicago, raised-in-Tennessee, street-rappin' no-crap singer is still chipping in his ten cents worth. At 30, he's mellowed a little, but 'Real Eyes', his latest for Arista, shows that the fire's still burning within, thanks partly to Arnesia Express, who fill the shoes once worn by Brian Jackson and The Midnight Band. Best song in the old groove is 'Waiting For The Axe To Fall', about a ghetto brother who's doing time in a cell *("You may think his life is hell / But he told me, it's the first room he ever had to himself")*, though I keep checking back to 'A Legend In His Own Mind', the saga of a guy who's God's gift to women *("on a day when God wasn't giving up a thing!")* and whose only problem is that he was *"A macho man before macho came to town / And there's not enough of him to go around"*. Proof then that there's a life beyond disco, even though the price, at £7.49 an album, is kinda high!

● **The Blue Cats:** 'The Blue Cats' (Rockhouse). Remarkably fresh, vibrant rockabilly by a young British band, cut at a Dutch studio. The flaws are obvious but the energy and sense of pure enjoyment more than compensate. Destined for home release on Charly early in '81.

● **Various Artists:** 'Popeye' (Boardwalk). Harry Nilsson's made-in-Malta music to the forthcoming Altman movie starring Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall. Van Dyke Parks' arrangements display some interesting touches but, with no spinach inspired action flying around, the songs don't work so well.

● **The Maines Brothers:** 'And Friends' (Texas Soul). Good, Texas-flavoured mixture of country, jazz and gospel, manufactured by Joe Ely Steelie Lloyd Maines and brothers Kenny, Steve and Donnie. Ely contributes harp on one cut and Jesse Taylor is also around but those expecting the kind of pyrotechnics handed out at Ely gigs are likely to be disappointed. Registered Lubbock lovers should apply for copies from 21 Melbourne Court, Anerly Road, Penge, London SE20.

● **True Confessions:** 'True Confessions' (Bomb). Canadian band that sports a couple of singing and playing femmes. Sorta rikki-tik rock, full of Farfisa and great when heard from the next room. But close up, the vocals don't count for much.

● **James Brown:** 'Live At The Apollo Vol. 1' (Solid Smoke). Reissue of an all-time great. Featuring 'Think', 'Please, Please Me', 'Night Train' and others, all delivered with considerable fervour to an appreciative 1962 Harlem audience.

IMPORTS TOP 10

1 **John Lennon and Yoko Ono** — The Wedding Album (Apple)
2 **Paul McCartney** — The Paul McCartney Interview (Columbia)
3 **MFSB** ..... Mysteries of The World (TSOP)
4 **Clash** ..... Black Market Clash (Epic)
5 **Whispers** ..... Imagination (Solar)
6 **Genesis** — Sport The Pigeon (Australian Charima 12" single)
7 **Millie Jackson** ..... I Had To Say It (Spring)
8 **Yarborough and Peoples** — The Two Of Us (Mercury)
9 **Deep Purple** ..... Live And Rare (Trash)
10 **The Reddings** — The Awakening (I Believe In A Dream)

Chart supplied by The HMV Shop, Oxford Street, London.

RECORD NEWS

● In the light of the present economic situation, Arista and Ariola are offering price reductions on a selection of their albums to the unemployed. These involve current releases by **The Dance Band, The Blues Band, The Beat, Simple Minds, Rowan Atkinson, Alan Parsons Project** and **The Kinks.** reductions range from £1.50 off The Beat's LP to £2 off The Kinks' live double set, and are obtainable at Virgin shops on production of a dole card.

● **Eddie & The Hot Rods** are uptight about EMI's alleged apathy towards their recordings. The label signed them 17 months ago, and they've since had only two singles released — and the first of those was a demo tape. The second, 'Wide Eyed Kids,' was issued recently — but EMI has now indicated that they won't release the band's new album 'Fish'n'Chips', which is already completed.

● Former Temptations founder member and lead singer **Eddie Kendricks,** who's been solo since 1971, has signed a long-term deal with Atlantic. He's already recorded his first album for his new outlet, with release to follow shortly.

● **The Resistance,** whose new single 'Survival Kit' has just been issued on the re-activitated Fontana label, are currently working with producer John Punter on a new album for February release. it will coincide with an extensive UK tour.

● East London band **The Dumb Blondes** have their debut single out on Fresh Records. it's a double A-sider, featuring a revival of 'Sorrow' (previously a hit for The Merseys and David Bowie) coupled with their own 'Strange Love'.

● Big Beat have brought forward the relase of the single 'Tomahawk Cruise'/'See Europe' by **T.V. Smith's Explorers,** and rush it out this week. And due on January 9 is the long-awaited single from **The 101'ers,** 'Sweet Revenge/'Rabies (From The Dogs Of Love)'.

● **The Stranglers'** new single, for Liberty release on January 19, is 'Thrown Away'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Meninblack' which, as already reported, is due out on February 6 to coincide with their UK tour. The B-side 'Top Secret' is a new track, not on the LP.

● As a follow-up to their hit album 'Turn Of A Friendly Card', the **Alan Parsons Project** start recording a new concept LP this month. Meanwhile, a track from their current set — titled 'Games People Play' — is issued as an Arista single on January 16.

● **The Tygers Of Pan Tang** are about to start work on recording a new album — their second set, but their first with new vocalist John Deverill. And they'll be undertaking a major UK tour to coincide with its spring release.

● Pink Floyd drummer **Nick Mason** has a solo album 'Fictitious Sports' out on Harvest on February 9. Recorded in New York during October 1979, the album's produced by Mason and keyboardist Carla Bley. The latter also appears on the album along with Robert Wyatt and Karen Kraft (vocals), Chris Spedding (guitar), Gary Windo (sax), Mike Mantler (trumpet) and Steve Swallow (bass).

● A new **Eric Clapton** album is being readied for February release by RSO. Titled 'Another Ticket', it is likely to feature such cuts as 'Hold Me Lord', 'Lead Me To The Water', 'Another Ticket', 'Something Special', 'Let Me No More Go Down', 'Catch Me If You Can', 'Rita Mae', 'I Can't Stand it' and 'Black Rose', all tracks recorded at recent Slowhand studio sessions.

● A **Blondie** single, 'Rapture/'Live It Up', culled from the band's 'Autoamerican' album, released by Chrysalis on January 16. Both 7" and 12" versions will be available.

● **Cassandra's** 'Thank You For The Many Things You've Done', backed with Johnny Clarke's 'Babylon', is released as a single by Chrysalis on January 9. Both tracks are taken from the soundtrack album to the film 'Babylon'.

INFORMATION CITY

WITH reference to the question in a recent *Information City* about the activities of ex-Rezillo William Mysterious — since leaving The Rezillos he's actually done quite a lot. He co-produced and played sax on our first two singles ('All The Boys Love Carrie' and 'Whatever Happened To The West?'/'Goodbye 1970s') also performing similar duties on APF demos. He depped on bass for some months for his former colleagues in The Revillos and even, so legend has it, drummed for the Flowers, from Edinburgh, once. Some months ago, he was planning to record his own demos and possibly a single, He does indeed now live in Hull, though I doubt if oblivion is to be his fate!

MIKE SCOTT (Another Pretty Face), Edinburgh

● **So there's another great mystery of our times cleared up. Arthur C. Clarke — phooey!**

ROBERT ALTMAN — I know he directed *M.A.S.H., Nashville, Brewster McCloud* and the recently TV-screened *California Split.* But what else has he directed? A full listing is urgently required.

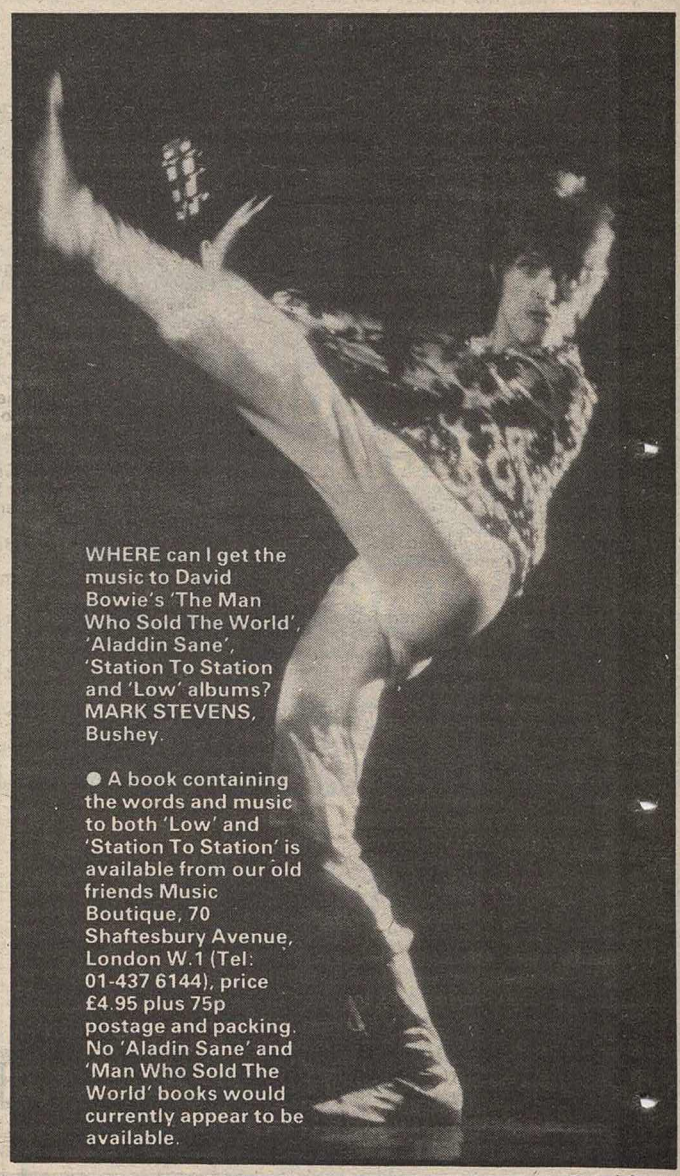
C. FRANKLIN, Southgate

● **Altman's first directorial job was on *The Delinquents,* a teen gang exploitation shot, in 1957. That same year he worked on *The James Dean Story,* after which his name was missing from the credits until the mid-'60s, since which time he has provided *Nightmare In Chicago* (1964), *Countdown* (1968), *That Cold Day In The Park* (1968), *M.A.S.H.* (1970), *Brewster McCloud* (1970), *McCabe And Mrs Miller* (1970), *Images* (1972), *The Long Goodbye* (1973), *Thieves Like Us* (1974), *California Split* (1974), *Nashville* (1975), *Buffalo Bill And The Indians* (1976), *Three Women* (1977) and *A Wedding* (1977). Altman has also completed *Health,* which has yet to be screened, while he is currently working on *Popeye,* the subject of soundtrack chores by Van Dyke Parks and Harry Nilsson.**

ON the credits of Woody Allen's film *Love And Death,* the soundtrack score is credited to Sergei Prokofiev though no mention is made of the actual piece of music utilised. However, I believe it to be the same melody as that adapted by Greg Lake for 'I Believe In Father Christmas'. Could you tell me what this piece of music is because I've been going crazy looking for it?

GILLIAN CURL, Banstead, Surrey

● **Various portions of Prokofiev were used while Allen toasted Tolstoy. But the piece you mean is the bell clanging item best known as 'The Midnight Sleighride' from the 'Lieutenant Kije Suite — Opus 60'.**



WHERE can I get the music to David Bowie's 'The Man Who Sold The World', 'Aladdin Sane', 'Station To Station and 'Low' albums? MARK STEVENS, Bushey.

● A book containing the words and music to both 'Low' and 'Station To Station' is available from our old friends Music Boutique, 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.1 (Tel: 01-437 6144), price £4.95 plus 75p postage and packing. No 'Aladin Sane' and 'Man Who Sold The World' books would currently appear to be available.

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Costello And Friends

Birmingham Exhibition Centre

WATCH OUT, bouncers about; a paper warning.

Thanks to the efficient but friendly security control, we didn't notice any trouble amongst this audience of over 10,000. Watching Madness without dancing was quite hard, though. They were the first to get people on their feet — obviously a favourite band with their monster sound. For starters, Squeeze were just forgettable while Rockpile followed with up and down rock'n'roll; crawling from the wreckage in red creepers. They didn't seem to fit the mood and neither did Selecter, who tried too hard and were too loud too.

But no-one could match Costello's grandeur as he knocked us breathless with brilliant new songs like 'Shot By His Own Gun', a trailer for his eagerly-awaited 'Trust' album. He's grown into a truly great performer. UB40 came on last, greeted by warm, cheering applause. Being a Birmingham band, their hometown fans and friends gave them a special welcome, but after their set even non-Brummies would probably agree that they're the best of the British reggae bands.

Anton Corbijn and Yvette Anna

ALL PIX ANTON CORBIJN Clockwise: Costello twice; Nick Lowe; Pauline Black; Chas Smash

LULLABYE OF TRENTOWN

The Undertones

Nottingham

WHY A city the size of Nottingham should not have had a large venue for so long remains a mystery. Opinion is divided between blaming the attitude of successive councils, the apathy of the audience or simply the close proximity of established concert halls in neighbouring cities.

Whatever the causes, the problem seems to have been solved with the opening of the 2,000 capacity Rock City, a kind of layered club affair with disco and electronic games on the ground floor, bars and stage upstairs and smoke filled spotlights spinning over an ample dance floor.

Orange Juice, all grins, fringes and Glaswegian accents, are endearing themselves with their taut and tingling type of pop. But this is an Undertones audience and at first sight it seems as if the group itself has gone forth and multiplied to the point of peopling the crowd almost entirely with excited clones. Everywhere you look there are the shapeless haircuts, the indiscriminate jumble of jumpers, track shoes and T-shirts that are the trademarks of Derry's doyens of pure teenpop melody and romance. And by their second number the floor is already softly palpitating underfoot, the air is sticky with diffused sweat and the audience are jostling each other in an ungainly, appreciative dancing.

The Undertones themselves, newly signed off from Sire and labeless while I write, have never looked better, and they appear to have reached a plateau that suits them perfectly. The image is the same: five youths who look barely out of an awkward adolescence veering between the acutely love sick and the sly, self-deprecating humour that shows on stage as well as in send-up songs like 'More Songs About Chocolate And Girls'.

Because The Undertones were fashionless in the first place they don't sound dated. In fact, they've now acquired an easy assurance that's commanding but keeps their close connection with the crowd. The dour demeanour and dry wit of Mickey Bradley ("This is the head of EMI, he wants us to sign up with him. No it's not, it's Seymour Stein looking for his money back," he observes as an eager punter scales the stage) are a cool foil for Fearful Sharkey's leprachaun ambivalence which changes from compulsive clowning to the sort of soul singing that balances a besotted anguish on the exposed edge of that extraordinary voice, concentrating fierce emotion in his slight, unlikely frame.

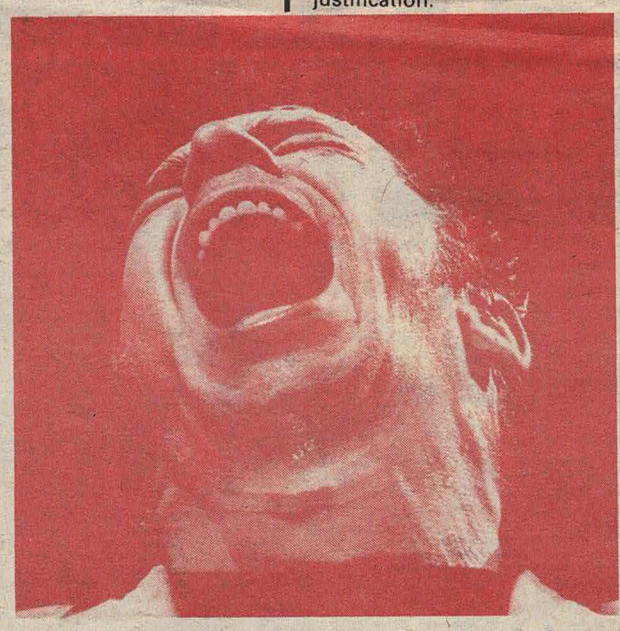
Musically too there's been a seamless transition, with the songs from the last album replacing the early material in the audiences' affections. Some of the punkier creations now sound crude compared to the dazed, heightened intensity of something like 'Hypnotised' or the clever pacing and sharp twists of tune in 'Wednesday Week'.

It all makes for a show of a uniformly high quality that's punctuated with sharp and heady high-spots. By 'Girls That Don't Talk' the dance floor is flailing spectacularly, Mickey Bradley is ordering off a stage invasion like a reasoned, authoritative schoolmaster, and Feargal is perched on a speaker high above the scene, surveying the chaos with wicked composure.

In The Undertones own words, it's never too late to enjoy dumb entertainment. And, as is the case with masters of most kinds of craft, The Undertones achieve something that's not nearly so simple as they make it seem.

Lynn Hanna

Feargal Sharkey
Pic: Bryn Jones



Ian Dury
Pic: Santo Basone

The Police

Tooting

JUST BECAUSE The Police have played in India is no reason to turn their Tooting Bec tent concert into a simulacrum of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

It was hell in there, so overpacked was it! The giant marquee was apparently the only venue in London during Christmas week in which Britain's biggest pop/rock band could play. To enter it you were obliged to pass through a chilly outer tent displaying all manner of delicacies and sweet-meats: tea at 70p a cup, beer at £1 a pint, Police sweat-shirts at £7 . . .

It seemed apt that the Red Cross had set up next to the Police merchandising stall because long before The Police had begun their set — whilst comedian Tommy Cooper was being booed offstage by an audience tense and irritable from being pushed and shoved and from trying to delude themselves into enjoying this most ill-conceived of Christmas concerts — fans were being hauled out of the main tent in an unending casualty chain.

Those voicing their disapproval of all this nonsense, however, were the Grown-ups, who were most definitely in the minority. One wonders whether The Police operation would've dared such a contemptuous treatment of the group's fans if they hadn't comprised largely early teenagers.

Sting Pic: Justin Thomas

Anyway, The Police did come out and perform some music, and they must have done it quite well, for even I was able to forget sometimes the purgatorial conditions of this cell-like playpen. For much of the set, Sting played double bass and took his shirt off at the right moment, whilst the classically trained guitarist Andy Summers provided the musical ground-base, running the minimalist, structured melodies that make up the music of the group off of his instrument and inter-playing with the dexterously jazzy, often flashy drumming of Stewart Copeland.

With an enthusiasm surprising considering the amount of time they spend on the road, the group played all their perfectly poppy hits, interspersed with lesser album songs and got their predictable three encores.

One assumed that they weren't really aware of the absurdity to which their fans were being subjected, though whether that is actually any excuse . . .

What a bore audiences are with their whining needs for decent conditions: you don't have these problems with videos.

Chris Salewicz

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

Islington

IT'S ONLY on big funtime occasions such as this Xmas shindig that I begin to miss the druggy evil of the early '70s. All that's left after the puritanical purges of the new wave is good old-fashioned real life.

What a waste. You wanna be straight?

The Blockheads sum up all these tendencies. Subversive as your granny's matinee idols. Ex-pub rockers (who therefore look like ex-cons) they stand for drink, sweat and laughter; and above all, for hard work. It's so impeccably English, and what a nice change that makes. So you're from Harlow too . . .

Shortly after arrival at the vast Michael Sobell Sports arena, a black punk outfit called Basement Five lurches onstage to play very dense pre-'77 punk with titles such as 'Dirty Town' and 'Hard Work'.

Next up are The Selecter, with two new faces and several new songs. Fortunately, this band does not fit in with Dury's call for mass numbskullduggery, and the theme of festivity is not a predominant feature of their repertoire. Among the new material are anti-racist and anti-terrorist protest songs. It's great to see Pauline again; a natural stage presence, she is a delight to watch. Her eyes, ceaselessly rounding up her audience and pinning it in its place; her hair, newly frizzed, bouncing and waving around her face; her immaculate sense of body-rhythm: all add up to one thing, that old phantom star quality.

The new material, particularly 'Celebrate The Bullet', the title track from the band's February release, marks a considerable step forward, opening up whole new areas of vocal and instrumental style. Guitars like knives, keyboards like winds, and Pauline a real soul singer.

After a long and tedious break, in which restless blockheads start a slow handclap, the lads appear, and Dury gets the show under way. The stage is a large compartmentalised scaffold-structure with Mickey Gallagher boxed in on one side and Davey Payne on the other. Jolly Christmassy objects fill every available space. It's as though a pirate ship had been dredged up out of the deep, and all its fiendish crew reborn. Old deckhands of rock'n'roll . . . smugglers of rare treasure.

But, well, yes, the treasure *is* a bit rare. Not infrequently does it strike one that these musicians are a little wasted. If Dury balanced out his repertoire a little more evenly, so that there was one 'Sink My Boats' for every 'Plaistow Patricia', one 'Inbetweenies' for every 'Billericay Dickie', it might have been a little more tolerable. But for musicians like these to play behind a man who is little more than a spinner of shaggy dog stories with a matchless ear for idiom and jargon, requires more justification.

What I mean to say is that every so often the music is just about to get really wild when along comes Dury to ruin it all. "There was this cripple, see . . ." Towards the end of the show, as if to emphasise the point, Dury leaves the stage, and a short medley of virtuoso instrumental breaks leads into '(Hit Me With Your) Rhythm Stick'. I just watch Norman Watt-Roy's enormous fingers in disbelief. Any band that comes up with this kind of sound deserves a more adventurous leader than Dury.

Perhaps with Dury it's a question, as he put it himself at the beginning of the set, of having the "Charlie Gillett blues". What are we supposed to feel when he's doing his sob-sob bit on 'Sweet Gene Vincent'? Or do we just ignore it and wait for Wilko's incredible solo? Perhaps the condition of the blocked head is that of having nothing besides a memory.

Then again, perhaps I only pick bones coz I'm a pinhead.

Barney Hoskyns

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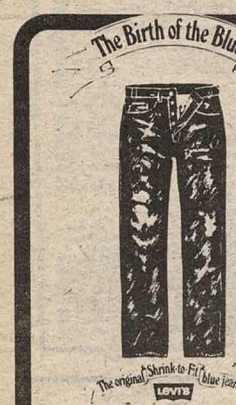

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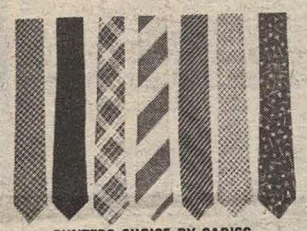

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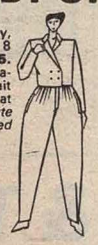

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12" MOTORHEAD Beerdrinkers EP (Pink vinyl) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden Years EP (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden Years (Diff P. to Brit.) (I) 3.49
7" MOTORHEAD Motorhead (Orange vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" MOT. Overkill; Louie; No class; Bomber; G. Years; Ace; Beer; (all pic) each 1.10

ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA

L.P. ABBA Super Trouper (Import copies on Swedish Polar label) 4.99
L.P. BJORN & BENNY 'Lycka' (I) 6.99
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P) 3.99
LP ABBA Gracias por la Musica (Jap I + lyrics) RED VINYL 10.50
7" ABBA Winner takes it all (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
ABBA VIDEO CASSETTE Abba music show 1. (Abba performing 7 of their hits) (VHS system) including postage £39.95
12" ABBA I have a dream/Take a chance on me (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Does your mother (I) (P) (Col. vinyl) 3.99
This is a small selection from over 70 Abba goodies

VIDEO VIDEO VIDEO VIDEO VIDEO VIDEO VIDEO

Video film — Jaws 39.95
Video film — Jaws 2 ..... 39.95
Video film — Sting 39.95
Video film — Battle Star Galactica 39.95
Video film — Psycho 39.95
Video film — Saturday Night Fever 39.95
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Video film — Grease 39.95
Video film — The Warriors 39.95
Video film — Thin Lizzy In Concert 28.95
Video film — Status Quo Off The Road 26.95
Black Sabbath — Live 28.95
Boomtown Rats — Live 28.95

BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE

7" BLONDIE Tide (I) (Diff. Pic to Brit & other imports) 1.99
12" BLONDIE The tide is high (long version) (I) (P) 2.99
7" BLONDIE The tide is high (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.25
LP BLONDIE Parallel lines (I) (PICTURE DISC) 15.00
BLONDIE VIDEO 'Eat to the beat' (VHS system) 29.95
7" BLONDIE Call me (Diff P. to Brit. + 12") (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
12" BLONDIE Call me (Vocal + Inst.) (I) (different pic) 3.99
12" BLONDIE Atomic/Die young/Heroes (live) (P) 1.49
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc. / Inst.) (P) (British Original) 3.50
12" BLONDIE Sunday girl (Eng. & Fr./I) know (P) 1.99
7" NEW YORK BLONDES Linq G.T.O. (I) (P) 1.99
This is a small selection of our large BLONDIE catalogue

12" ALLSORTS 12" ALLSORTS 12"

12" DEVO Whip It/Snowball/Gates of Steel (P) 1.99
12" BEAT Too nice to talk to (Beat design sleeve) 1.99
12" BASEMENT 5 'Dub' — Paranoia Claus/Work/Games + 2 (P) 2.45
12" BASEMENT 5 Last White Xmas + 3 ..... 2.75
12" BAUHAUS Telegram Sam/Crowned Inseagarden Pun (P) 2.20
12" MARLEY I Shot Sheriff (live)/Redemption song (P) 1.99
12" QUEEN Another one bites/Dragon attack (I) (P) 3.99
12" ROBERT PALMER Looking for clues (E) + 2 ..... 1.99
12" ROD STEWART Passion (7.36) 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ FREE flexidisc) 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Love will tear (Diff. P to 7") (+ flexidisc) 2.20
12" ORCHESTRAL MANOEVRES Enola Gay (P) 1.99
12" LYNYRD SKYNYRD Freebird (P (80)/Sweet home + 1 (P) 1.99
12" SIMPLE MINDS I travel (6.13 remix) (P) 1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Cut a long story short (6.30) 1.99
12" UB 40 Earth dies screaming/Dreams lie (E) (P) 1.99
12" MADNESS My girl (+ extra track, not on 7") (P) 1.49
12" KRAFTWERK N. Lights/T. Europe/Model (luminous vinyl) (P) 2.50
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (P) 2.25
12" SPECIALS To Much Too Young EP (I)(P) 2.99
12" U.S. 40 My Way of thinking (I)Think it's gonna rain (E) (P) 1.99
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12" QUEEN Crazy little thing called love/We will rock (I) (P) 3.99
12" E.L.O. Showdown/Roll over Beethoven (P) 1.99
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12" BAD MANNERS Lip up Fatty (E) (P) 1.99
12" CLIFF RICHARD We don't talk anymore (6.45) (I) (P) 2.99
12" WINGS Goodnight tonight (7.25) (P) 1.99
12" IAN DURY Hit me with your rhythm stick 75p
This is a selection from our catalogue of over 2000 12"

GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY/GARY NUMAN

L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (I) (+ 7" I die in white or orange or green or blue or yellow vinyl - all pic) ..... each 2.99
L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (I) (LP. in yellow, green or blue vinyl) each 4.99
7" G. NUMAN I dream of wires/Remind me to smile (I) 1.20
12" G. NUMAN Complex (British original) (P) 3.95
7" GARY NUMAN I die, you die (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN We are glass (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" G NUMAN Complex/Disconnect Bombers (Jap I+lyrics)(P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN Cars (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Are friends/We are so fragile (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dbl single) (P) 1.60
7" T. ARMY Are friends/Down in the park (I) (P) 1.99
7" T. ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Cars/Metal (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Sleep by windows/I die you die (I) 1.20
12" T. ARMY Are friends electric (I) (P) 2.99
12" GARY NUMAN Cars/Asylum (I) (P) 2.99
G.NUMAN VIDEO Touring principle '79 (VHS) (or Beta) 29.95

GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES

LP B MANILOW Hits (2 recs)(2 pic discs) 9.95
7" Adam & Ants — Young Parisians (Ltd Pic) 1.15
7" Pistols Pack (inc Black Leather/Here We Go Again)(6 recs all in pics, in wallet) ..... 5.99 (+ £1 p&p)
L.P. McCartney Interview with (I) 5.25
7" KATE BUSH Babooshka (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Wow / Symphony (+ lyrics on pic) (I) 1.99
7" IAN DURY In Benwenams + 2 (I) (P) 1.75
LP RUSH Hemispheres (PIC DISC) (I) 4.99
LP GROUCHO MARX Evening with (PIC DISC) (I) 5.99
LP KRIS KRISTOFFERSON / RITA COOLIDGE (PIC DISC) (I) 5.99
7" MOTELS Days are O.K. (PIC DISC) 1.99
7" MADNESS One step beyond (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
LP BEATLES 20 Hits (Arcade label) (I) 4.99
12" B. HOLLY — P Sue / Brown eyed / Oh Boy / Maybe (PIC DISC) (7) 9.99
12" BUDDY HOLLY Rave on/Ollie Vee/That'll/Gonna love (Pic Disc, I) 9.99
L.P. BEATLES Songs / Pictures of (VeeJay label) (I) 4.99
6" JONA LEWIE Big shot (P) 60p
7" QUEEN Need your loving tonight/Rocket (I) 1.20
L.P. SKIDS Absolute game (+ free LP.) 4.99
BOW WOW WOW CASSETTE C30, C60, C90 go (+ 45p P&P) 1.15
BOW WOW WOW CASSETTE (Lim. Edit. 8 tracks) (Flip top pack) 1.99
L.P. BEATLES Rarities (Diff. recordings of well known tracks. Contains rare pics + Butchers' shot. Gatefold sleeve) (I) 5.49
7" DICKIES Gigantor (Yellow) (P); Nights (White) (P); Fan mail (Red + wraparound poster) (P) ..... each 1.15
7" KATE BUSH Heavy people/Man with child; Symphony in blue; Wheights; Breathing (all Jap Imp + lyrics on pic) ..... each 2.75
7" GENESIS Turn it on again (Colour Pic) (I) 1.99
7" SKIDS Goodbye civilian (Pic Disc) 1.99
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam e.p. (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
LP. KATE BUSH Never forever (+ insert with Jap lyrics) (Jap I) 9.99
LP. TOURIST Luminous basement (+ Ltd. 7" in Luminous v.) 3.99
7" GEORGE HARRISON Faster (Pic Disc) 1.99

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

LP. KILLER WATTS (2 Recs. Various artists) ..... Only 3.49
12" BLACK SABBATH Die young (4.33) (P) 1.99
12" AC/DC R&R Ain't noise pollution (P) (+ Free badge) 1.15
7" JUDAS PRIEST Exciter/Dissident Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" BLACK SABBATH Neon knights (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" AC/DC Highway; R&R; Touch; Whole lot (Jap I + lyrs, P) ..... each 2.75
12" SAXON Long arm of the law (P) (+ Free patch) 1.99
7" GILLAN Sleeping on the job (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" WHITESNAKE Love in heart of city (8.18) (P) 1.99
12" TRIUMPH I live for the weekend (P) 1.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Women in uniform/Invasion/Phantom (P) 1.99
7" VARDIS Too many people + FREE 7" 'Blue rock' (P) 1.25
LP WHITESNAKE Live at Hammersmith (Jap I + lyrics) 6.50
LP JUDAS PRIEST Best of (PICTURE DISC) 4.99
12" SAXON 747/Stallions (P) 1.15
12" JUDAS PRIEST Living after midnight + 2 (P) 1.15
7" THIN LIZZY Killer + 3 (dble single) (P) 1.15
12" AC/DC T. Too much/Live wire/Shot down (12.26 total) (I) (P) 2.99
7" AC/DC Girls got rhythm/Pit you want blood/Hell ain't/R & Roll damnation (rare gatefold pic) 2.50
12" M.SCHENKER Cry for nation/A & Ready (live) + 1 (P) 1.99
7" WHITESNAKE Sweet talker/Ain't gonna cry no more (I) 1.20
7" M. SCHENKER Cry for the nation (Clear vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" U.F.O. Couldn't get it right (Clear vinyl) 1.25

12" TOP DISCO 12"

12" ARETHA FRANKLIN What a fool believes (E) (P) 1.99
12" BLACK SLATE Boom boom (E) 1.99
12" EDDY GRANT Do you feel my love (E) 1.99
12" DIANA ROSS I'm coming out (E) 1.99
12" LINX You're lying/Remix of you're lying 1.99
12" STEPHANIE MILLS Never had love like this before (E) 1.99
12" RAH BAND Falcon (E) 1.99
12" YOUNG & CO I Like What (7 mins) 1.99
12" BLACK SLATE Amige (E) 1.99
12" OTTOWAN D.i.s.c.o. (E) 1.99
12" COFFEE Casanova (E) (P) 1.99
12" KOOL & GANG Celebration (E) (P) 1.99

JAPAN JAPAN JAPAN

7" JAPAN Second that emotion/European son (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Life in Tokyo/Part 2 (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Quiet life/Halloween (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Sometimes I feel/Love infact (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Unconventional/Lovers on main (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAPAN Second that emotion (Red vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" JAPAN Gentlemen take polaroids (dble 7") (Gateford pic) 1.25
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion/European son (remix)/Life in Tokyo / Stateline / Adolescent sex (re-corded) (I) (P) 3.99
12" JAPAN (Live in Japan) Deviation/Obscure alternatives (6.05) / In vogue (6.10) / Sometimes I feel low (I) (P) 3.49
12" JAPAN Life in Tokyo (Red vinyl) (P) 1.99

WE HAVE 2 RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD!!!

Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is now open Sats 9-30-4.30 & Mons & Fris 9.00-1 p.m. for secondhnd bargains, rare promos, cheapies, oddities, 50s &60s R & Roll originals, plus many 'one-off' goodies.

JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM

LP JAM Setting sons, Mod cons, In the city, Mod. world (All Jap I, superior pressings + lyrics. Back in stock due todemand) ..... each 9.99
7" JAM Start (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM Sat's kids/Heatwave (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Eton rifles (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit.) 2.75
7" JAM Going underground (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM David Watts (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

THE JAM First biography + lots of photos 3.95
THE CLASH Before & After 4.50
SID VICIOUS Family Album (82 photos) 1.95
ROCK STARS in their underpants 4.95
ROCK YEARBOOK 1981 (256 pages, 600 photos) 5.95
ROLLING STONE Record Guide (Reviews, 10,000 albums) 5.25
ELEPHANT MAN (Photographic book of film) 3.95
Post and good packing (vital for books) same as for albums

CLASH CLASH CLASH CLASH CLASH

7" CLASH BOX 8 × 7" in pics + lyric sheets (Jap I) ..... 12.50 + 75p P&P
10" CLASH LP. Black market Clash (I) ... Cep. radio/Prisoner/Pressure drop/Cheat/City of dead/Time is tight/Bankrobber + dub/Armagideon time/Justice tonight . . . kick it over. (Good pic) 3.50
7" CLASH I fought the law/White man (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH London calling / Armagideon time (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH Bankrobber (Jap I + lyrics (P) 2.75
7" CLASH L. Calling; T. Gun; City Rockers; Remote control; Complete control; White riot; English civil; Bankrobber (all pic); Hammersmith (Clash logo) ..... each 1.10
L.P. CLASH (1st) + FREE 7" 'Groovy times' / Gates of West. Choice of Green or Blue sleeves (I) ..... each 5.49
L.P. CLASH Pearl Harbour '79 (As above, with free 7" but different pic and lyrics to tracks) (Jap I) (Diff. Pic above) 9.99
12" CLASH London calling / A. Time (long version) (P) 2.99

POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE

7" POLICE Don't stand (+ wraparound poster + lyrics, Jap I) 2.75
7" POLICE De do / Friends (Special Police sive. Diff to Brit, I) 1.25
12" POLICE Message (live) (I) (PICTURE DISC, star shaped badge) (Complete with black & white folder) 10.00
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Don't stand close (Pic sive . . . not poster) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Fall out (P) 1.15
L.P. NO WAVE (various artists) (Includes Police's 'Roxanne' and 'Next to you' (PICTURE DISC) 'I) 5.99
12" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (I) (PICTURE DISC, shaped like Police badge) complete with brown folder with pics 15.00
10" POLICE Regatta (2 × 10" recs + Colour poster (I) 4.99
7" POLICE Don't stand so close (+ lim. poster sleeve) 1.15
7" POLICE Message/Landlord (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE PACK 5 singles in wallet ..... £5.99 + £1 for good P&P (U.K.)

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

12" BOWIE Ashes to ashes (long version) / Alabama song (good pic. sleeve) (I) 3.49
LP BOWIE Rock concert (9 tracks from 'Tower' LP) (I) 5.99
BOWIE SWEAT SHIRTS (Good quality . . . . blue or red. Has white figure of Bowie as clown on front) 6.99
BOWIE T-Shirts (Black with Bowie on concert) 2.99
BOWIE T-Shirts (White with Scary Monsters faces) 2.99
(Please state Small, Med or Large) (Postage as for L.P.'s)
7" BOWIE It's no game/Fashion (Jap I + lyrics to both) (Pic unlike any other single available . . . similar to 'Scary' LP. sleeve) 2.75
7" BOWIE Crystal Japan (never available before) (Pic unlike any other available . . . plus lyrics to 'Alabama song') (Jap I) 2.75
7" BOWIE Revolutionary song (Jap I + lyrics) (Pic unlike any other single in our catalogue 2.75
12" BOWIE Fashion (Recut from L.P.) (E) (Lim. Edit. pic. has spaces for sticking 'Ashes' stamps) (British) 1.99
7" BOWIE Fashion (P) (As British, but U.S. pressing) (I) 1.25
7" BOWIE Ashes/It's no game (I) (P) 1.25
L.P. BOWIE Scary (Superior Jap pressing. Lyrics in Eng. & Jap) 10.50
BOWIE BADGES (i inch) Low, Man Who Sold, John I'm, Ashes (Bowie as clown)— 25p each (P&P 10p. Any quantity. (UK)
7" BOWIE Breaking glass + 2 (Ltd BLUE vinyl) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.25
LP BOWIE King of Gay Power (2 recs) (Rare import) (Similar tracks to 'Images' . . . good pic) 6.99
7" MANISH BOYS, DAVY JONES, LOWER 3RD I Pity the fool/Take my hip/Habit of leaving/Baby loves that way (early pic) 1.99
LP. BOWIE 1980 All Clear. 10 tracks from various albums. Rare Promotional LP V Ltd (Good pics on sleeve) (I) 13.99
BOWIE BOOK Discography of a Generalist 1962 - 1979. (125 pages, 156 rare photos, 70,000 words, bootleg lists, pic sleeves etc) Due to tremendous demand. . .back in stock now (incl. P&P U.K.) 8.50
12" BOWIE John I'm (E) (P) (+ free R.C.A. 'John' Promo badge) 1.75
BOWIE VIDEO Just a Gigolo film (VHS or BETA) 29.95
The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

POSTAGE & GOOD PACKING 10" or 12" 1=75p, 2=95p, 3 or more=40p each (maximum £2). 7" 1=30p, 2=35p, 3 or more=15p each (Max. 75p). OVERSEAS P&P 10" or 12" 1= £1.60, 2=£2.60, 3 to 7=95p each, 8 to 20=£7. 7" 1 or 2=£1, 3 to 5=£1.50, 6 or more=30p each. (Max. £3.60). IRELAND Please see catalogue.

PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES (Postal orders mean quicker delivery)

ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I) P= Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

OUR latest catalogue (No. 28) is available now with over 2,000 12" singles, over 180 Bowie items, plus sections devoted to Abba, Pistols, Blondie, Clash, Stranglers, Numan, Police, E.L.O., Jam, Beatles, E.Costello, Skids, Kiss, Genesis, D.Summer, picture discs, coloured vinyl, Metal, 1,500 new wave, Goodies and lots more. Ask for a FREE copy WHEN ORDERING. Catalogue only 25p + LARGE stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Europe 4IRC. Elsewhere 6 IRC).

We would like to thank all the customers who sent us Christmas cards, and wish everyone a peaceful and happy New Year

Adrians

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36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX
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Missed that hit sound while it was around get it from the dealer with all the classics. All the singles listed below are but a small selection from over 2,000 singles, and 1,000 L.P.s listed at incredible prices.

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ALL THE RECORDS LISTED BELOW ARE 40p EACH, 4 FOR £1.50, 10 FOR £3.50, 20 FOR £6 (+ 30p P&P). MANY OTHERS ON LIST

3225	HOYT AXTON	Della & the dealer
2719	BRECKER BROS	East river
2731	CHIC	Le freak
2434	EAGLES	Heartache tonight
2073	EARTH WIND & FIRE/ EMOTIONS	Boggie wonderland
3241	ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA	I'm alive
2368	FLEETWOOD MAC	Tusk
2658	GIRL	Hollywood tease
3094	IRONHORSE	Sweet Louise

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40 MILL ST., STAFFORD
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EXCITING NEW RELEASES, IMPS., 45's, L.P.'s, ODDITIES ETC

Motels — Pic Disc 45, Days Are OK 1.50
U2 — Irish only release, Out of Control 3 track EP (Pic) 2.00
Holgar Czukay/Conny Planck — 12" Biomutant (superb kraut — Rock, Pic) 3.50
½ Japanese, ½ Egyptian (Jad Fair) — Not Beasts (triple LP £1.25 P&P) 9.95
The Wierdos — Action Design 12" EP (Legendary West Coast Punk) 3.99
David Bowie — 12" Ashes To Ashes (German Pressing — Pic) 2.99
Boys Next Door (Birthday Party) — Missing Link 12" (Aussie Imp. 5 tracks) 3.99
Bow Wow Wow — New 8-track cassette (Ltd. ed.) 1.99
Hazel O'Connor — Sons & Lovers (2nd LP.) 3.99
The Fall — Grotesque LP (4th brilliant L.P.) 3.99
Toyah — Live at the Lafyette Club L.P. 3.99
Jubilee Soundtrack — Inc. 2 non LP Adam & The Ants cuts 4.49
Japan Jap Pic Sleeve Singles: The Unconventional/Sometimes I Feel So Low/Quiet Life (all superb pics) each 2.50
Jam — Sound Effects 3.99
Stranglers — IV Rare Tracks (Am. Imp. includes new prev. unreleased tracks plus v. ltd. 4 track free EP). This the ultimate Stranglers coll. item. 4.49
Stranglers — Jap 12" mini LP's — Vol 1.-5 tracks inc. Don't Bring Harry (in French). Great unusual pic. sleeve. Vol 2. 5 tracks, includes 2 versions of Bear Cage — great pic. sleeve ..... each 4.99

BEATLES COLLECTORS ITEMS
RUSSIAN EP's A Set Of Five. All Pic Sleeves
1 Across The Universe + 3 tracks
2 With A Little Help + 3 tracks
3 Carry That Weight + 3 tracks
4 Can't Buy Me Love + 3 tracks
5 Octopus Gardens + 3 tracks
£17.50 the set
These are magnificent artifacts which every discerning Beatles fan will want & cherish. Limited supplies!

ALBUMS
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Beatles Tell All (Vee Jay Recs) — Rare Interviews LP 5.00
John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band — Live Peace in Toronto 5.00
Songs, Pictures & Stories of the Fabulous Beatles (Vee Jay Records, very rare — Ltd supply in stock) 5.00
The Essential Beatles. Australian Anthology, 16 tracks 4.99
Rarities. U.S. Copy with 'Butcher Photo's' + Extensive sleeve notes. 4.99
Denny Laine — Ahh Laine (rare '73 L.P. on Wizzard) 5.00
Paul McCartney. The Family Way (Legendary '66 Decca LP) 4.99
Paul McCartney. Heart Of The Country. 4 track Russian EP (Pic). 3.50
Paul McCartney. Interviews LP (US release, 55 minutes of chat). 4.50

COLLECTORS ITEMS
Blondie — Jap Copy of Autoamerican LP (inc free 7" Call Me sung in Spannish + large colour poster & gatefold lyric sheet) 8.99
Clash — 10" Black Market Clash (9 tracks, 2 previously unreleased-good pic) 3.50
Van Dyke Parks — Song Cycle LP (Classic 1968 album) 6.00
Marc Bolan & T. Rex — The Story Of Pop (German Comp) 4.99
Daddy Cool — Greatest Hits/Daddy Gold (rare albums — each). 4.99
Daddy Cool — Daddy Cool Live (dble. LP — The definative Cool L.P.) 7.99
Cream — 12" Wrapping Paper/Crossroads (plus 2) (Pic) 3.50
Blondie — The Tide Is High 12" (V. Ltd. Ed. — Pic) 2.99
Mott The Hoople — 2 Miles From Heaven LP (rare Euro only release, includes previously unreleased tracks from late 60's) ... 4.99
Jefferson Starship — pic disc LP Gold — Best of 4.99
999 — The Biggest Tour In Sport (live 6 track 12" — US only release) 3.99
Firesign Theatre — pic Disc. 45 (Carter/Reagan), Fighting Clowns (The wildest, most colourful pic disc ever) 2.75
Gary Numan — I Die You Die 45 (coloured vinyl copies very ltd — Pic) 1.50
The Flatlanders LP. One Road More (features Joe Ely & Butch Hancock circa 71) 4.25
Broadside Vol 6. LP includes 3 non CBS LP tracks by Dylan (Folk Wave Recs) 6.00
The Who — Direct Hits LP (orig sleve) 8.00
Love Da Capo (Classic 2nd album, orig sleeve) 4.50
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band — 1st /Rare Junk/Ricochet (all ultra rare) each 10.00
Gang Of Four — U.S. 12" Send In The Army 4 tracker (Pic) 2.99
Suicide — collectors version of 1st LP (includes 3 new tracks + 23 minute 10" Revs of the live Brussels bootleg — v ltd supplies) 4.99
Peter Hammill — Nadirs Big Chance/Silent Corner An Empty Stage (both classic LPs) ..... ea 4.99
Jam — Japanese pic sleeve singles (all diff to U.K. sleeves) Start, Dawn Wars, Heatwave, Eton Rifles, Going Underground ..... £2.50 each
John Otway — 10" Birthday Boy 3 tracker (U.S. stiff/ltd ed/great pic) 2.50
Split Enz — True Colours (fantastic laser engrave LP) 4.99
Clash — Japanese Box Set inc 8 singles in a magnificent presentation pack. Superb Jap pressings Ltd Ed (£1 P&P) £12.50
Marc Bolan — Prop Chrome LP (magnificent double LP inc booklets & more photos of Marc) — German import £8.75
Lee Clayton — 1st LP (ultra rare) (MCA label) 5.49
Tubeway Army — Are Friends Electric 12" (pic) 2.99
Gary Numan — Cars 12" (pic) 2.99
Squeeze — 5 Another Nail (smallest 45 ever!) v ltd pic) 1.35
Last East (Stang On Vocals — His First Band!!!) Whispering Voices 9.99
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THE SWEAT
No More Running *(DD Records)*

CLIVE CULBERTSON has always been obsessed with the pop song and pop stardom. Ever since the celebrated occassion when, as a chubby youth, he disgraced himself by going to a friend's birthday party and eating everybody's jelly and ice cream, Clive has been determined to base his reputation on social observation rather than unsocial ettiquette.

Culbertson is a garrulous interviewee, a self-made legend in his own backyard and a poor man's Nick Lowe. Since embarking on a campaign to bring his talent to a wider public in the early 70s he's made God look small when he got talking about himself and his debatable skills. He's been plugging away relentlessly with various operations from Portstewart, Northern Ireland for ages and, an unglamourous mid-'70s songwriting deal with Elton John's Rocket label not withstanding, 'No More Running' is the fruit of his labours — The Sweat being an ongoing Culbertson concern.

Let's be blunt — whatever The Sweat may have promised in their previous incarnations, the songs on this album sound seriously cliched and the playing is disastrously unimaginative. The area of conversation is standard pop love song fare — self doubt, infatuation and a little remorse. The problem is that The Sweat are wrapped up in the past well beyond the point where it stimulates and well into the area where it stupefies.

The Sweat want to move the listener in the same way as The Beatles, T. Rex and The Buzzcocks did in their respective eras, but they forget *the* golden rule. Between 1977-'79 The Buzzcocks perfectly encapsulated an entire genre's strength and beauty. The minamalistic summation of an era. After The Buzzcocks it was necessary to use radically new methods to transmit what were essentially the same messages. Bow Wow Wow, The Beat and The Teardrop Explodes all prove that exploration and magnification of a song's finer points, a sense of daring and a feeling of internal warmth, is what makes for invigorating and pertinent pop music *these* days.

Ireland used to be able to add to this healthy invention. Remember the guile, wit and subtle exhortation of U2, The Undertones and Rudi. But recently the flow has dried up and a sad, steady trickle of glib *pap* groups have flounced around in gaudy coloured clothing, ingratiating smiles and a senseless love for tradition — The Atrix, Protex and, now, The Sweat.

The Sweat — bad smelling waste matter. 'No More Running' — a documentary of relationships rendered with listless monotony, predictability and heartless gestures. Too busy harking back to a supposed 'Golden Age' to create one of their own. As such it's a natural addition to the Dave Dee run, Pye owned DD Records which has been set up to give a home for those redundant muses who missed the shortlived pubrock bandwagon. Another 'independent' label festered by a major to bolster its all pervading corporate, coruplent conservatism. See how they bloat!

There's no magic here, no sparks being fired and no fires being lit. No more running is right. If The Sweat are making any movement at all it's backward and not fast enough to miss the oncoming stampede.

Gavin Martin

BUNK DOGGER
The Great Detective *(RCA)*

WITH A name like Bunk, our man obviously knows a little of what ails the world. The album title will tell you that he's apt to explain what he knows not with a megaphone but in what we might call pulp allegory — the explanation of life through the trash media of cop novels and backs of cereal boxes.

There's something of Costello's off-beam imagery throughout, except with Bunk's work you don't get a headache trying to decipher the author's meaning. All is laid out plain in comic book code.

He kids around a lot, but the suspicion is that deep beneath the wax finish beats a serious ticker. And so the words come first in most instances. On a track like 'With One Bound He Was Free', they stay that way. No amount of chasing and tumbling achieves the anticipated fusion.

'One Bound' is a failed single. There are three others included on 'Detective' — 'Women In Uniform' (an ode to starched skirts) the disappointing duo, 'Please Don't Please' and 'Young Blood'.

Much of the rest works very well, even extremely well. A favourite Bunk habit is to compound the lyrical "message" by issuing it in the stereotyped musical mode. On 'Dance Music' *("is mindless music")* we get the familiar synthesised kitsch but all done up so that it actually sounds good and plausible. It sounds, in fact, like a good piece of dance music. 'Send In The Clones' plays the same game as it lives a nightmare world devoid of inspiration. It opens with lounge bar piano and Bunk's unadulterated voice before flinging itself into a marching, choking electronic future.

'Headlining' is a Ziggy Stardust double-take in which Bunk fiercely declaims that he and his group are about to crack it and plunge into the warm jacuzzi of fame. At the same time there's a (deliberate?) despairing, cloying atmosphere made all the more sharp because of the Ziggy treatment.

'Headlining' is one of three tracks performed with new support group The Dogs, who recently replaced West Country trio The Mechanics, who feature on the remainder. Both line-ups exhibit the fork-tongued approach; a wry love-it hate-it relationship with the puerile rock culture. But while the Mechanics are conspicuously neat, the Dogs go dirtier and deeper. It depends on your taste.

Bunk himself goes back to the days of famed '60s hit-maker Shel Talmy, with whom, as a Spreadeagle, he once made an album so unpopular it was buried at sea. His previous album, 'First Offence', was also held under water — for being too eclectic. I suppose the same could be said against 'The Great Detective'. It does, after all, frog hop from idiom to idiom. But in this lies the consistency. I'd go further. We've mentioned Ziggy. And Bowie, we're told, is a chameleon because he's always changing his spots. But I'd submit that whereas Bowie is really a mealy-mouthed suburbanite who throws up pinkish disguises to cover an insubstantiality, Bunk makes an effort to communicate ideas and feelings.

Bunk, our man Bunk, does his business with humour and polish.

Andrew Tyler

Der Plan on stage — Spex/Shaub

From page 9

DANGEROUS CLOWNS

an iron work. From kiddie vampire radio plays on the family tape recorder, he moved on to study electronic music, eventually leaving for Berlin to use the technical university's recording studio.

His electronic training might unfairly bracket him with older German bands working with similar noises, like Can or — during his poppier, more rhythmic moments — Kraftwerk. And though his work bears only very brief resemblances he volunteered the following: "If you sing in German its hard not to sound like Kraftwerk, because it's difficult to sing rock music in German. You can either sing it exulted or funny and sound like Nina Hagen, or in a boring, flat and anti-rhythmic way, and then it sounds like Kraftwerk."

BUTZMANN IS a jovial character who when older would be ideal for the part of Franz Biberkopf in a remake of Alfred Doblin's famous Berlin novel *Alexanderplatz*. But until he's discovered he's contenting himself running Marat Records with Zensor (a Rough Trade equivalent) owner Burkhardt. Or accommodating visiting bands like Throbbing Gristle, who played S036 in November. Despite their intelligent reputation, they lapsed into the hackneyed 'so much for German efficiency' response when the sound broke down.

After all these years Germans are still subjected to dumb jokes based on machine like efficiency (and that's an insult?) or more offensively, nazism.

"When I was in America, everybody talked about Germany as though it were the Third Reich," complained Der Plan's Moritz, bemusedly.

The sentiment is corroborated by Mania D.

"Sometimes you get these English and American groups coming to Berlin our Captial making Nazi jokes. They are really stupid," objects Beate.

"Yeah, they *are* really stupid, because we are just not interested in that stuff — we had it long enough," adds Bettina. "Me, I'm not interested in that stuff, in politics and everything."

Gudrun interrupts: "But Helmut Schmidt is nice. I'm really a fan of Helmut Schmidt, you know . . ."

Bettina drawlingly concludes: "Ach, that's just because he's looking so good and talking so nice."

But more seriously, Gudrun adds: "What I hate about England is that they're very quick with cliches. As soon as something is new there are a lot of people following it. And they say that in Germany — you know the thing about Hitler, but it's really not true anymore. In Germany young people are very critical today. Like the Anarchisten punks here, they really believe in anarchismus, it's not just a fashion."

So let's approach new German music with a more open mind than *Melody Maker's* Allan Jones who dismissed DAF's new single with the line: "A really jolly Aryan ditty. Whistle this while you invade Poland."

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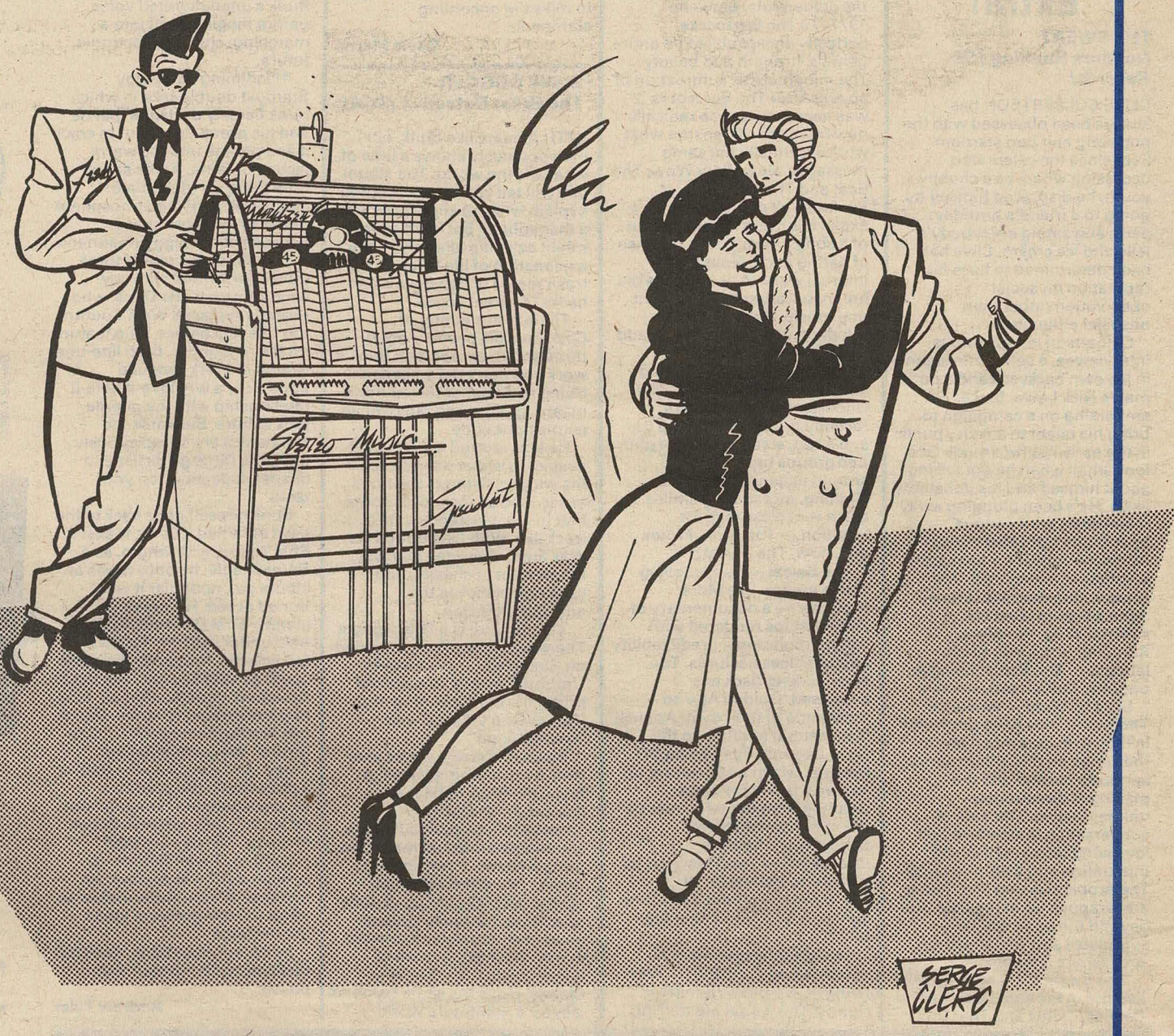


Don't be a wallflower! Join in the ballet who?

1981 predictions: Liverpool win the League, Borg wins Wimbledon, Burchill slags off every piece of vinyl she gets to review. Isn't life predictable?
Nostrodamus, Neasden.
Don't know why you bother to get out of bed, mate. — M.S.

What I wanna know is, what happened to the hippy revival of 1980?
L.S.D., Strawberry Fields.
Who gives a flying one? — M.S.

It's 1981! So let's finally bury the (recent?) past and welcome '81 with open arms. It's 1981 and I'm young and free (well, apart from Thatcher, SPG, etc.) 1981, where if looking good isn't quite the answer, looking sharp is definitely part of it. And I'm prepared to put my hope, if not my trust, into the rebel style. So long live, for twelve months at least, Spandau Ballet, Bow Wow Wow and Adam And The Ants. But hold on, you system suckers (oh bondage, up yours!), is that all you want to see/hear? What about the group who've taken the Ants/Banshees 'underground' position, UK Decay? And what about other unsung (by you) heroes? Six Minute War, Statics, Flux Of Pink Indians, Suicide Victims — all worthy of the front page of the magazine of my thoughts.

The letter dramatically grinds to a halt as the writer is being looked at by his boss (yes, I've got a job, ha ha). So, Adam, the motto of 1981 has got to be: "Don't be square, be there."
Roger Lurkernovicz, Luton, Beds.
Right. Yeah. You've covered some really important ground there. And I'm ever so pleased you've got a job. — M.S.

The spirit of Noel Coward haunts the emaciated '80s, as, it seems, with grateful relief we can accept the incitements of 'Steve Stange' and his ilk to dance our way into the dustbin. Never mind that nasty 'greyness', or that horrid 'depression', or the two million plus unemployed — tart yourself up for a while and in your grim determination to be gay you'll forget, perhaps, for a second or two. Perhaps.

I'm reminded of a scene from Herzog's *Nosferatu,* where the damned middle classes indulge in a last desperate fling, as the plagued rats crawl over their tables. Oh yes, Steve Strange looks 'very Bowie', very Berlin, very decadent. He reassures us, somehow, that it's all out of our hands, too late, not the concern of the young. A dangerous thesis. The thought that he represents a growing wave of feeling among the youth of this country makes me sad to be of that number.

NME has, in its encumbered Fleet Street way, at least attempted to put over the fact that something very nasty is happening in this country of ours. How can you deny that stance by pandering to and positively encouraging this narcissistic fantasy? A fantasy that diffuses the recognition, sometimes evident in your pages, that we are going to have to fight for our very survival.
A N Alty, Swansea, West Glamorgan.
Letter of the year. — M.S.

There were once two boys called Michael and David and they went to school together. One geography lesson, whilst not learning about rain forests in equatorial regions, they decided to make a band. "I'll play guitar!" said Michael, to which David replied, "I'll play bass then!" These two chappies grew up together and enjoyed themselves.

One day our two friends were sitting together and thinking, when one suddenly exclaimed "Spandau!" This sounded so good they thought and thought until they came up with a "Ballet!" The boys moved to London and wrote the name everywhere.

Now Michael and David are grown up, and extremely strong and are puzzled why a chap called Robert Elms says he thought of their name, and used it for his band ("Talking Threads", *NME* November 29).

Michael and David would like to meet Robert one day.
Michael Austin, Ampthill, Bedford.

Dear Spandau Ballet, if you aren't interested in all this grey industrial bleak (etc., etc. ad nauseam) music, why is the keyboard riff on 'To Cut A Long Story Short' (and I wish you would) a direct steal from 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'? (Don't try to deny it, I saw you on *Top Of The Pops.* You haven't even changed the key.) Is your music as hollow as your 'style'?
The Idiot (Cambodians In Exile), Penybont, MorgannwgGanol.

What do *you* think readers? Write to Rock Against Big Girls' Blouses, Queen of Pop, The Sun, Pouverie House, Fleet St. Mine's a pink gin. — M.S.

Stuart Goddard? Who's Stuart Goddard? I wouldn't know him from Adam.
Bradley Brat, Wantage.

How sick can Siouxsie And The Banshees get? I thought music had hit an all time low when I heard the original 'Love In A Void'. Siouxsie's throwaway "Too many Jews for my liking" was worse than anything the National Front throw at us because it was within the medium of 'popular music'. But now the Banshees have sunk lower. A song called 'Israel' — advertised with a picture of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. Lots of Jews there, huh, Siouxsie!

Maybe it just affects me more because I'm a Jew and a Zionist, but there are too many Banshees for my liking. However much Siouxsie says that that stage of her life is passed, anybody who felt that way once can feel it again. Oswald Mosley's not dead! He's alive and well and might soon be in the charts.
Jasoz Nisse, Bingley, W Yorks.
Aye, Schnoz, people have extremely short memories. Look who'll be running America. — M.S.

Bow Wow Wow pronounced backwards is Wow Wow Wob, which in Aborigine means "Don't touch my donkey there". Straight up.
Bruce Birk, New South Wales.

Dear *N(M)E,* (Aren't you taking this (mid-sentence) bracketing a bit far?).
Dirty (Blue) Gene, Cardiff.
Not quite (far) enough. — M.S.

So, Lennon was killed by a screwball. Not a yid, not a nigger, not a queer, not a buxom brunette, but a screwball, a wacko.

People are calling Lennon's death meaningless, it was a waste but it was by no means meaningless.

I'm sure the New York police would think twice about speaking in public of meccano men, basket cases and four-wheeled vegetables, but then it's trendy not to mock cripples. That trend, seemingly, does not extend to the mentally ill. Is that because we can't *see* mental illness? Why don't we try to understand people before we bandy about phrases like "wacko" and "screwball"?

Lennon died for the minority group *still* persecuted, the afflicted *still* mocked. Lennon died for those who are crippled inside!
Sarah Wiggans, London SE3.
Oh, that's all right then. Personally, I think you're a screwball, lady. — M.S.

The musical fantasy John Lennon helped create was one of the few outlets I had for the passions and pains of my early teens. Yet I am experiencing mixed reactions to the ordeal of his murder. I'm angry that I have to live in a world in which there is so much fucking death, a world where one person's death (life) means so much more than another's, a world where a few people (like The Beatles) manage to unleash their creative powers while others' potential remains frozen, a world where creativity made popular means profits, a world where we all need heroes because of the huge holes in our own lives.

His assassin is not that much more "cuckoo" than the rest of us. (Words like "loony" are convenient devices we use to separate ourselves from those we fear to understand, and such labels are an insult to all people imprisoned by the mental health system.) Chapman is a part of us. He was obsessed with a public ego and hated his own, and tried to merge the two.

We need a society without hero-worship/self-hatred, or money, or any form of hell on earth. Let there be *no* violation of one human by another, the dream of a shared humanity *is* possible. John Lennon may be dead, but we don't have to be.
Melen Lunn, San Francisco.
God, you liberals are so fucking understanding, it's sickening. 'Crippled Inside' wasn't even one of John's better songs. Anybody want to contribute to the Save Mark Chapman From The Chair fund? — M.S.

I have just read Neil Spencer's John Lennon 'tribute' and admit it is a lovely piece of writing on a man so important in my life and countless others. But what about page 73 — Memorial Tie, Commemorative envelopes, and on page 72 a facsimile *Liverpool Echo*? After going on about 'cash-ins' and arseholes in the crap Sunday tabloid papers telling 'all' you allow these adverts. Couldn't you have done without these adverts? You can't be that hard up.

Practice what you preach, for John's sake!
Jim, Poole, Dorset
We can do no more than hope that our Advertisement Dept reads this letter. — M.S.

I would like to applaud your sense of business acumen in jumping on the feminist bandwagon and attacking those loathsome heavy metal bands for their sexist lyrics and machismo attitudes. It is also good to see that you haven't let the high moral tone employed by your writers to stray over into the profit margins. I refer of course to your ad for the Sex Maniacs Diary ("Can you satisfy five women this Christmas?"). I am sure this will be a popular item with the women of West Yorkshire.
Al Stublieft, Amsterdam
I'm so pleased that you all realise that we, the *NME,* personally commission and vet all advertisements that appear in our publication. Thank you — M.S.

In the glam-rocking summer of 1973, Nick Kent wrote a piece entitled 'Walk on the Wild Side' in which he reported a phrase which Lou Reed had coined, but as yet had not included in one of his lyrics. The phrase, "Deaf mute in a phone booth" would seem to appear in the debut single of a band called The Subterraneans.

Mr Kent once admitted that when he was a teenager he "would dream of being Bob Dylan", so does this mean he has similar aspirations to be "that strange, neurotic looking fellow all dressed in black wearing shades stumbling around"? (Ref: description of Mr Reed *Frendz Magazine,* 1972).
Lonesome Cowbody Candy
P.S. I have the words of Sister Ray neatly written out on a piece of paper. Would you like to plagiarize them? (Courtesy *Oz Magazine,* No 44).
We have no clues as to who penned this invective, except that the postmark was Billericay. — M.S.

Why is *NME* so prejudiced against me? I was reading through *NME,* saw the Readers Poll and saw that no one could vote for me. I'm a normal person, so why do you hate me? If anybody wants to vote for me, please do.
Me, Maidstone

If you were as good a paper as you seem to make out you are, you would take a broad minded political viewpoint that could constructively criticise both sides of the political spectrum in articles about these subjects, rather than monotonously standing up for the left, and slagging the right. Not only is this political bias (which most poor newspapers display) it is also almost certainly different to the views held by a substantial part of your 'huge' readership. It is no wonder that people who read other music papers think *NME* is biased and narrow minded, is it?
Captain Scarlet, Oxford
If anyone out there reads another music paper, I pity the poor bastard. — A WACKO SCREWBALL MECCANO MAN

You can't read the *NME* without getting your hands dirty.
Mike Harrison, Buckland Hospital, Dover
Sometimes I know what you mean, Mike. — M.S.

Your letters derided by MONTY SMITH.

Illustrations: Serge Clerc.

T-ZERS

NEVER MIND all that. The real *big* question of the day is: who gets the first *T-Zer* of 1981? And the big answer (well, not that big, quite smallish really) is **Ian Dury**. Yes, and for why? Because the short but talented Blockhead supremo has been in Sweden. Not an exceptional achievement, you might think, but wait, there's more. Whilst there he appeared at a televised concert called The Future People — an anti-drug gala. And, displaying an impeccable sense of occasion, what did he treat the assembled drug-free Nordics to but 'Sex & Drugs & Rock'n'Roll'. The wag. Next day saw a full-scale furore in the Swedish press. . .

Bumf. Clatter. Oof. Bang. Crash. That noise you just heard was **Matumbi** — getting dropped by EMI . . .

Organisers of the two **Police** 'Supertent' gigs on Tooting Common just before Christmas are claiming the events a resounding success, with sequels planned. They suggest that anybody with complaints about the shows or with ideas for the future should get in touch with them at Skatewaves Leisure Limited, Highfield Park, Caldecote, Cambridge (tel 0954 210942) . . .

Many thanks to Stiff Records for the hours of listening pleasure afforded by their Christmas giveaway elpee "The Wit And Wisdom Of **Ronald Reagan'**. Needless to explain, both sides of the record are free from sounds of any description . . .

Explosive singing star **Pearl Harbour** will be out of action for the next couple of weeks after her guitarist, the hapless **Steve New**, crashed into her and broke her nose . . .

Frank Sinatra, currently denying rumours that the Reagan adminstration is to appoint him special envoy to the Vatican, was among the artists picked when **Elvis Costello** span a few platters on **Mike Read's** radio show. Asked if he saw himself ending up like Frank, sitting on a stool and wearing a hat, he laughed "I don't know if people would stand for it." We have our doubts as well. Other pointed points made: **The Specials'** 'Maggie's Farm' "sounds like the raving of a madman. I think Jerry's finally snapped", on **Spandau Ballet,** "can't stand them. It's just sexless"; and **Bow Wow Wow,** "amazing" . . .

Next **Frank Sinatra** *T-Zer* coming right up: after the Lennon shooting, Frankie has issued his security staff with new instructions. Now, nobody unknown to the singer will be allowed within 50 paces until they've been screened. He won't even visit the toilets of Caesar's Palace without prior clearance . . .

Semi-legendary punk ear nibbler **Shane O'Hooligan** has re-formed **The Nips,** with what is their tenth drummer and fifth guitarist. But who's counting? . . .

Fans of the blooze (and no tiresome football jokes here, please) should look out for **Robert Crumb**'s very wonderful set of picture cards, 'The Heroes Of The Blues', available for around £3 on import . . .

Next **Clash** single is to be their tribute to the independents, 'Hitsville UK', track two side one of 'Sandinista!' . . .

EMI have rushed in to correct that scurrilous rumour in the last *T-Zers* page which stated that **Bow Wow Wow** had played a students-only over-18s gig in Scarborough. In fact the general public were admitted regardless of academic qualification. And as for the age restriction, that's blamed on "the omnipresent licensing laws" rather than the group themselves. In the words of EMI, "the slur intended, however frivolous, is basically garbage" . . .

THE omnipresent (or, if you prefer, ubiquitous) **Dennis Bovelle** has produced the next **Marvin Gaye** single, 'Super-Ego'. Seems that Motown master Marv was in London recently, looking for a producer, when he had DB recommended to him. So Gaye rang him up, only to have Bovelle tell him he was too busy. Not being one to take no for an answer, he promptly set off for Blackbeard's south London studio and personally dragged the recalcitrant chap back to AIR studio's 48-track mixing board . . .

M.I.S. — that's the Madness Information Service to you — proudly announce the first issue of their comic book *Nutty Boys.* Officially described as appearing "quarterly perhaps", the mag is stuffed full of fun (including cartoons, jokes, fax'n'info) and will be available to MIS members and at **Madness** gigs . . .

If, as reports suggest, **Mohammed Ali** is currently light in the wallet, where did he find the £46,000 loose change needed to buy his baby daughter **Hana** a Grand Piano for Christmas? . . .

Jerry Hall reportedly more than a little miffed at getting passed over for the role of a model in the new Muppet film *The Great Muppet Caper . .*

Buzzcocks, due to undertake their rescheduled tour in the near future, played a clandestine festive gig in Bolton. The audience was issued with party hats and such-like seasonal foolishness, while **Pete Shelley** played a "controlled feedback" version of 'Auld Lang Syne'. Somewhat inevitably, the band were joined onstage by the ubiquitous (look it up) **Cookandjones** . . .

And by the way, just how many people did take advantage of the **Gloria Vanderbilt** offer of a free ticket for the lad's Wembley gigs with every purchase over £50? . . .

It seems that Hollywood is more optimistic about the release of the **Iranian hostages** than the US government is. It's reported that **Burt Reynolds** and **John Travolta** are planning a big budget extravaganza on the affair — with Burt playing the part of the US diplomat who secures their release. We haven't heard who Travolta will be cast as, although it's been suggested that **Walter Matthau** could star as **Ronald Reagan,** and **Phil Silvers** as the **Ayatollah** . . .

So farewell then, 1980

So was it a bad year or just a bloody awful one? We asked a motley mixture of notables what they made of it all...

Ian McCulloch of Echo and The Bunnymen

What we did on our holidays: Saw the sights — Huddersfield, Dudley, Port Talbot and the like — as Echo and the Bunnymen captured a nation's hearts, becoming 'the Great White Hope' for the '80s. Made an album, 'Crocodiles', which was okay, probably the best this year, anyway. I was asked a lot of stupid questions and didn't get as much sleep as I'd have liked. Met some interesting people. Camo - toured Europe and blew their drug - crazed minds. Seems there was no stopping us this year.

Pic: Santo Basone

Mark Stewart of The Pop Group

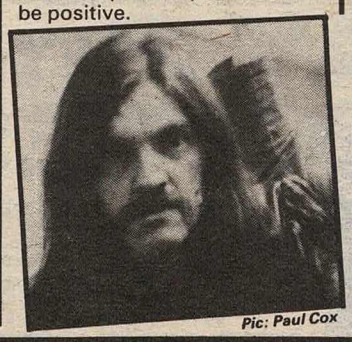
"The year of high ideals and crazy dreams — Bristol burns — Reagan stands wanking with his finger on the button — the small minority of deranged industrialists keep us poor as they hoard the wealth — dancing in Gdansk — who dares wins — Trafalgar Square protests and survives — Beat the Blues — Psychic Rally — David Rockefeller smiles on the starving millions — Robin Hood drinks — action speaks louder than words.

Pic: Pennie Smith

Mensi of The Angelic Upstarts

It was a very dismal year for the Upstarts — we probably played less gigs than over the past three years since we formed. We still haven't given in though, we're definitely gonna do something next year. If we packed it in there'd be fuck all else for wha' to do.

One good thing was that John Lydon and me went to two different graveyards together. A real laugh. Other than that, England are looking like a team to win the next World Cup. Well, you have to be positive.



Pic: Paul Cox

Richard Jobson of The Skids

At the end of 1979 I am sure the water board along with some other stringent force, injected a goo - goo - gum - gum fluid into the nation's water, which bred and fostered in us all the nicest of nicest — cynicism.

Once heralded movements were to be lumbered with 'just a pinch' of suspicious, then immediate dismissal.

Anything fresh was doomed to age forty years to every forty days. (Just look at me, once a meticulous 19, now prevailing as a lad of late forties).

From 1976 came a period in which aggression was more predominant than ability. Two chords played with venom could perceive as much as the jazz rockers of that time would have imagined. By 1980 those two chords had turned minor, with the acutest and most esoteric of ninths or sevenths being thrown in.

A sudden upsurge in the quality of musicianship (which would still leave your average Sunday School piano players dark red with embarrassment) bolstered a new dawn in which scene after scene educated everything which lay dormant around the acid - torn days of the late '70s. (You don't bring me flowers, but I sure do dig those vibes, man).

To the other extreme, the casual exploits of the not so rude boys brought young men flooding to the dance floor, dancing together with their nice haircuts, gaily smiling mouths not assimilar to rows of condemned sinks. Which brings to mind the beauty besot of leather clad (of the fayed type) mamas banging their heads to *Top Of The Pops,* destroying all the ground - work made by Lux, Persil and Valderma (watch put this could be Malcolm's next big thing).

If journals appeared tired, then America held the answer, or at the very least a holiday with some shmuck heads posing in Times Square. Record companies threw their great new hopes into the horizon, into New York, out of New York, into LA, out of it in LA, into the sodden valley (we shall fear no evil).

One thing I did realise was that my own humour was my best friend. Maybe that's why I'm a meagre amn in the cult stakes.

Fun it was, fun it is.

John Fruin

(Former managing director of WEA Records and chairman of the British Phonographic Industry. He left both posts following a lurid World In Action television expose of chart fixing, built largely on the confessions of former WEA sales reps. Fleet Street continues to shake him by the throat, accusing him of all manner of corruption. He denies everything.)

1980 has been bloody hard. I had to take a lot of actions this year which I haven't taken for a long time, in that I had to fire — 'make redundant' is a nice way of saying 'fire' — a lot of people who really were friends and some of whom I'd brought into the company. This was very hard indeed. I had to do it at EMI when I was a much younger man, when I had to close down depots all over the country and there were people who'd been in the company 40 years. It was terrible. I don't know if anybody is going to believe me but that upset me much more than what has gone on in the last few months with my own personal exposure.

I can't say that I enjoyed all the exposure. I'd be stupid to say I did. I knew when I became chairman of the BPI that whatever happened in the record industry I would be in the middle of it — whether it's arguing about tape piracy or charts as it was in this case. But there you go, that's part of the deal. It is also something to do with my own style of working. In my business life I've been flamboyant.

You say your leaving WEA was nothing to do with World In Action. A lot of people would find that hard to swallow:

Hand on heart. We agreed back in July that we were going to part company and it was all agreed amicably except for agreeing a settlement of contract. Life would have been much simpler for me if the programme would have been six months before or six months afterwards. The company did actually put out a statement saying it was nothing to do with *World In Action* but a lot of people didn't accept that. And I can understand why.

Dave Wakeling of The Beat

Rock's rich tapestry transformed my dad into a regular *NME* reader for the first half of this year but he gave it up saying "a bunch of kids get on *TOTP* a couple of times and the papers start asking them questions as if they were Bertrand Bleedin' Russell." Certainly the most difficult thing this year has been getting used to people taking you seriously.

A few crystalline moments — a curry with John Peel, a Jacuzzi with David Byrne, saw the Grand Canyon covered in snow but didn't see very much of my friends. More planes than buses nowadays but so far all I've got addicted to is central heating. Brrr...

Jon King of The Gang Of Four

What kind of year has it been? Er . . . unproductive.

John O'Neill of The Undertones

We only had two singles out this year, and leaving Sire caused us all sorts of difficulties. But with over two million unemployed, the H block campaign, Reagan in the White House and the death of John Lennon our small efforts for attention seem rather unimportant. We hope to make up for that next year.

Orchestra Manoeuvres In The Dark:

We can't imagine how this ever came to be. *(Apparently a line from their song 'Statues'.)*

Lemmy of Motorhead

We have had a fab year, you know, lots of success and mucho dithering about. Thanks for the number four album and the single success. We had a really silly time in Europe, especially Italy (we taught ourselves Italiano — yum yum) and an even sillier time just recently in England. As quite a lot of you know we signed lots of breasts and buttocks and similar. Also, the pinnacle of our career, the front cover of *Jackie* and a photo session with The Nolans.

After that, all I can say is abuse yourselves in private and don't eat the evidence.

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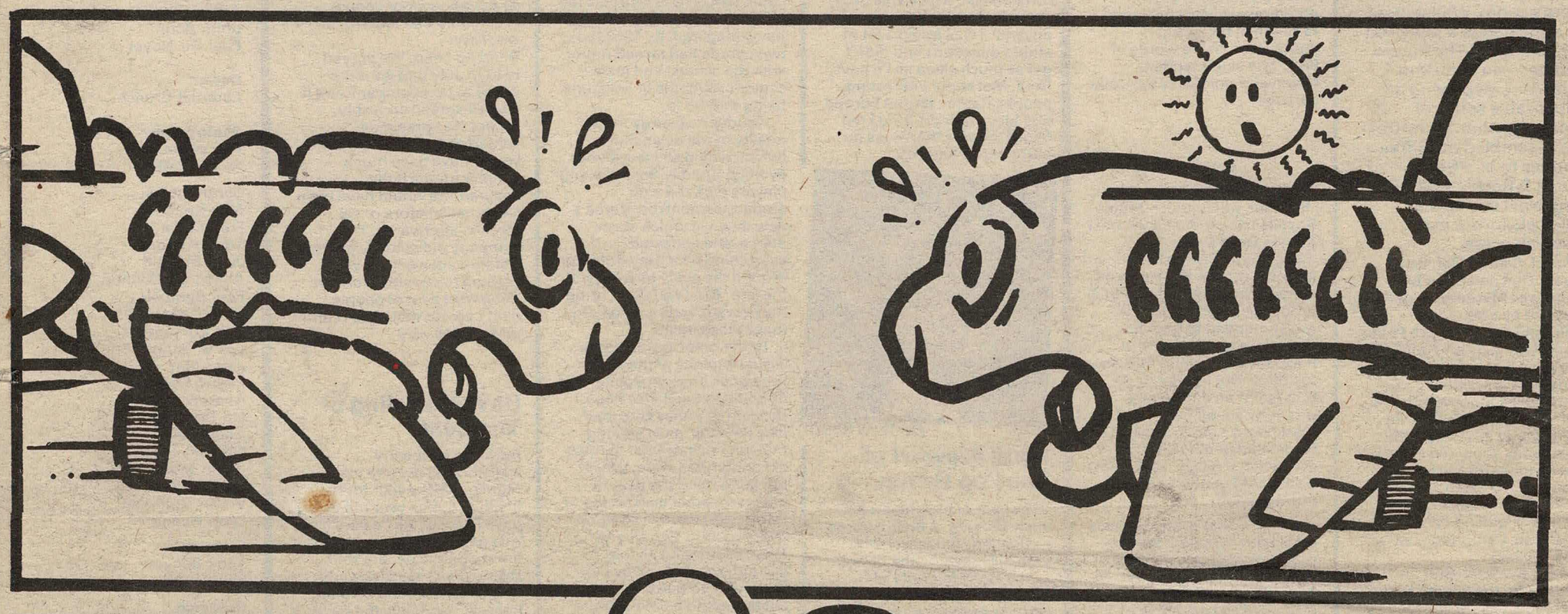

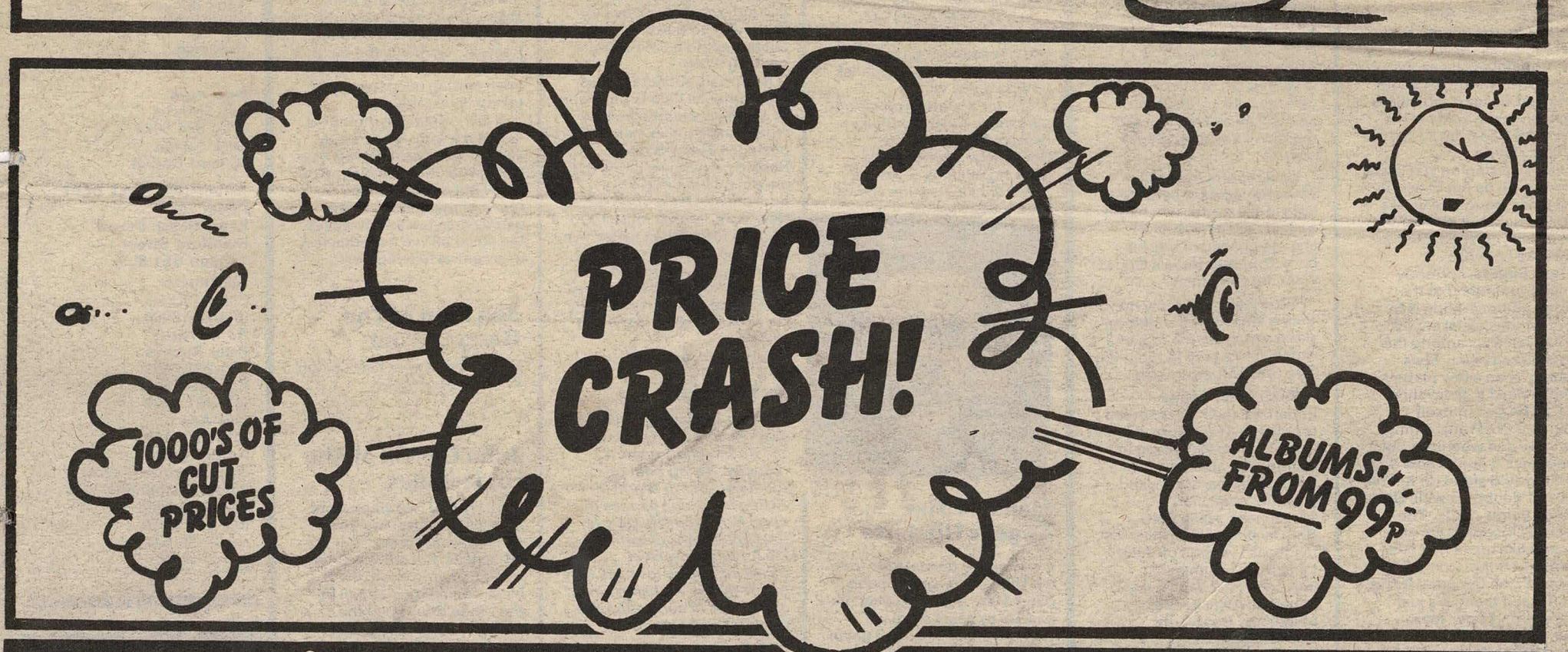

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